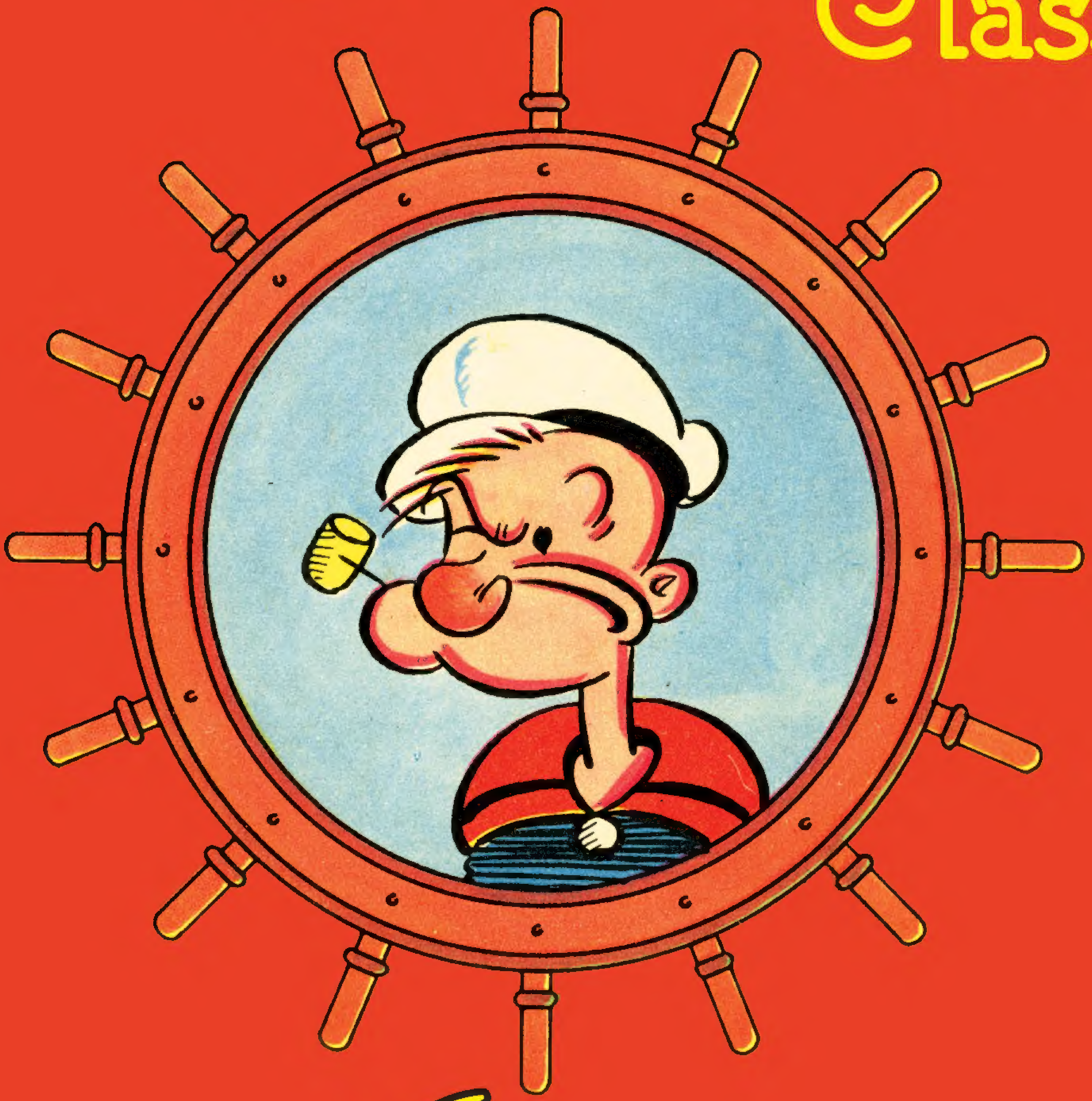
Popeye
ADULT & KID FRIENDLY!
"I HATES BULLIES!" and more!
BUD SAGENDORF

Popeye Classics



Bud Sagendorf

Produced by
CLIZIA GUSSONI

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

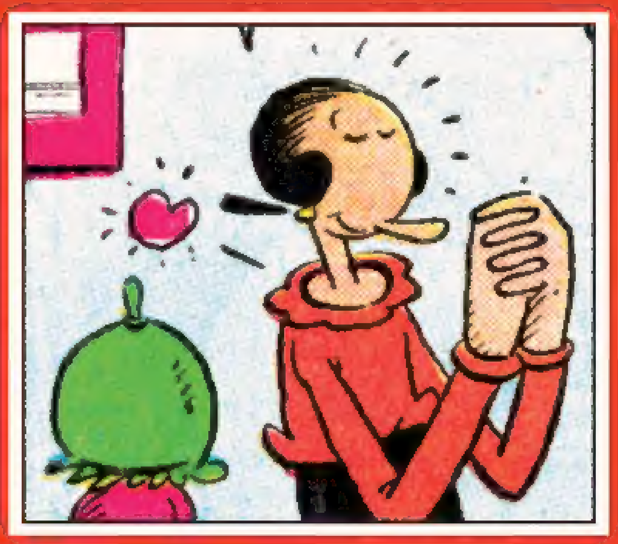
YOE BOOKS!
IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf (1915 – 1994)
wrote and drew more *Popeye* comic strips and books than any other cartoonist—and wrote and drew them better than all the other swabs!
When Bud was just 17, his sister, who worked in an art supply store in Santa Monica, California, introduced him to a customer, E.C. Segar, the creator of Popeye. Bud began a long relationship with Segar, who became his teacher, employer, and father figure.
After Segar's passing, Bud produced comic books for 24 years, penned the daily strip, and drew art for licensing products.
For a full biography with the crème de la spinach comics and many other rarities, see *Popeye: The Great Comic Book Tales by Bud Sagendorf* (Yoe Books/IDW, 2011).
We encourage you to send us images of Sagendorf treasures for future scrapbooks.

SOCIETY · OF · SAGENDORKS

"I am not now, nor have ever been, a member of the Society of Sagendorks (S.O.S.). I know nothing of the Society of Sagendorks' clandestine rites involving Bud Sagendorf's art, and have no knowledge of the group's apparent deification of Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf, their connection to the world banking system, or their avowed goal of total world domination. Furthermore, the cult-like symbol for the Society of Sagendorks above was NOT drawn by me, rather by someone who has fiendishly affixed a reproduction of my signature to it in order to discredit me by associating me with these zealots. Be it known: I stand willing to totally cooperate with any and all authorities on this matter even to the point of releasing names of people that may themselves be involved in sympathetic activities of the Society of Sagendorks or names of actual card-carrying members of the Society of Sagendorks I have obtained through my connections. For the good of mankind and all that we hold good and holy, I urge all patriotic, upstanding citizens to do the same!"

—Craig Yoe



Dedicated to our good frien',

Brendan Burford.

This is Volume 8 in the complete reprint of Bud Sagendorf's classic *Popeye* comics. Collect them all.

Do you have art or ephemera for the Bud Sagendorf Scrapbook? Please contact Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Join the fun on Facebook on the "Celebrating Popeye" page!

Check out our videos on **The Yoe Tube** at **YouTube.com/TheYoeTube** and **Vimeo.com/TheYoeTube**

Deep thanks to: Ted Adams, Giovanna Anzaldi, Brendan Burford, Frank Caruso, Justin Eisinger, Greg Goldstein, Fred Grandinetti, Kerry Huffman, Jonathan Lozovsky, Donnie Pitchford, and Bruce Shults.

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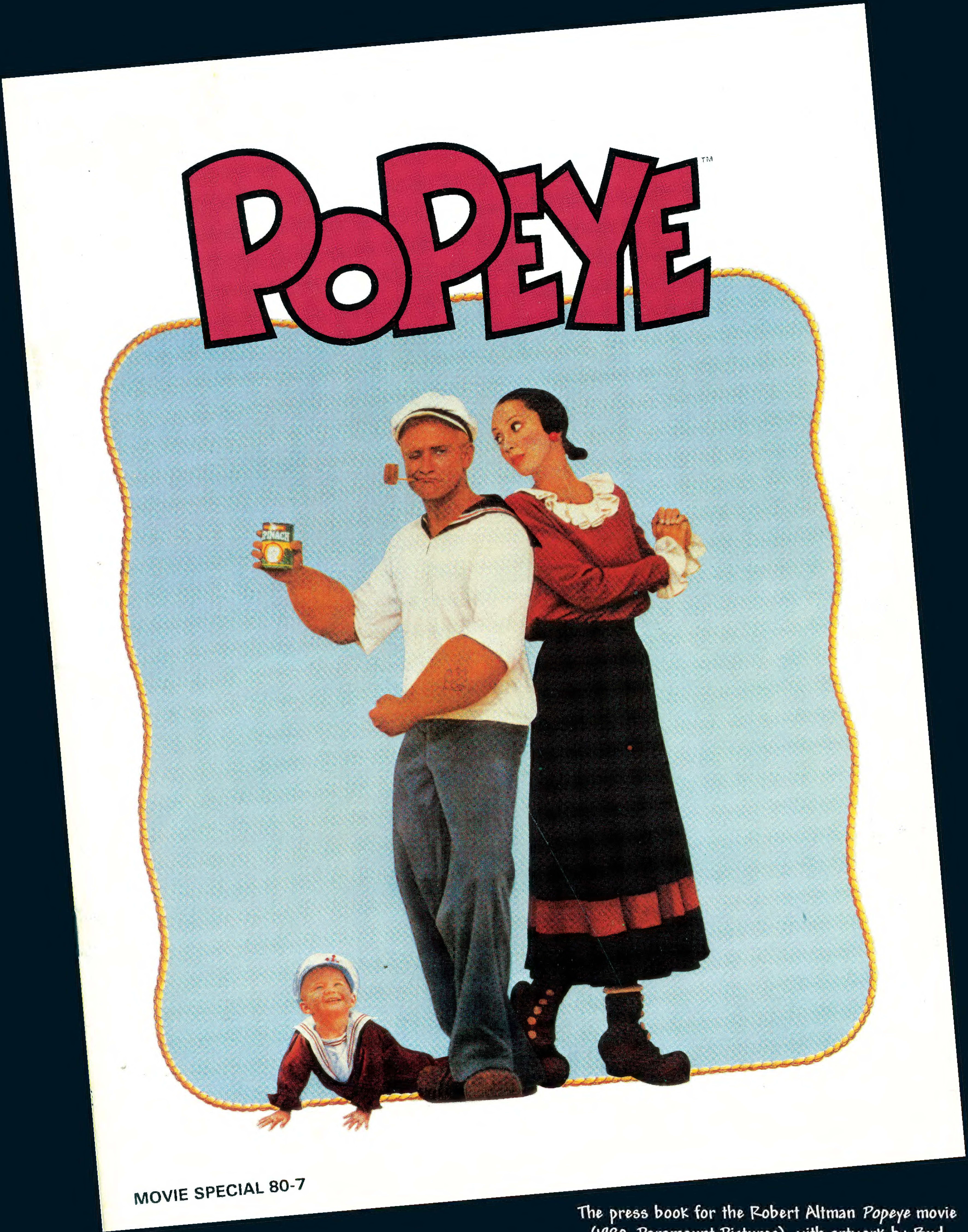
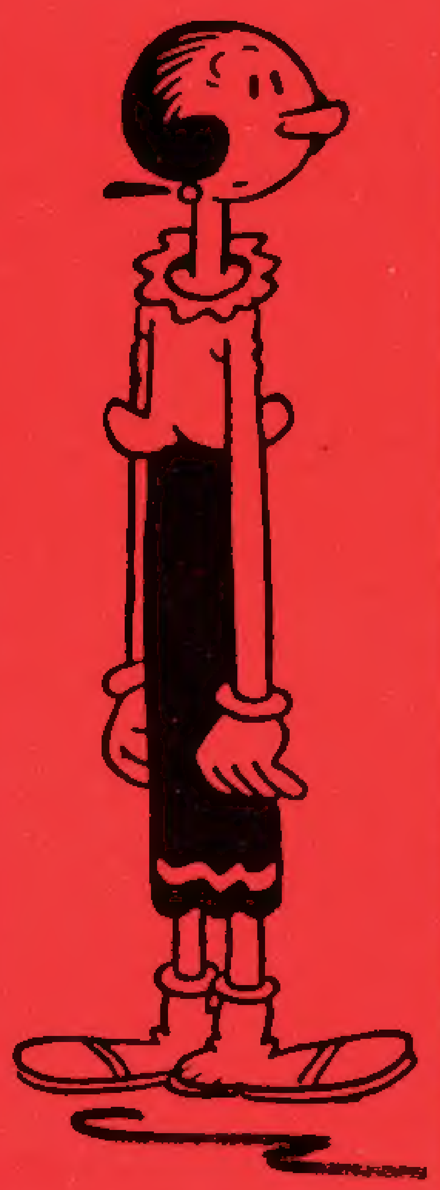
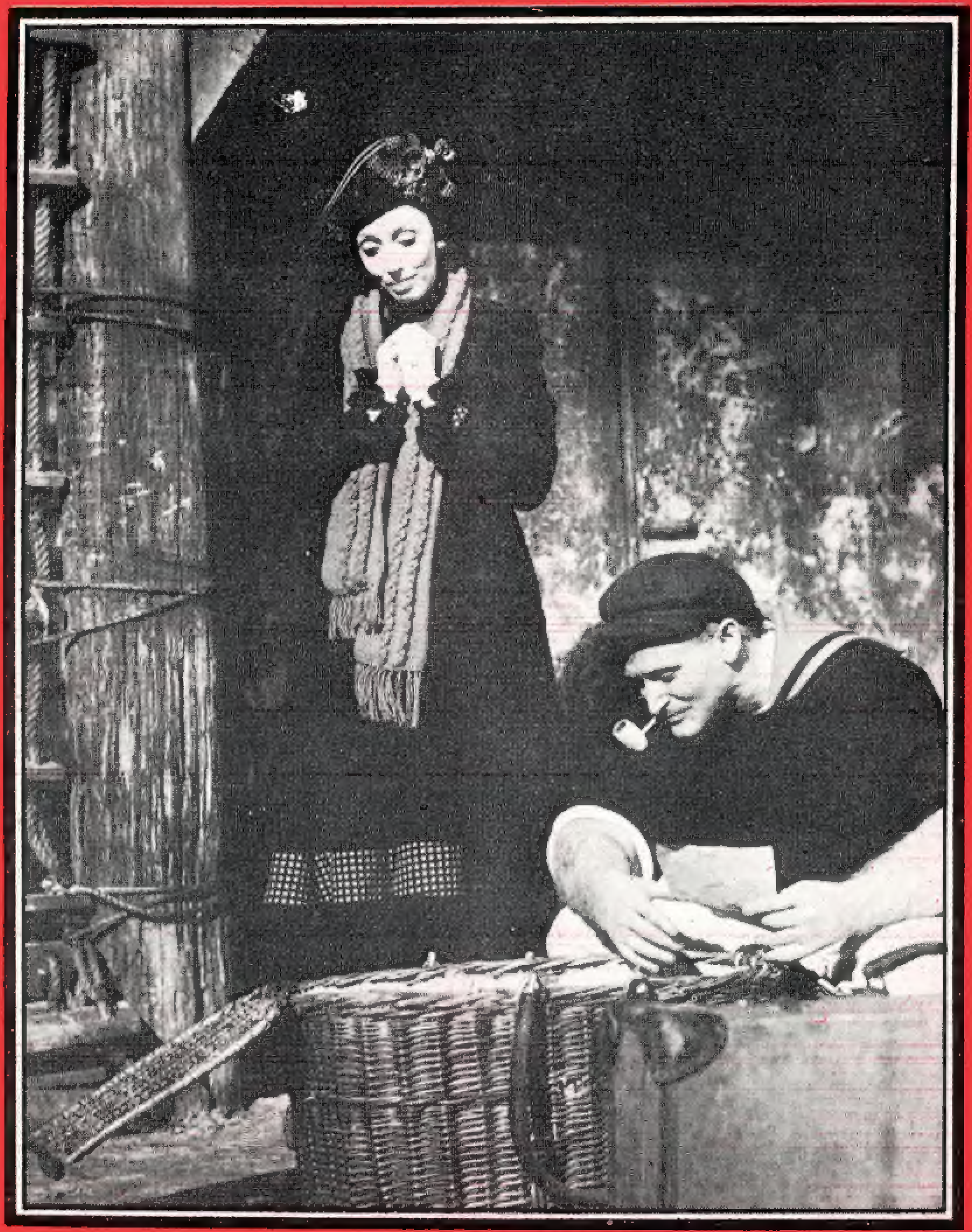
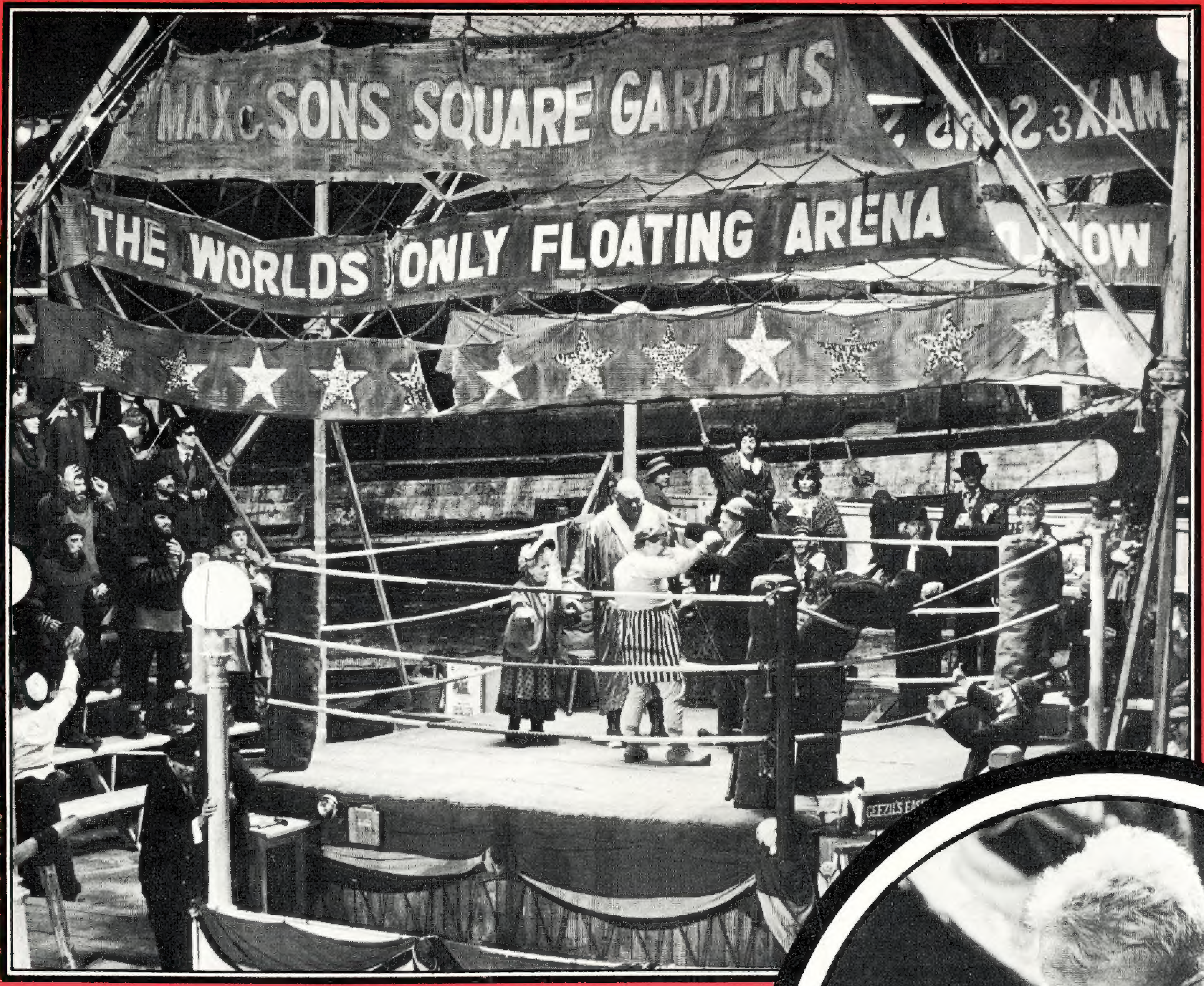
A BUD SAGENDORF SCRAPBOOK

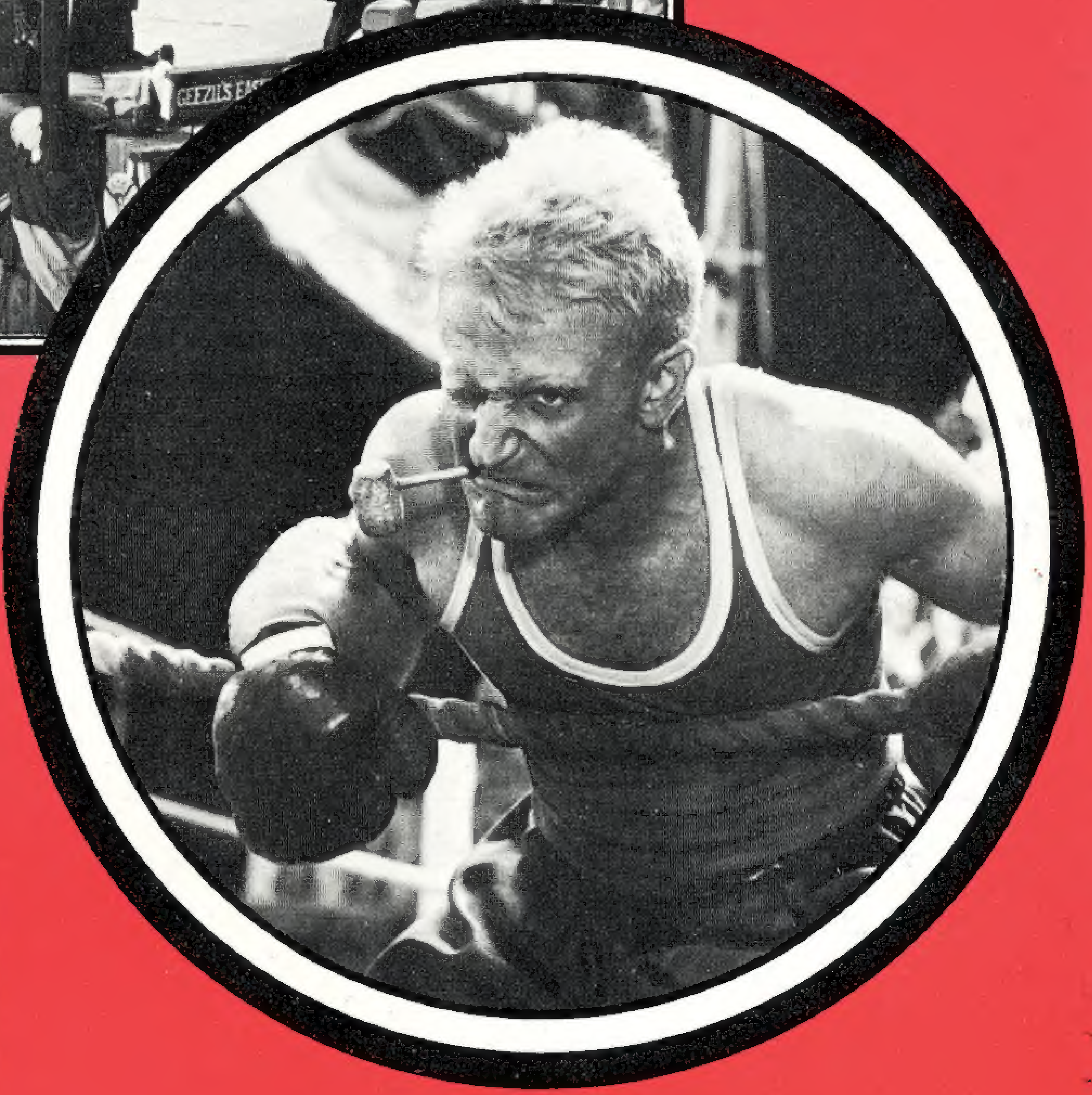


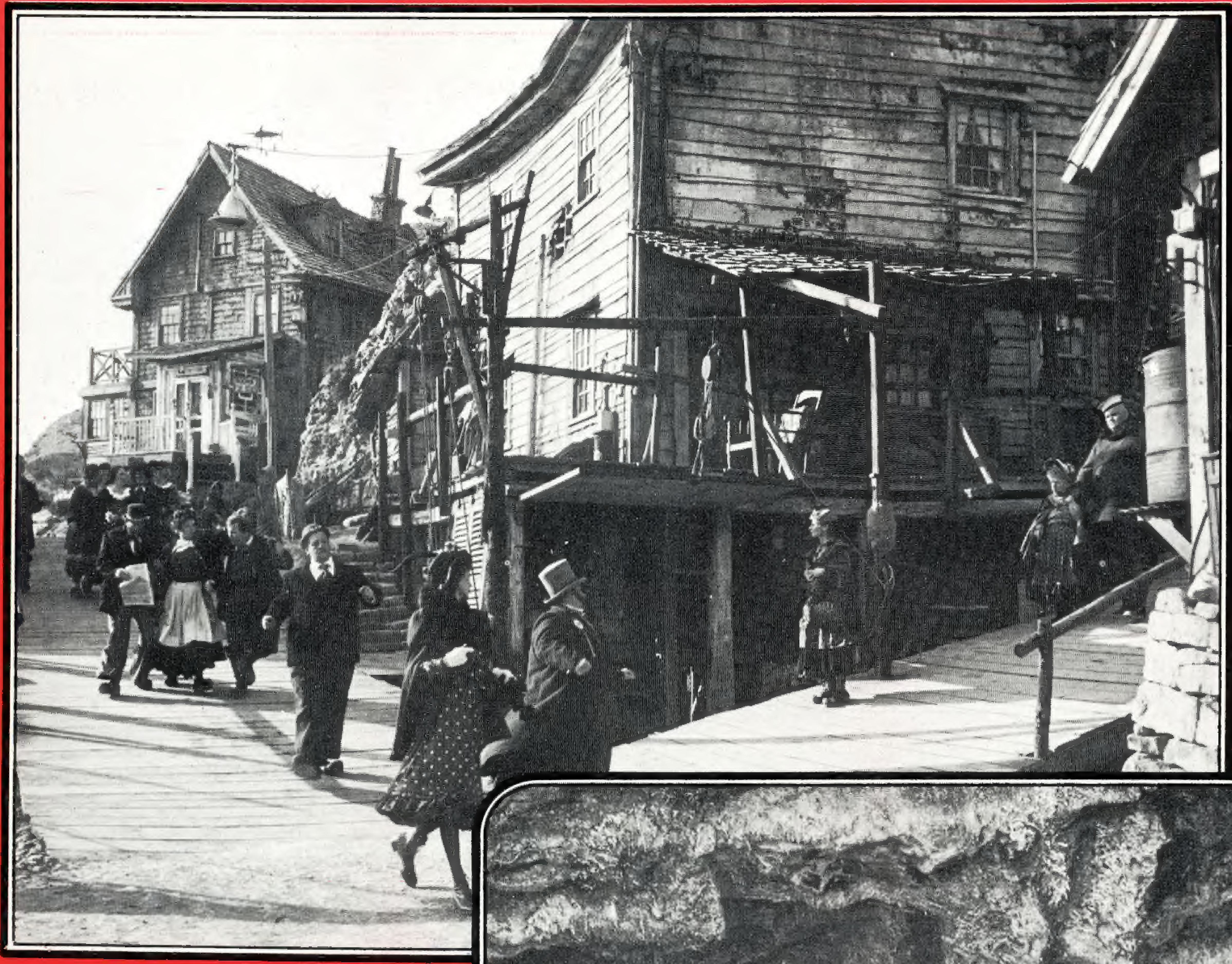
The press book for the Robert Altman *Popeye* movie (1980, Paramount Pictures), with artwork by Bud Sagendorf, includes biographies of the cartoonist and his mentor Elzie Segar.






MAX c SONS SQUARE GARDENS
THE WORLDS ONLY FLOATING ARENA





The creator of *Popeye*, Elzie Segar was born December 8, 1894, in Chester, Illinois. He supported himself from the age of 12 by working as a motion picture operator, house painter, sign painter, paper-hanger, trap-drum player, photographer and window dresser.

His first cartooning job was drawing *Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers* for the *Chicago Herald*. Two years later, the paper folded and Segar moved to the *Chicago Evening American* where he met Arthur Brisbane. Brisbane was editor of the syndicate which would subsequently become King Features and distributor of the yet-unborn *Popeye*. Brisbane sent Segar to the syndicate's New York office where he was assigned a strip called *5:05*, a comedy about suburban commuters.

In 1919, Segar created the classic *Thimble Theatre*. The raffish cast was composed of Olive Oyl, her brother Castor Oyl and Ham Gravy, Olive's boyfriend. *Thimble Theatre* was written in the popular style of vaudeville—skits with blackout gags.

When *Thimble Theatre* was in its 10th year, Segar involved the characters in a trip to Dice Island with their magic hen, Bernice. Castor and Ham went down to the waterfront to hire a crew for a boat they had bought. The two spotted an odd-looking swabbie standing on a dock.

"Hey there, are you a sailor?" asked Castor.

"Ja think I'm a cowboy?" the sailor retorted.

That was the debut of Popeye. The date was January 17, 1929.

Popeye became the star of the comic and the star of radio and animated cartoons for motion picture theatres and later for television.

His popularity has remained very high over the years. King also licensed animated rights to Hanna-Barbera, which has produced *The All New Popeye Hour*, one of the top-rated Saturday morning television shows.

In addition, King licenses more than 1,000 products which bear Popeye's likeness — everything from pencils to pajamas. The *Popeye* comic strip appears in more than 250 newspapers around the world. It is translated into more than 20 different languages, including Greek, Italian, Danish, Spanish and Norwegian.

Popeye's influence on the spinach industry is legendary, but he's had an equally significant impact on the English language.

Goon (from the character Alice the Goon) passed into the language as a synonym for a homely person. Jeep, another word Segar invented, became a synonym for a girl who is an expensive date. Eugene the Jeep ate nothing but orchids. G.P., a shortened military abbreviation for General Purpose Vehicle, was modified and a second meaning for jeep entered the vocabulary.

The phrase, "I yam what I yam," became a national cry of vexation. There were, of course, Wimpy burgers, and "I'll gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today" became a popular phrase, as did "I yam disgustipated."

Segar got most of the characters' odd English from his young daughters' struggles with the language. When Segar died in 1938, *Popeye* was drawn by Bela Zaboly and written by Tom Sims.

"I love my work!" says Bud Sagendorf. "Sometimes I feel sorry for people who only get to read comic strips. It's a lot more fun to write and draw them."

Bud (Forrest C. Sagendorf) was born in Wenatachee, Washington. When he was three, he moved with his family to Santa Monica, California. It was there while in high school that he became an assistant to Elzie Segar, who had created *Popeye* in 1929.

Sagendorf has written and drawn the strip since 1958. Prior to that, he was assistant comic art director for King Features and he also produced the *Popeye* comic books.

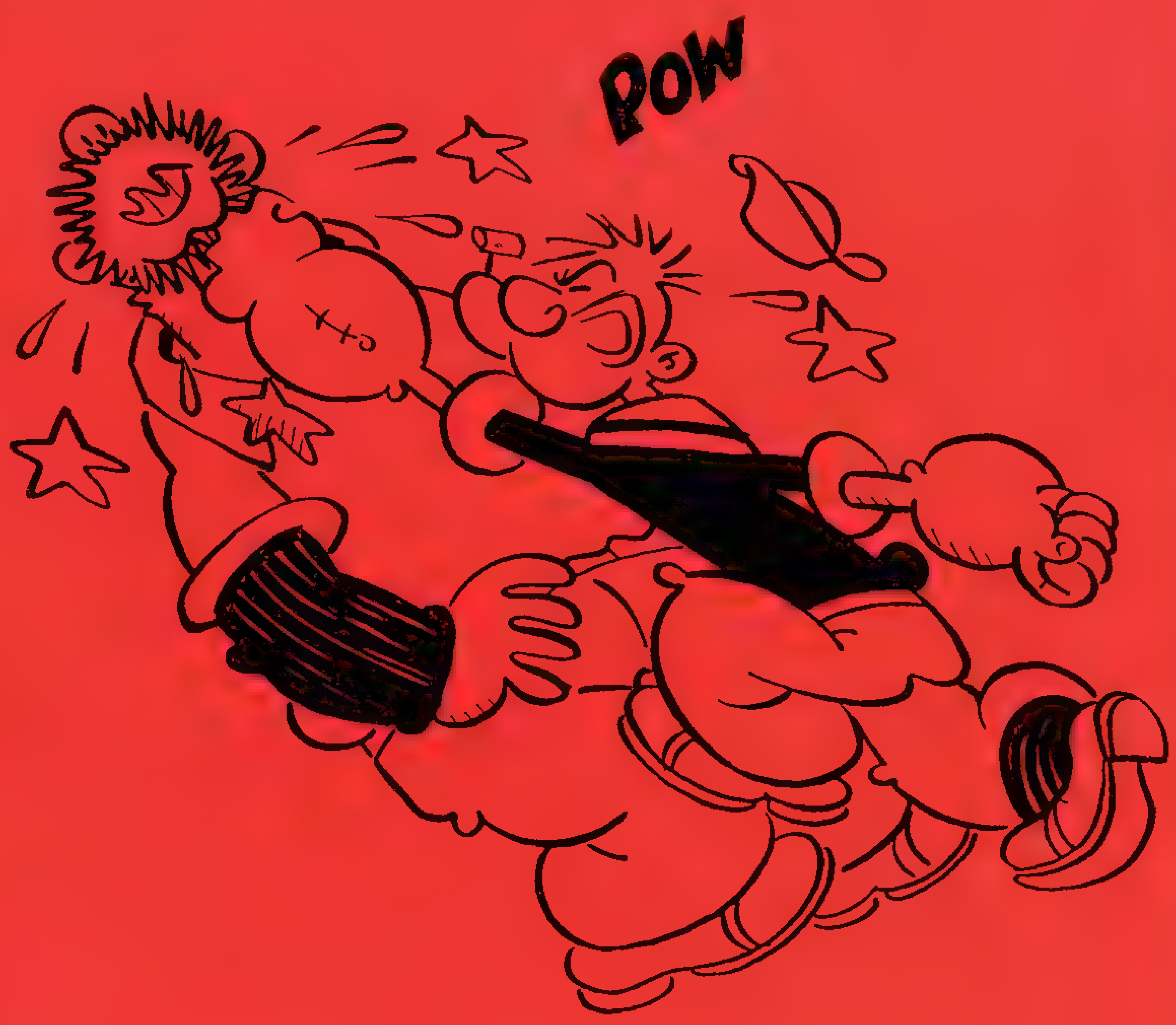
Sagendorf wrote and drew the basic course in cartooning as taught by the Famous Artist School. He often lectures on *Popeye* and The History of Cartooning at colleges and universities. He is also the creator of many toys, games and children's books and is author of *Popeye: The First Fifty Years*, co- published by King Features and Workman Publishing.

POPEYE'S DEBUT, JANUARY 17, 1929.

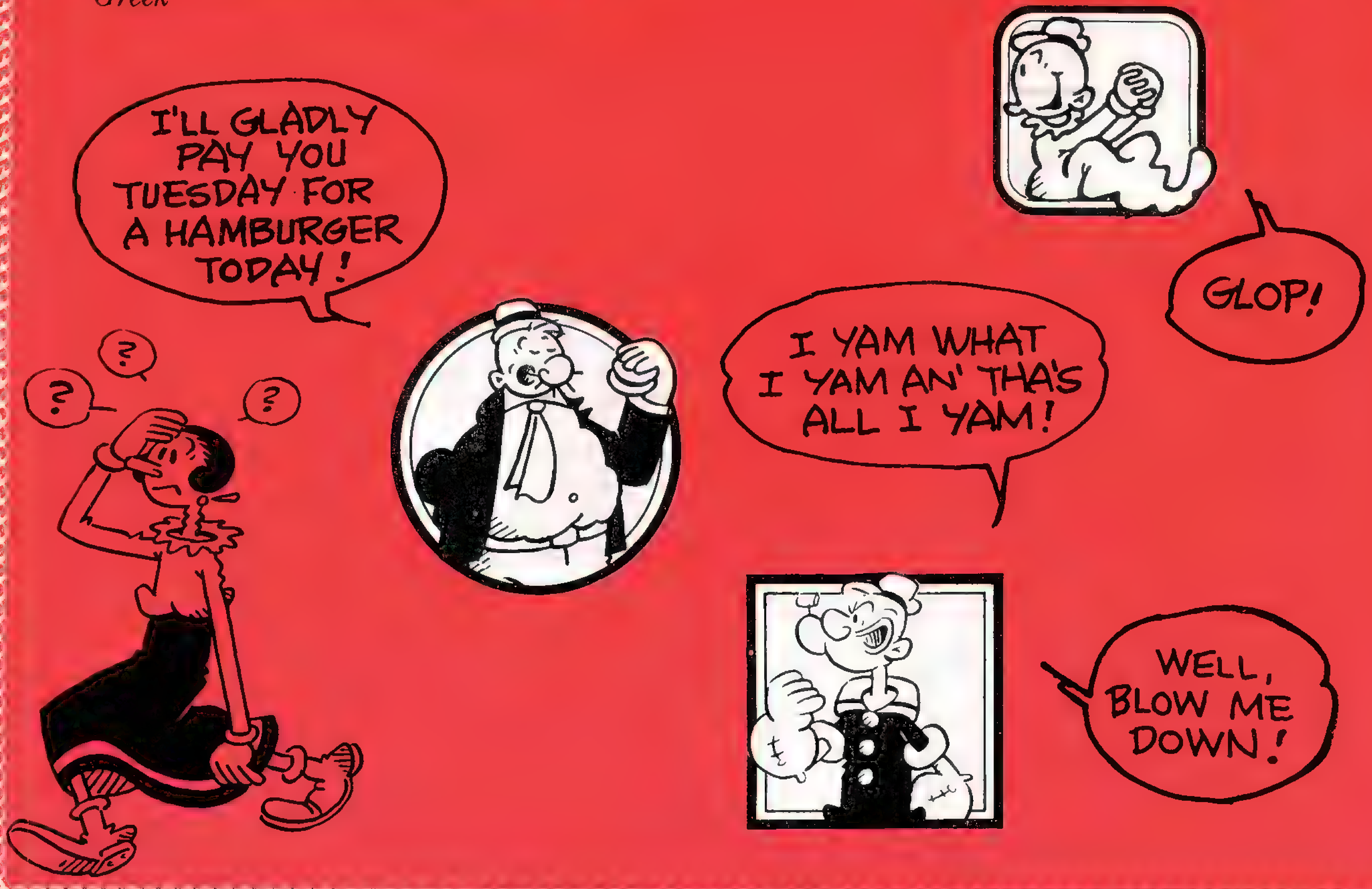
Japanese

Swedish

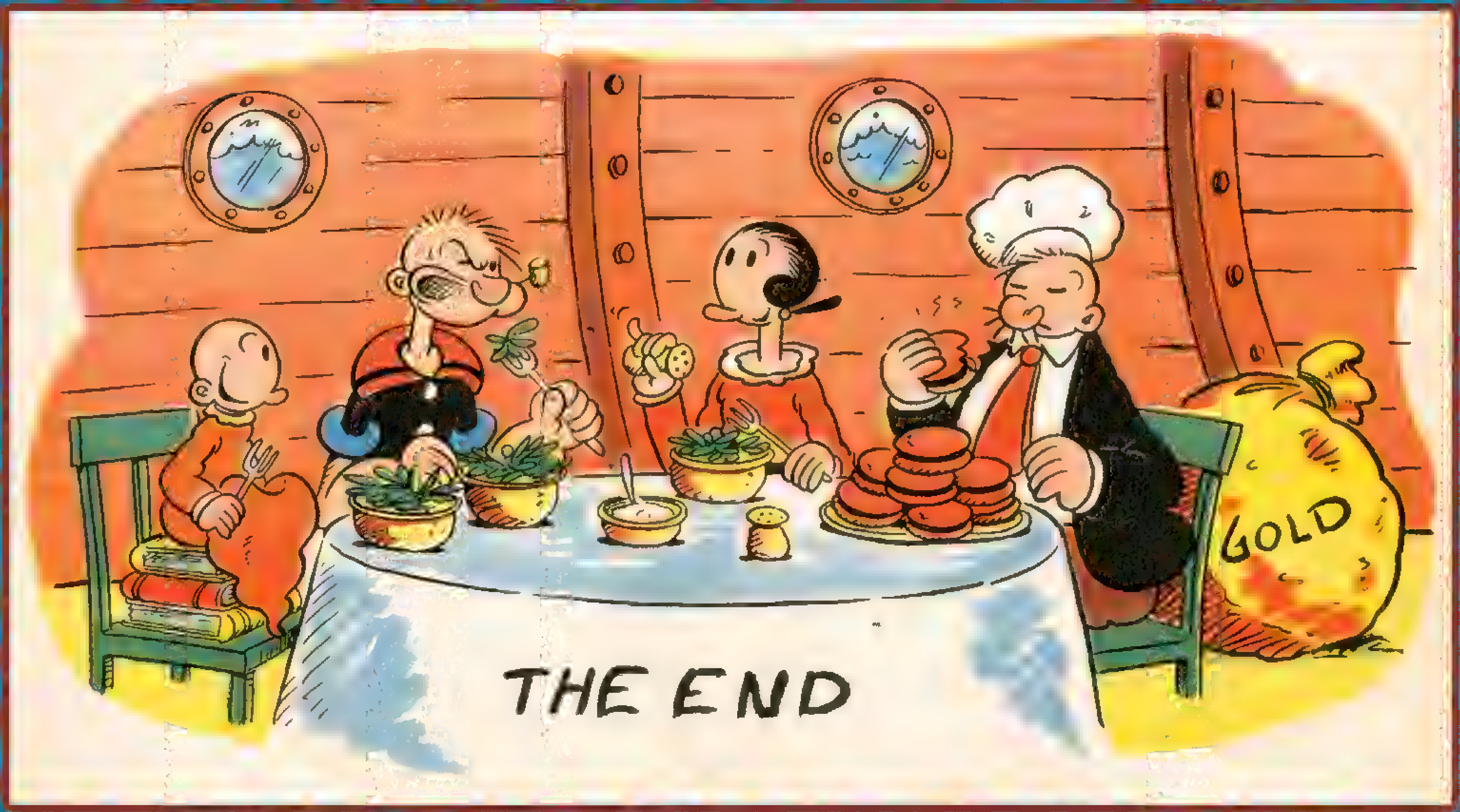
Greek

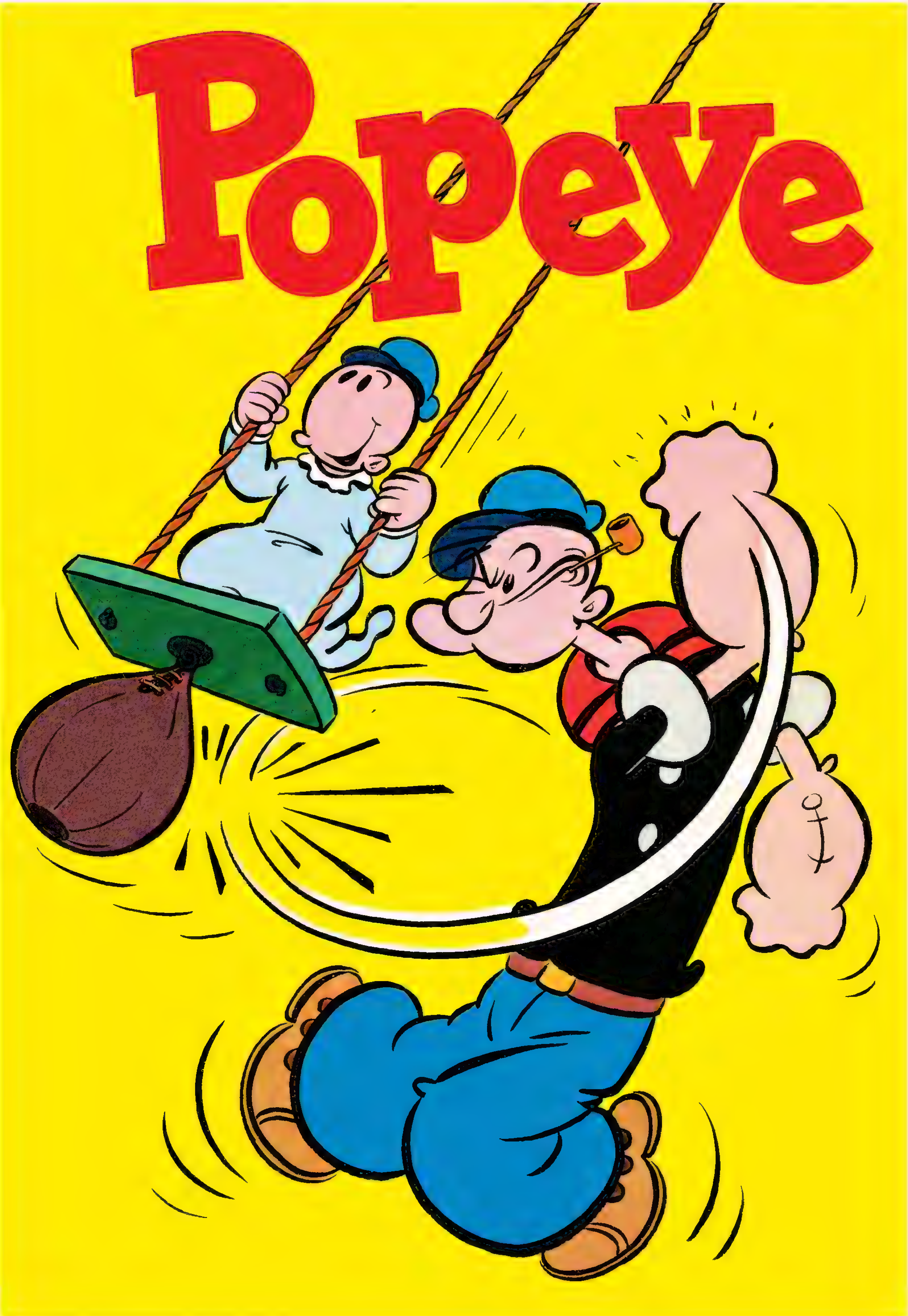


POPEYE'S "**POW**" HAS THE SAME DEVASTATING FORCE NO MATTER WHAT LANGUAGE HE SPEAKS.

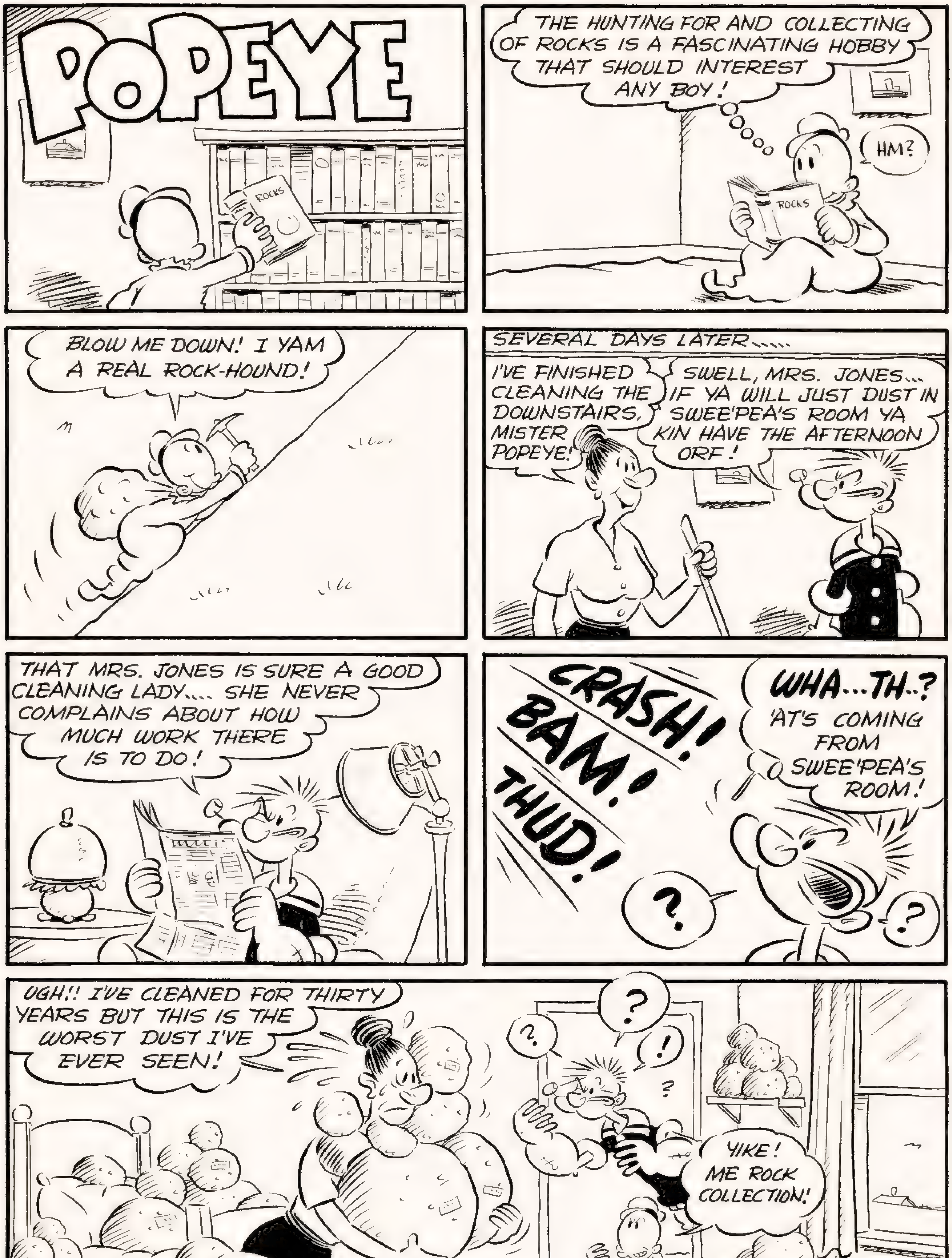


BAH!

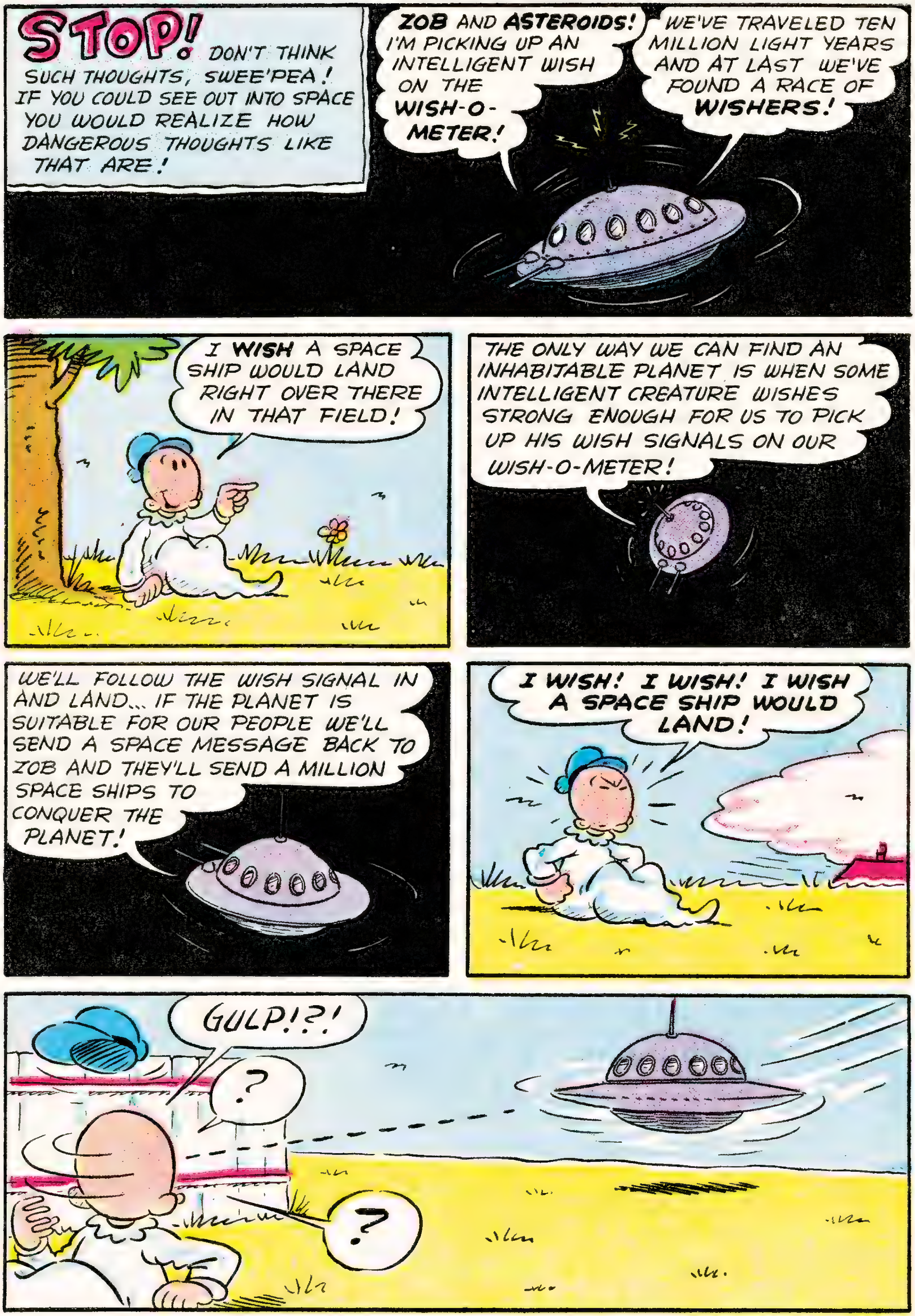

GOLD
THE END



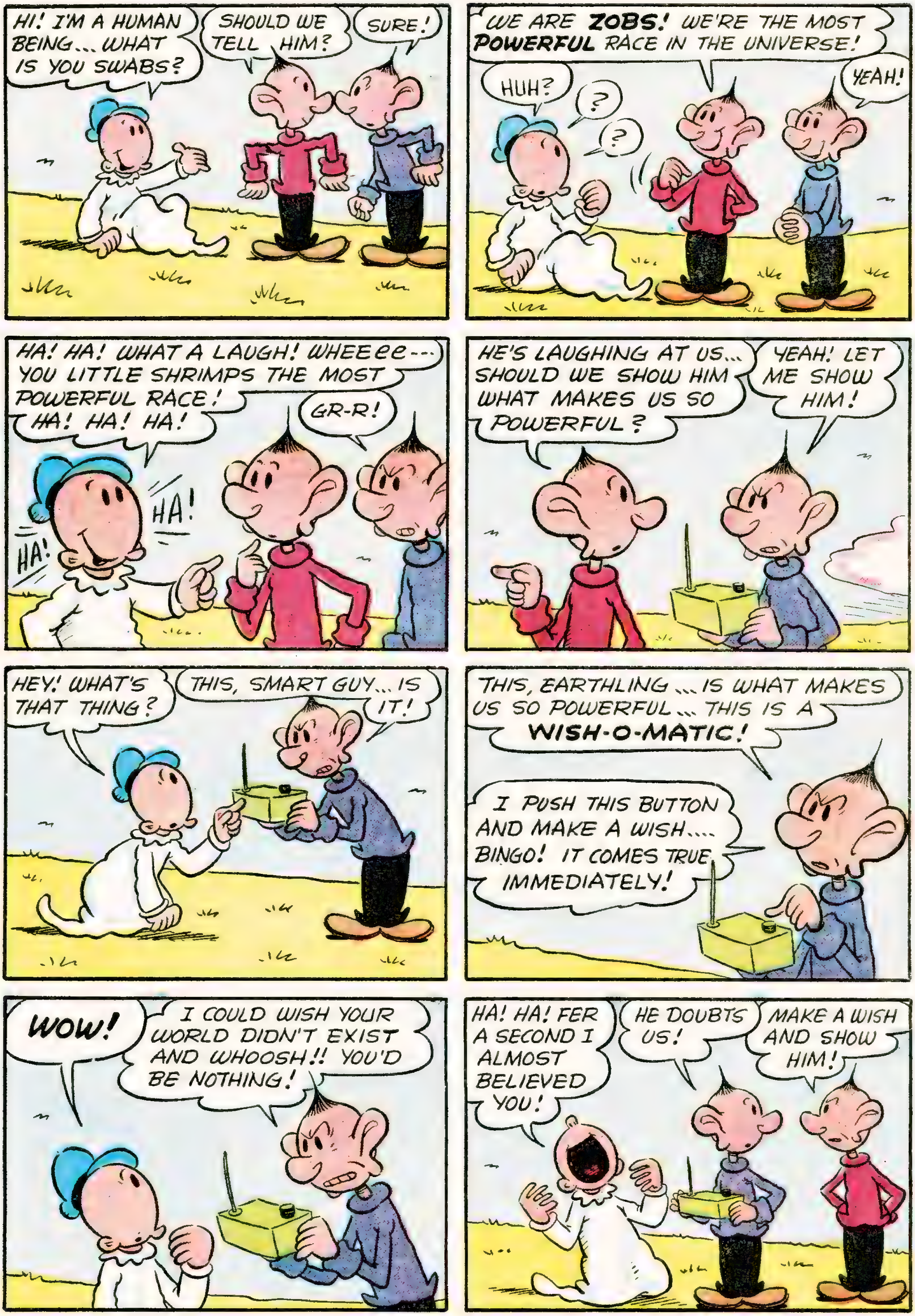
Popeye #35, January-March 1956


POPEYE
ROCKS
THE HUNTING FOR AND COLLECTING OF ROCKS IS A FASCINATING HOBBY THAT SHOULD INTEREST ANY BOY!
HM?
ROCKS
BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM A REAL ROCK-HOUND!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER.....
I'VE FINISHED CLEANING THE DOWNSTAIRS, MISTER POPEYE!
SWELL, MRS. JONES... IF YA WILL JUST DUST IN SWEE'PEA'S ROOM YA KIN HAVE THE AFTERNOON ORF!
THAT MRS. JONES IS SURE A GOOD CLEANING LADY.... SHE NEVER COMPLAINS ABOUT HOW MUCH WORK THERE IS TO DO!
CRASH! BAM! THUD!
WHA...TH..? 'AT'S COMING FROM SWEE'PEA'S ROOM!
?
?
UGH!! I'VE CLEANED FOR THIRTY YEARS BUT THIS IS THE WORST DUST I'VE EVER SEEN!
?
?
!
YIKE! ME ROCK COLLECTION!

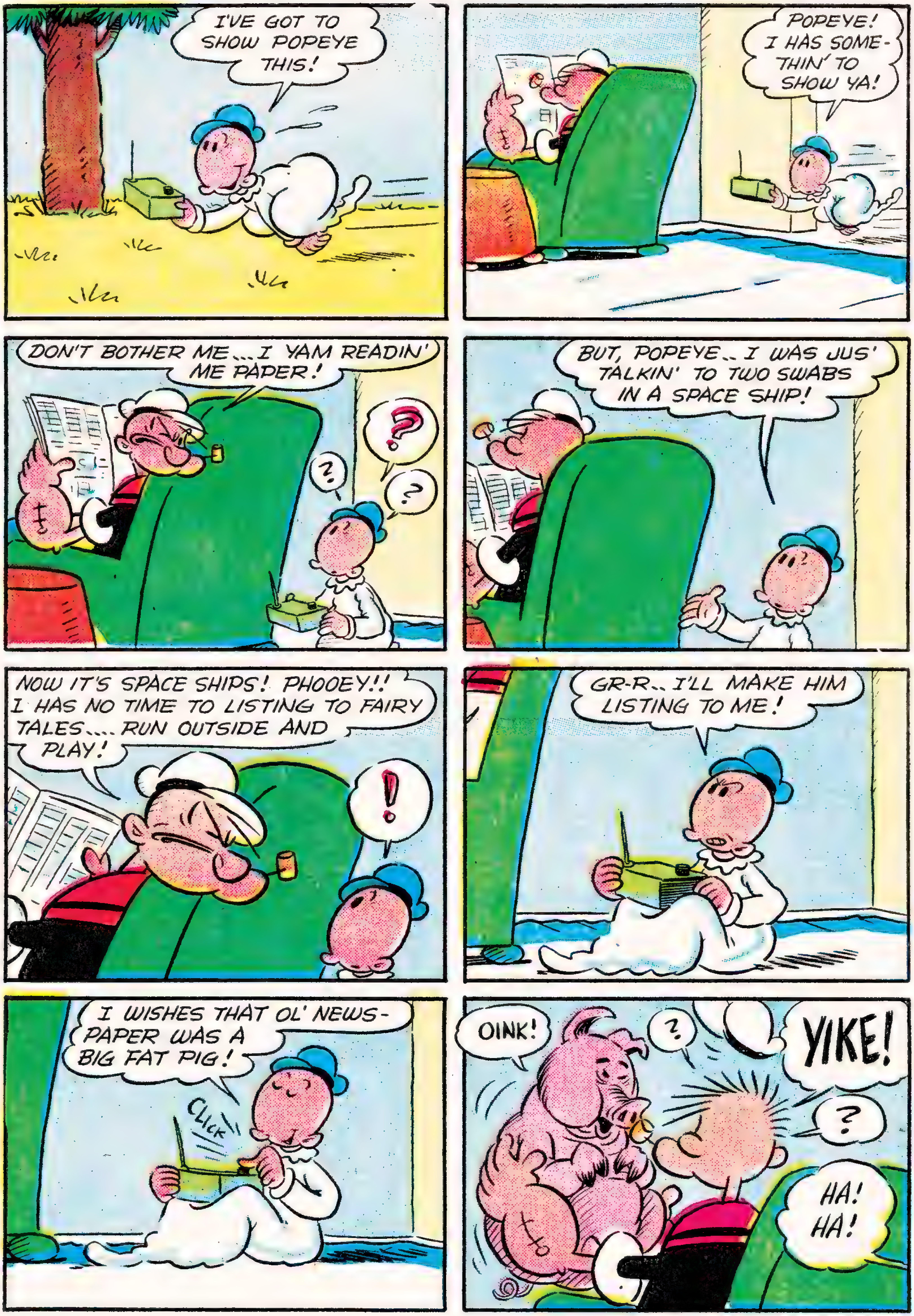
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
AND
SWEE'PEA
IN
"WISHING!"
OR
"SPINACH IS STILL KING!"
NO! I KIN NOT PLAY WITH YA NOW.... YOU RUN OUTSIDE AND STOP PESTERIN' ME!
PAP
AW!
PHOOEY! THEY JUST ISN'T ANYTHING FOR A LITTLE BOY KID TO DO!
THERE'S NOTHING NEW...THIS WORLD IS GETTIN' TOO TAME!
THERE USED TO BE PIRATES AND WILD INDIANS. BUT NOW THERE IS NOTHIN'!
POPEYE #35-562
WHAT THIS WORLD NEEDS IS AN INVASION FROM SPACE... THERE WOULD BE SOME REAL EXCITEMENT THEN!

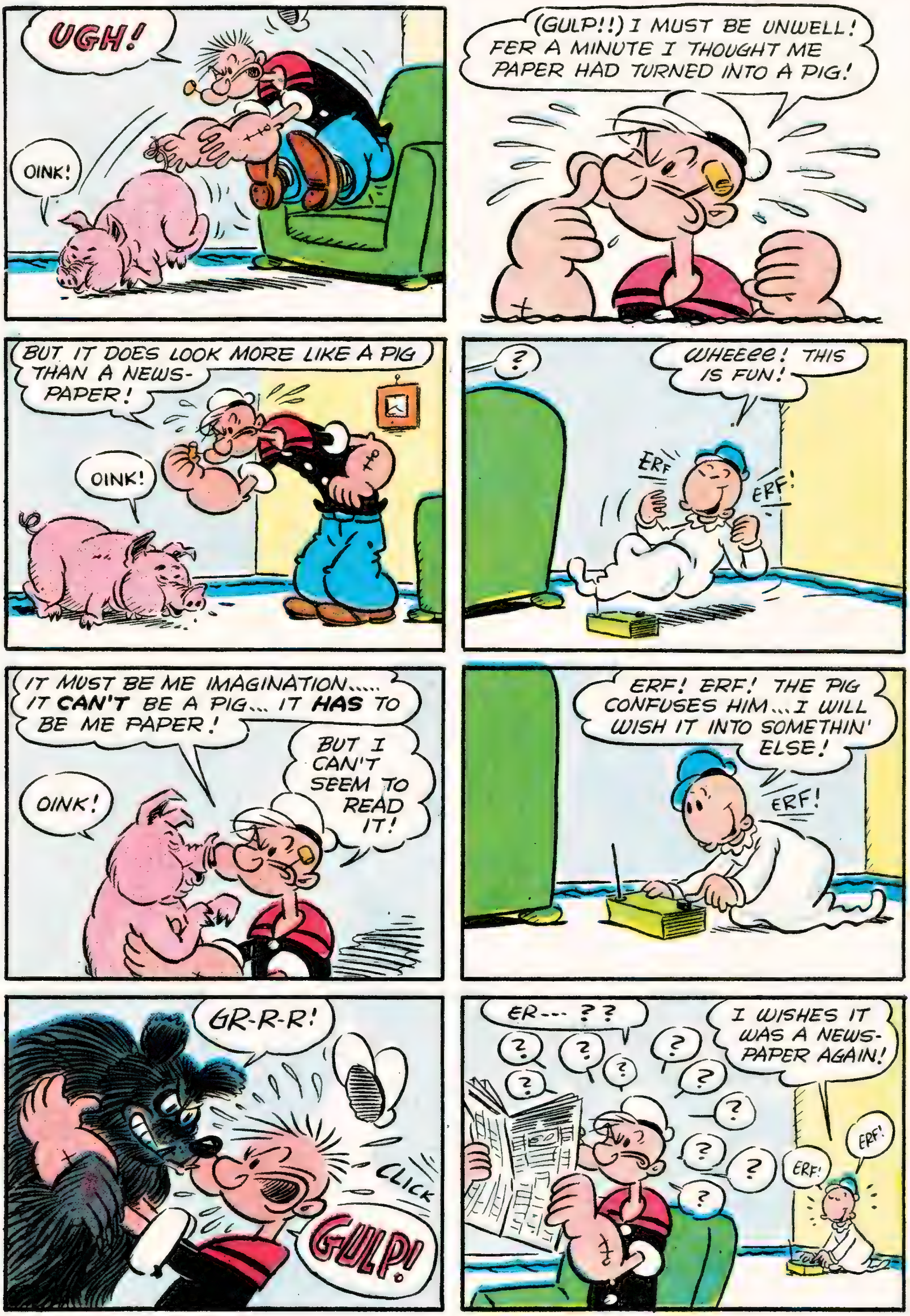

STOP! DON'T THINK SUCH THOUGHTS, SWEE'PEA! IF YOU COULD SEE OUT INTO SPACE YOU WOULD REALIZE HOW DANGEROUS THOUGHTS LIKE THAT ARE!
ZOB AND ASTEROIDS! I'M PICKING UP AN INTELLIGENT WISH ON THE WISH-O-METER!
WE'VE TRAVELED TEN MILLION LIGHT YEARS AND AT LAST WE'VE FOUND A RACE OF WISHERS!
I WISH A SPACE SHIP WOULD LAND RIGHT OVER THERE IN THAT FIELD!
THE ONLY WAY WE CAN FIND AN INHABITABLE PLANET IS WHEN SOME INTELLIGENT CREATURE WISHES STRONG ENOUGH FOR US TO PICK UP HIS WISH SIGNALS ON OUR WISH-O-METER!
WE'LL FOLLOW THE WISH SIGNAL IN AND LAND... IF THE PLANET IS SUITABLE FOR OUR PEOPLE WE'LL SEND A SPACE MESSAGE BACK TO ZOB AND THEY'LL SEND A MILLION SPACE SHIPS TO CONQUER THE PLANET!
I WISH! I WISH! I WISH A SPACE SHIP WOULD LAND!
GULP!?!
?
?

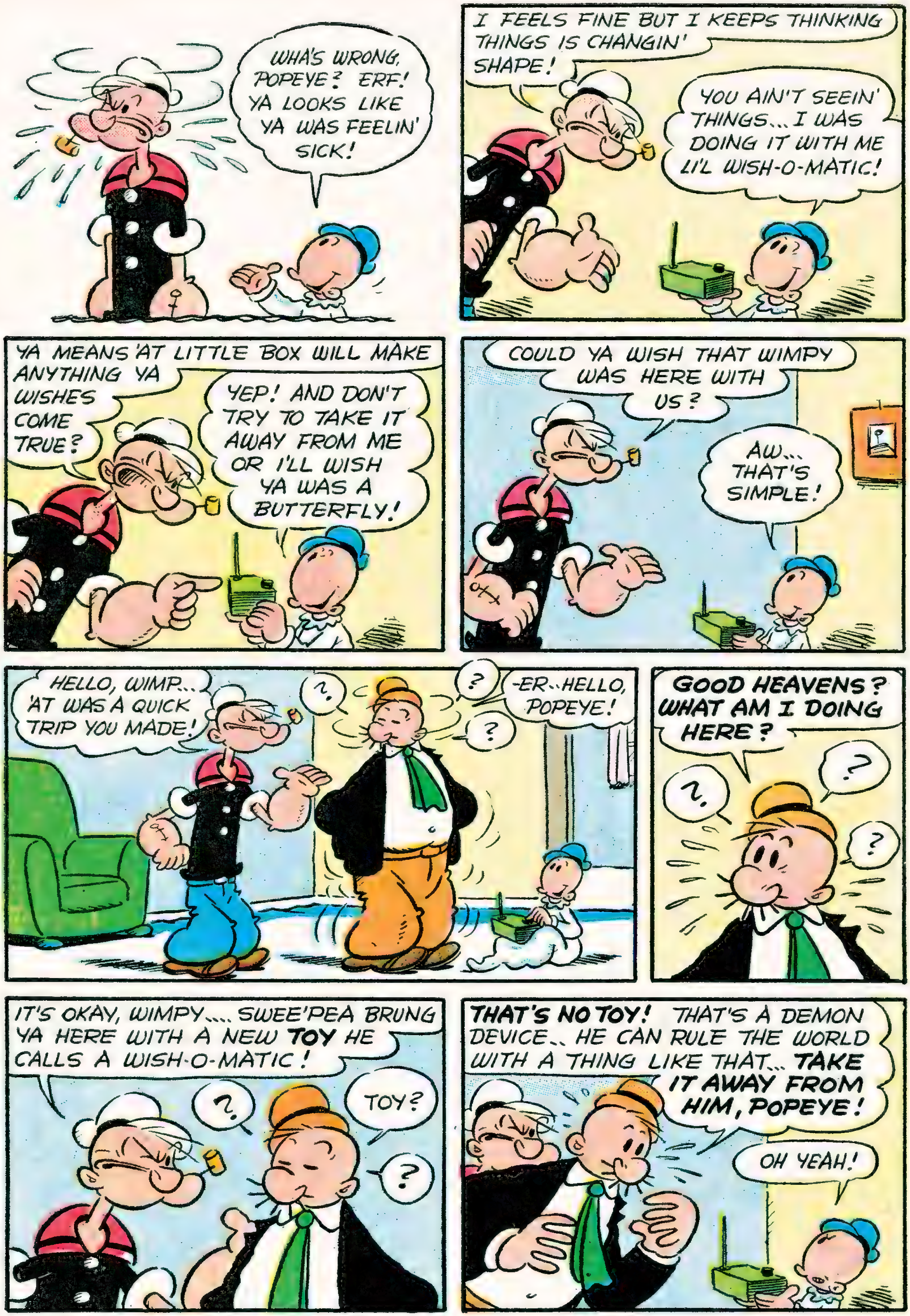
BLOW ME DOWN!?! IT IS A SPACE SHIP... ME WISH HAS COMED TRUE!
AHOY... WELCOME TO EARTH!
HERE COMES THE WISHING CREATURE..
AHOY, IS THERE ANYONE TA HOME?
?
BEFORE WE SEND A SPACE MESSAGE TO OUR HOME PLANET WE'D BETTER TEST THIS EARTH CREATURE TO SEE IF HIS RACE WILL BE EASY TO CONQUER!
HOT DORG! A DOOR IS OPENING UP AND SOMETHIN' IS COMING OUT!
CLICK!
OH MY GORSH!
?
?
WHEEEEEE!! THEY'S THE FUNNIEST CRITTERS I HAS EVER SEEN!
HA! HA!
HA! HA! LOOK AT IT! WOW! WHAT A FUNNY-LOOKING ANIMAL!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!

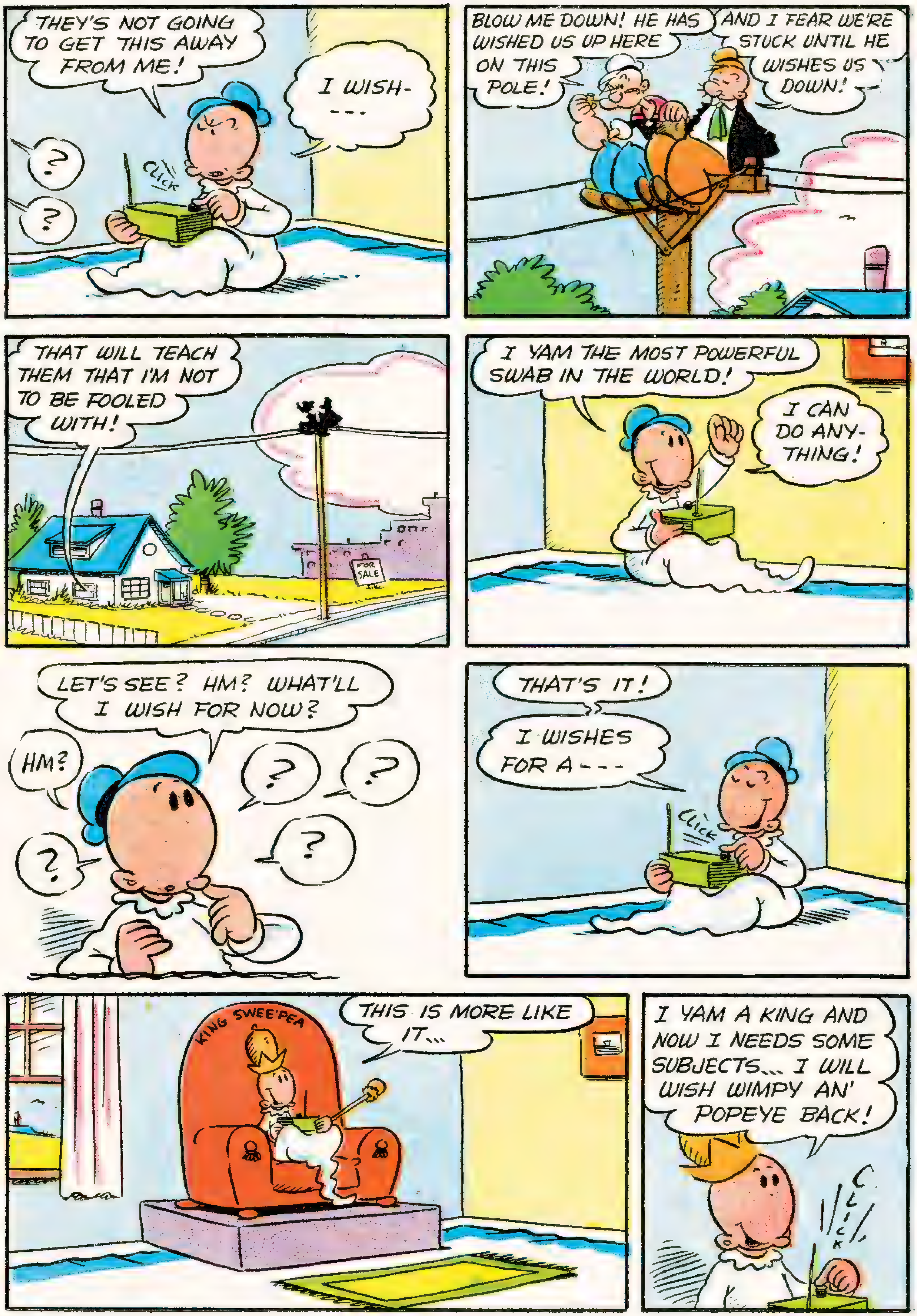

HI! I'M A HUMAN BEING... WHAT IS YOU SWABS?
SHOULD WE TELL HIM?
SURE!
WE ARE ZOBS! WE'RE THE MOST POWERFUL RACE IN THE UNIVERSE!
HUH?
?
?
YEAH!
HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH! WHEEeee--- YOU LITTLE SHRIMPS THE MOST POWERFUL RACE! HA! HA! HA!
GR-R!
HA!
HA!
HE'S LAUGHING AT US... SHOULD WE SHOW HIM WHAT MAKES US SO POWERFUL?
YEAH! LET ME SHOW HIM!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT THING?
THIS, SMART GUY... IS IT!
THIS, EARTHLING ... IS WHAT MAKES US SO POWERFUL ... THIS IS A WISH-O-MATIC!
I PUSH THIS BUTTON AND MAKE A WISH.... BINGO! IT COMES TRUE IMMEDIATELY!
WOW!
I COULD WISH YOUR WORLD DIDN'T EXIST AND WHOOSH!! YOU'D BE NOTHING!
HA! HA! FER A SECOND I ALMOST BELIEVED YOU!
HE DOUBTS US!
MAKE A WISH AND SHOW HIM!

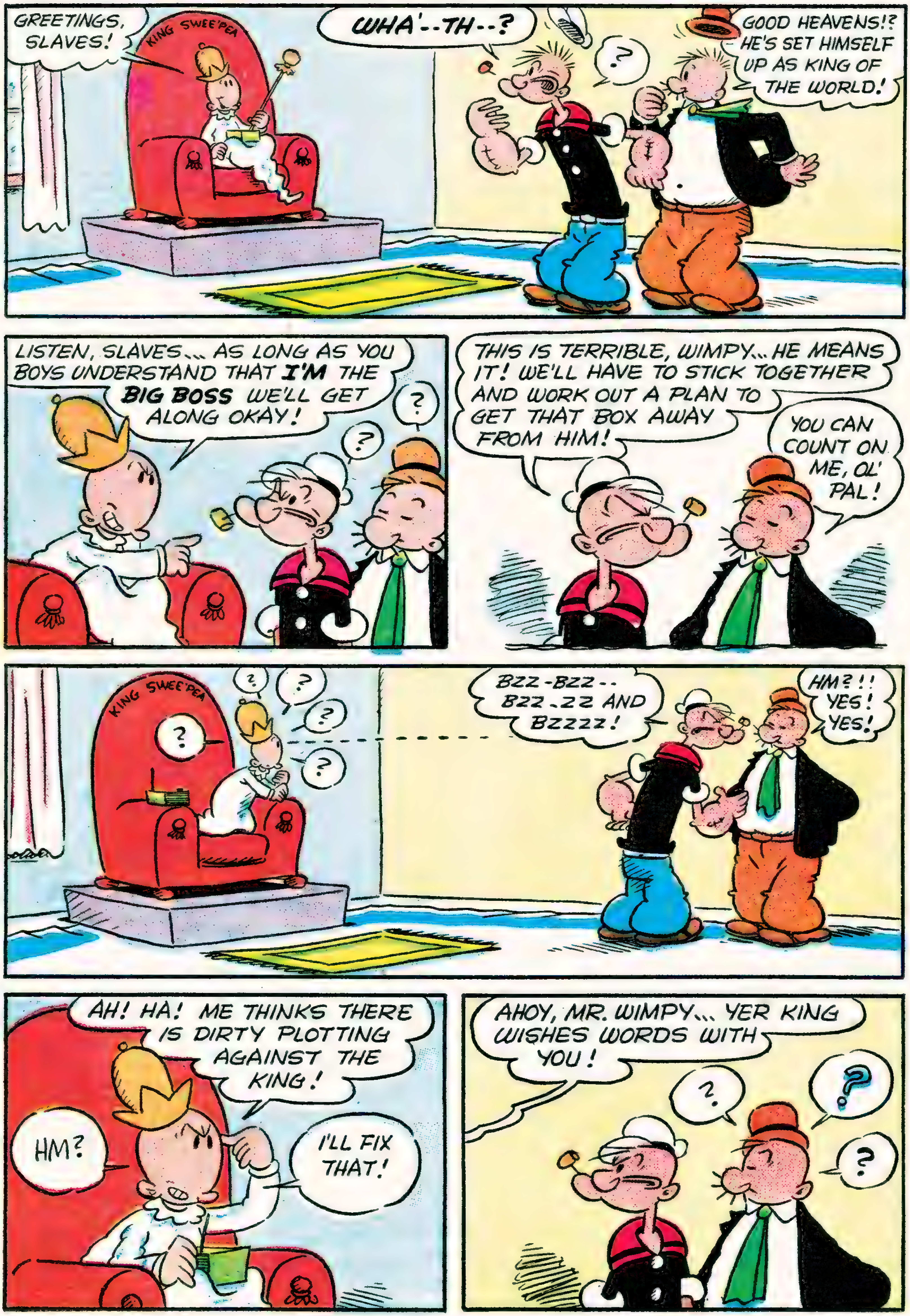
OH, NO YOU DON'T! IF YOU MAKE A WISH IT WOULDN'T PROVE A THING!
HUH?
?
?
?
?
IF YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE IT WORKS LET ME MAKE A WISH THEN I'LL KNOW IT'S NOT A TRICK!
?
?
?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
HE'S RIGHT... HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DOUBT US THEN!
NOW BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU WISH... IT'LL MAKE ANYTHING COME TRUE!
SURE!
HM? I JUS' PUSHES THIS BUTTON AND MAKES A WISH?
THAT'S RIGHT- THE WISH-O-MATIC WILL DO THE REST!
I WISHES YOU TWO SWABS AN' YER SPACE SHIP WAS TEN BILLING LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM HERE AND CAN'T NEVER COME BACK TO EARTH!
CLICK!
TEN BILLION LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH-
WHA-- HAPPENED ?
THAT EARTHLING TRICKED US!
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! IT WORKED!
?
?
WOW!

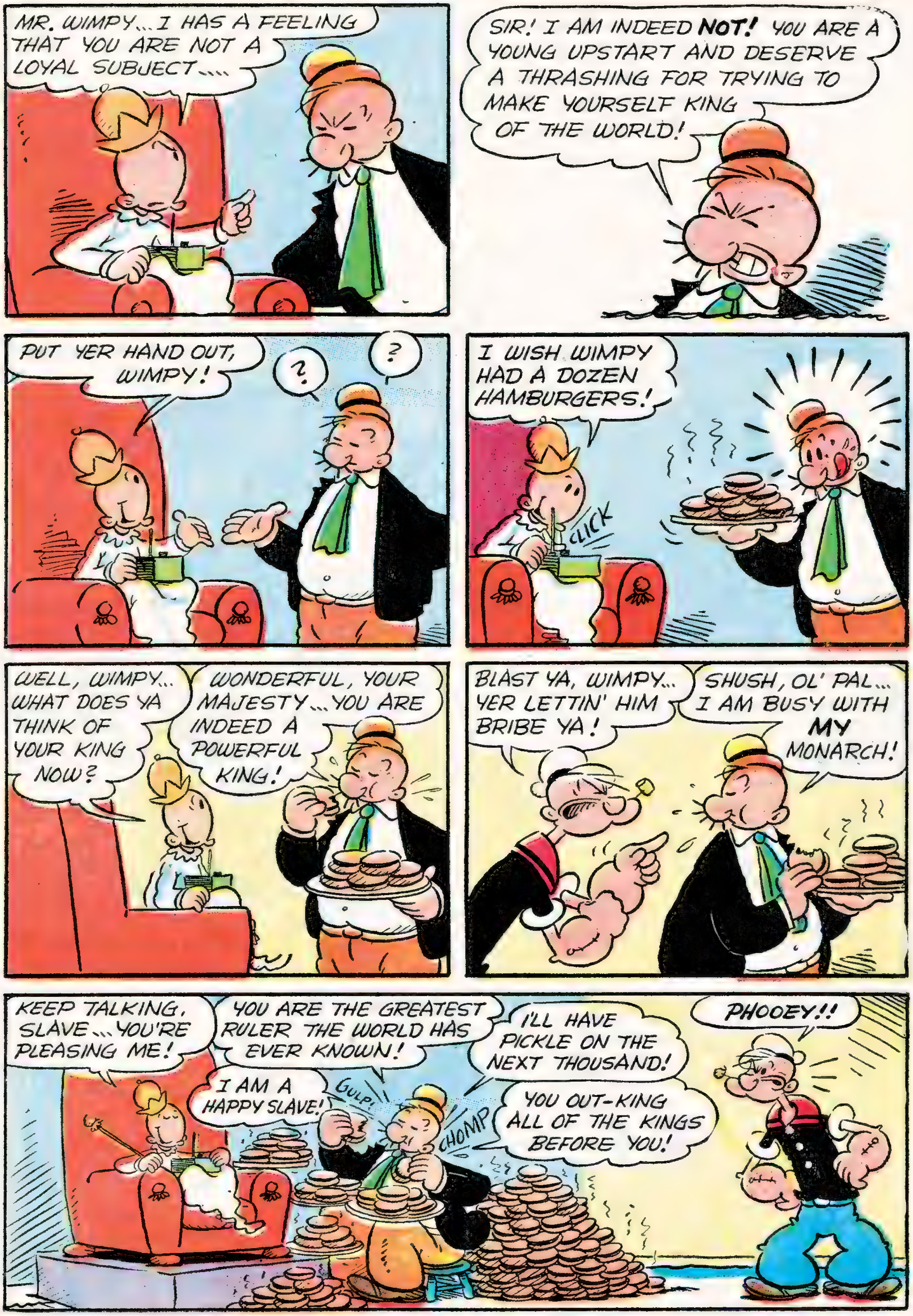

I'VE GOT TO SHOW POPEYE THIS!
POPEYE! I HAS SOME-THIN' TO SHOW YA!
DON'T BOTHER ME.... I YAM READIN' ME PAPER!
?
?
?
BUT, POPEYE.. I WAS JUS' TALKIN' TO TWO SWABS IN A SPACE SHIP!
NOW IT'S SPACE SHIPS! PHOOEY!! I HAS NO TIME TO LISTING TO FAIRY TALES.... RUN OUTSIDE AND PLAY!
!
GR-R.. I'LL MAKE HIM LISTING TO ME!
I WISHES THAT OL' NEWS-PAPER WAS A BIG FAT PIG!
CLICK
OINK!
?
YIKE!
?
HA! HA!


UGH!
OINK!
(GULP!!) I MUST BE UNWELL! FER A MINUTE I THOUGHT ME PAPER HAD TURNED INTO A PIG!
BUT IT DOES LOOK MORE LIKE A PIG THAN A NEWS-PAPER!
OINK!
?
WHEEEE! THIS IS FUN!
ERF
ERF!
IT MUST BE ME IMAGINATION..... IT CAN'T BE A PIG... IT HAS TO BE ME PAPER!
OINK!
BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO READ IT!
ERF! ERF! THE PIG CONFUSES HIM... I WILL WISH IT INTO SOMETHIN' ELSE!
ERF!
GR-R-R!
CLICK
GULP!
ER--- ??
I WISHES IT WAS A NEWS-PAPER AGAIN!
ERF!
ERF!

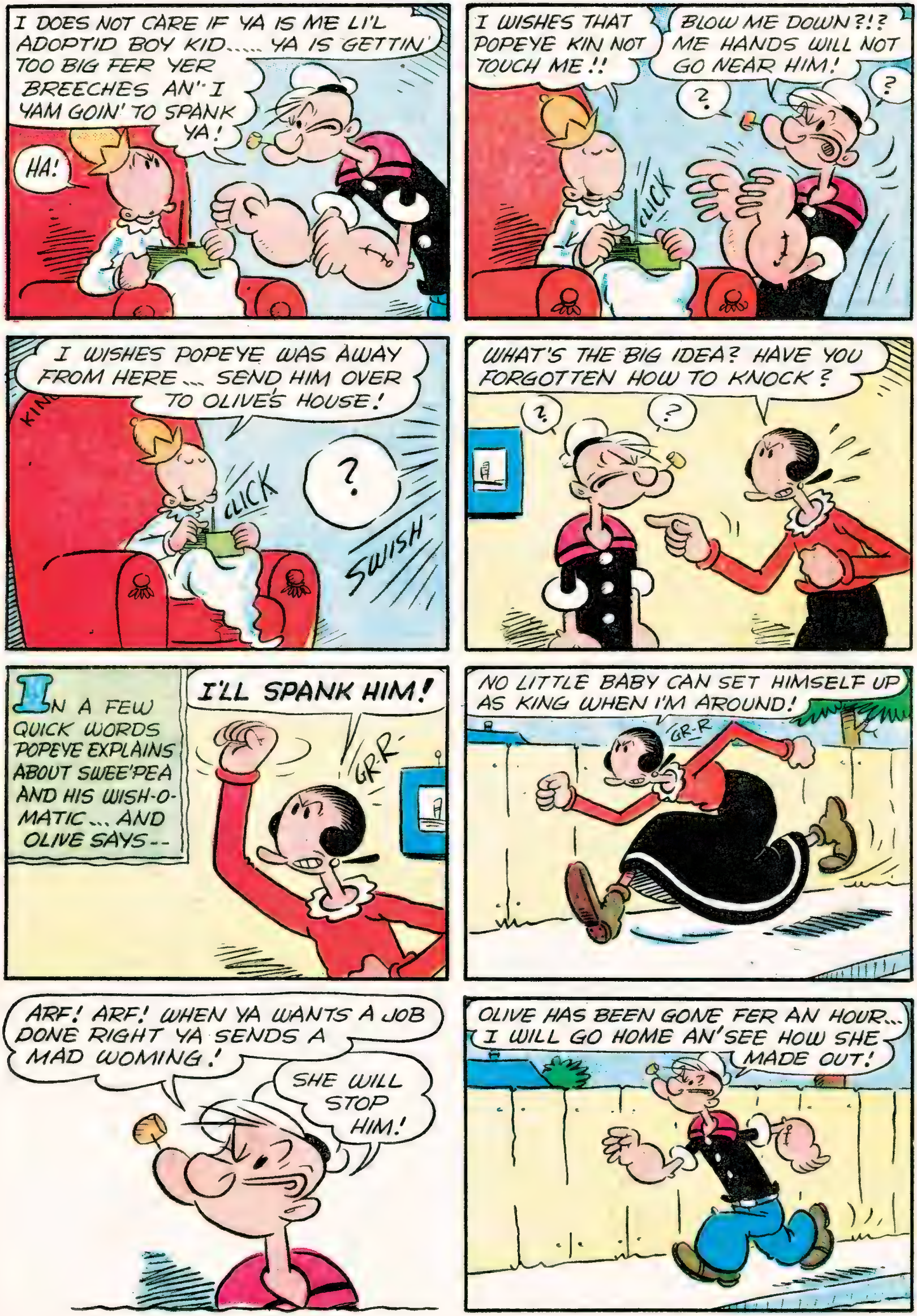

WHA'S WRONG, POPEYE? ERF! YA LOOKS LIKE YA WAS FEELIN' SICK!
I FEELS FINE BUT I KEEPS THINKING THINGS IS CHANGIN' SHAPE!
YOU AIN'T SEEIN' THINGS... I WAS DOING IT WITH ME LI'L WISH-O-MATIC!
YA MEANS 'AT LITTLE BOX WILL MAKE ANYTHING YA WISHES COME TRUE?
YEP! AND DON'T TRY TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL WISH YA WAS A BUTTERFLY!
COULD YA WISH THAT WIMPY WAS HERE WITH US?
AW... THAT'S SIMPLE!
HELLO, WIMP... 'AT WAS A QUICK TRIP YOU MADE!
?
?
?
-ER--HELLO, POPEYE!
GOOD HEAVENS? WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
?
?
?
IT'S OKAY, WIMPY.... SWEE'PEA BRUNG YA HERE WITH A NEW TOY HE CALLS A WISH-O-MATIC!
?
TOY?
?
THAT'S NO TOY! THAT'S A DEMON DEVICE.. HE CAN RULE THE WORLD WITH A THING LIKE THAT... TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM, POPEYE!
OH YEAH!

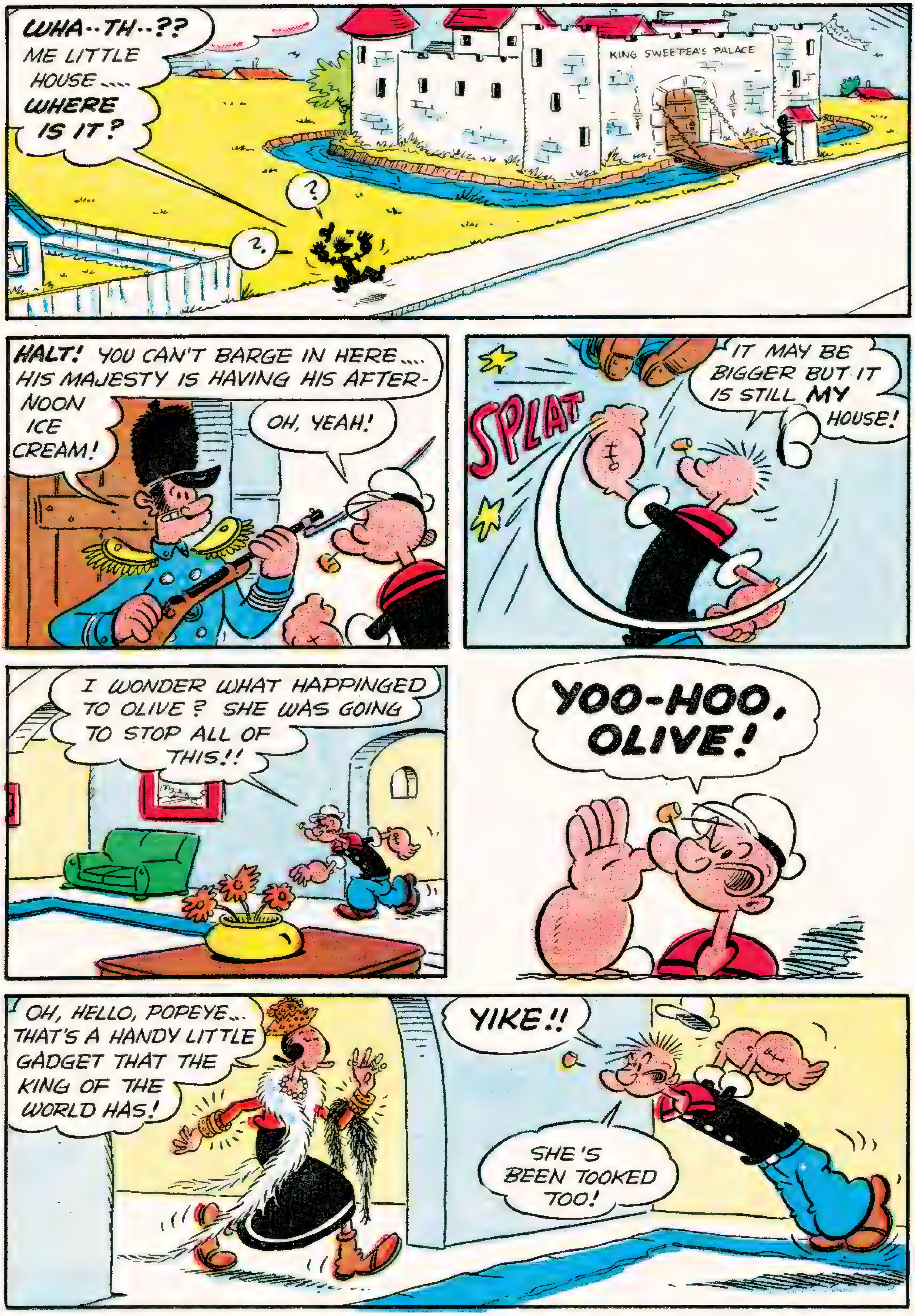

THEY'S NOT GOING TO GET THIS AWAY FROM ME!
?
?
CLICK
I WISH- - - -
BLOW ME DOWN! HE HAS WISHED US UP HERE ON THIS POLE!
AND I FEAR WE'RE STUCK UNTIL HE WISHES US DOWN!
THAT WILL TEACH THEM THAT I'M NOT TO BE FOOLED WITH!
FOR SALE
I YAM THE MOST POWERFUL SWAB IN THE WORLD!
I CAN DO ANY-THING!
LET'S SEE? HM? WHAT'LL I WISH FOR NOW?
HM?
?
?
?
?
THAT'S IT!
I WISHES FOR A - - -
CLICK
KING SWEE'PEA
THIS IS MORE LIKE IT...
I YAM A KING AND NOW I NEEDS SOME SUBJECTS... I WILL WISH WIMPY AN' POPEYE BACK!
CLICK

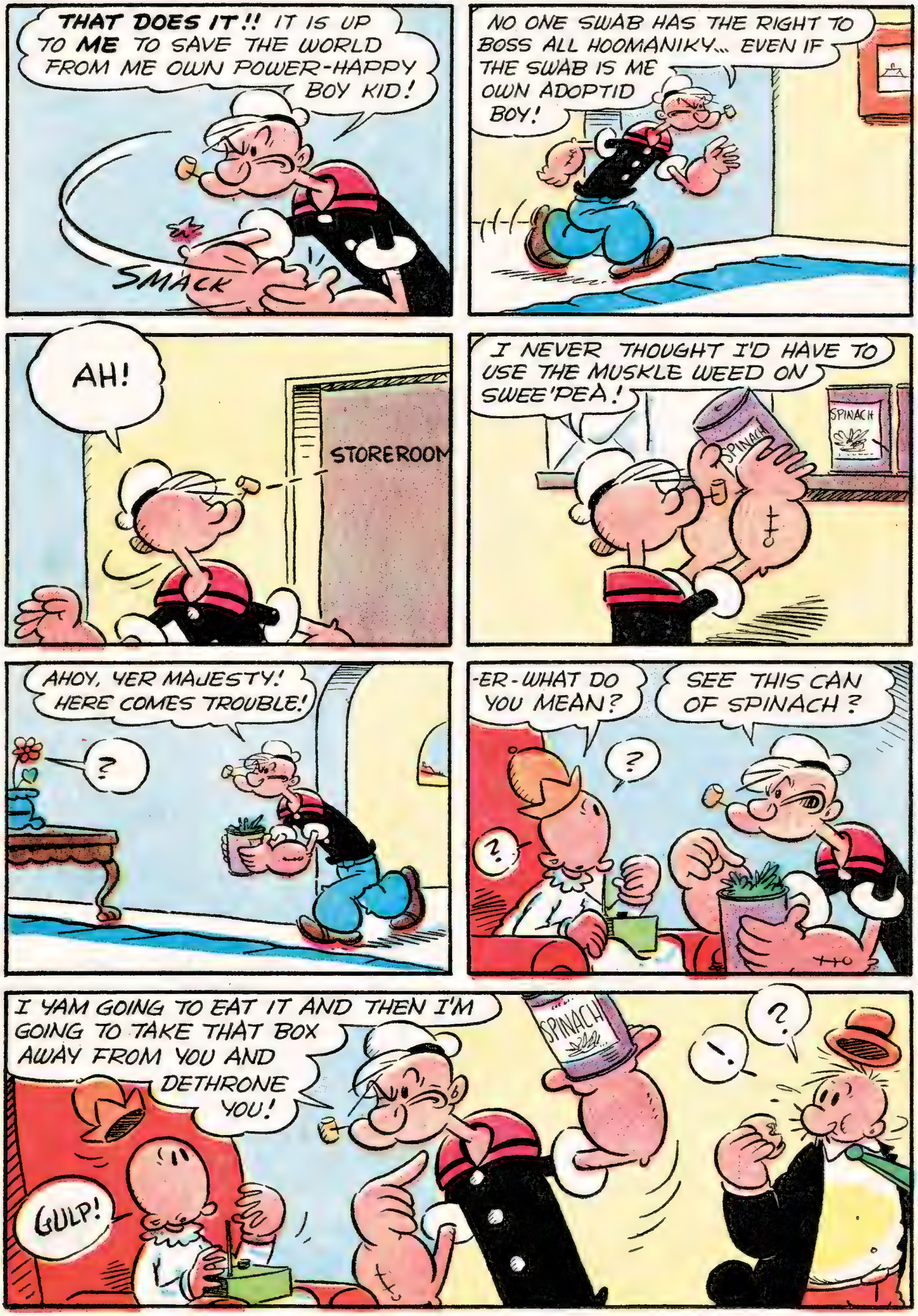

GREETINGS, SLAVES!
KING SWEE'PEA
WHA'--TH--?
?
GOOD HEAVENS!? HE'S SET HIMSELF UP AS KING OF THE WORLD!
LISTEN, SLAVES... AS LONG AS YOU BOYS UNDERSTAND THAT I'M THE BIG BOSS WE'LL GET ALONG OKAY!
?
?
THIS IS TERRIBLE, WIMPY... HE MEANS IT! WE'LL HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER AND WORK OUT A PLAN TO GET THAT BOX AWAY FROM HIM!
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, OL' PAL!
KING SWEE'PEA
?
?
?
?
?
BZZ-BZZ-.. BZZ-ZZ AND BZZZZ!
HM?!! YES! YES!
AH! HA! ME THINKS THERE IS DIRTY PLOTTING AGAINST THE KING!
HM?
I'LL FIX THAT!
AHOY, MR. WIMPY... YER KING WISHES WORDS WITH YOU!
?
?
?

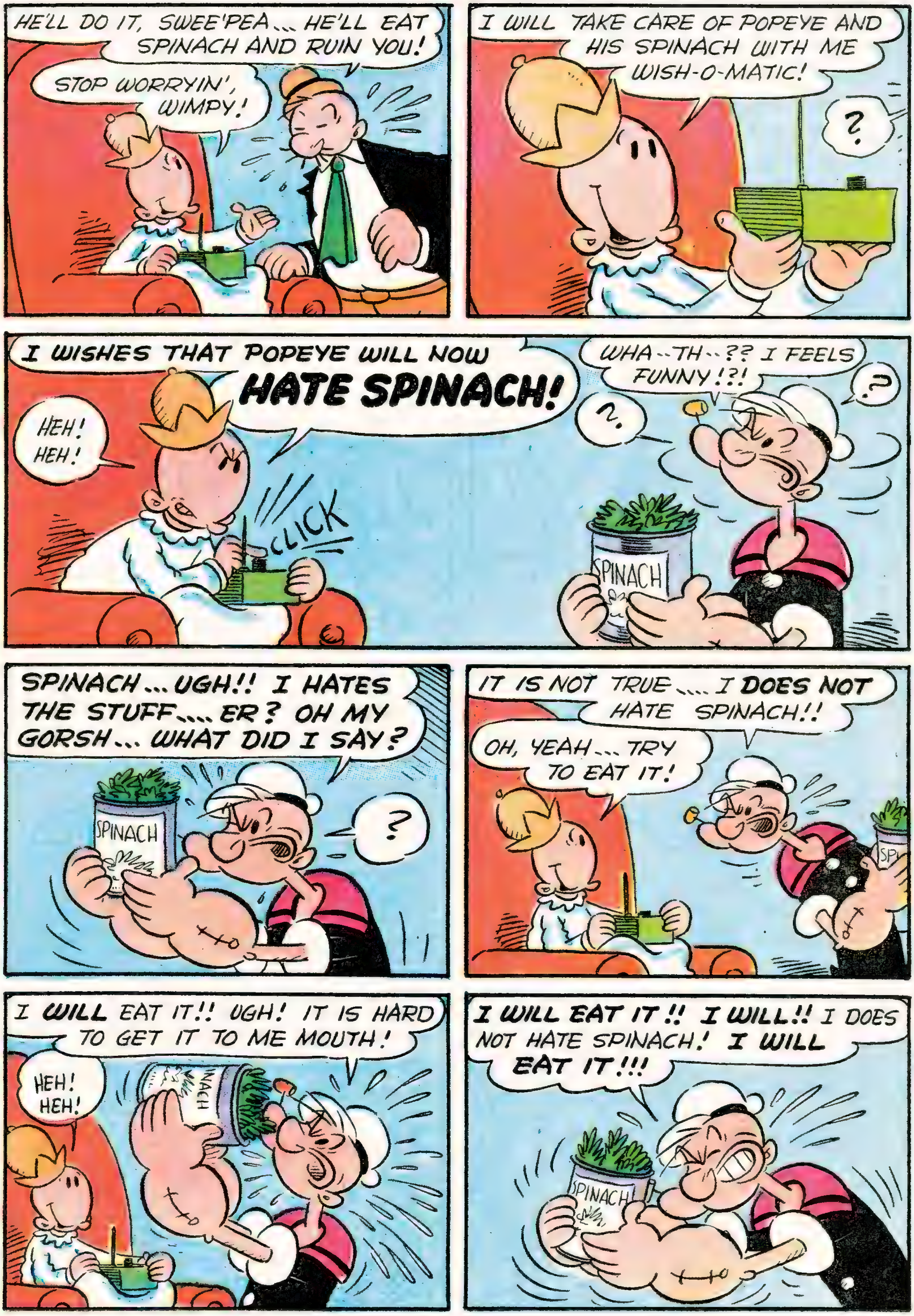


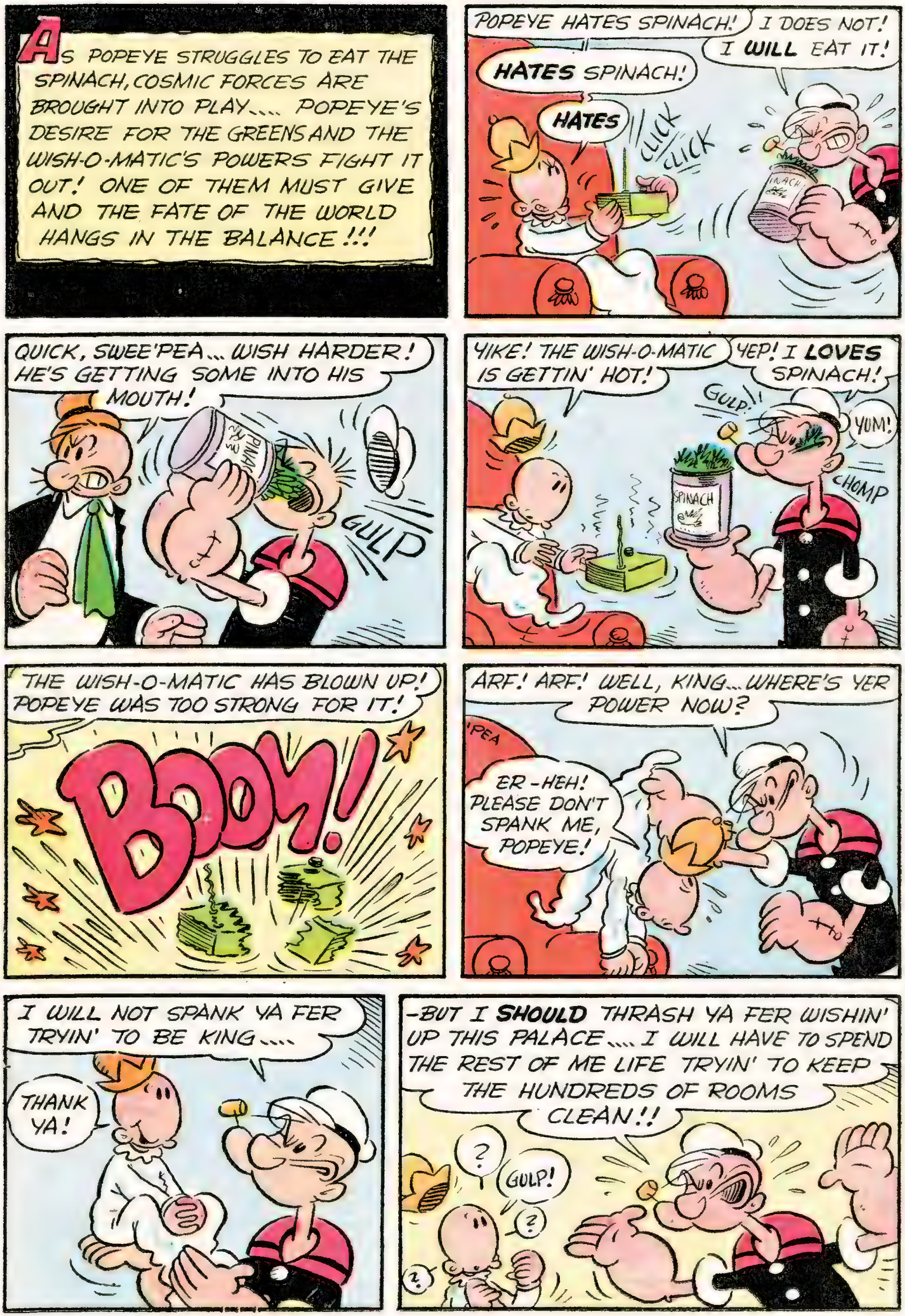
MR. WIMPY... I HAS A FEELING THAT YOU ARE NOT A LOYAL SUBJECT....
SIR! I AM INDEED **NOT!** YOU ARE A YOUNG UPSTART AND DESERVE A THRASHING FOR TRYING TO MAKE YOURSELF KING OF THE WORLD!
PUT YER HAND OUT, WIMPY!
?
?
I WISH WIMPY HAD A DOZEN HAMBURGERS!
CLICK
WELL, WIMPY... WHAT DOES YA THINK OF YOUR KING NOW?
WONDERFUL, YOUR MAJESTY... YOU ARE INDEED A POWERFUL KING!
BLAST YA, WIMPY... YER LETTIN' HIM BRIBE YA!
SHUSH, OL' PAL... I AM BUSY WITH **MY** MONARCH!
KEEP TALKING, SLAVE... YOU'RE PLEASING ME!
YOU ARE THE GREATEST RULER THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!
I AM A HAPPY SLAVE!
GULP!
I'LL HAVE PICKLE ON THE NEXT THOUSAND!
CHOMP
YOU OUT-KING ALL OF THE KINGS BEFORE YOU!
PHOOEY!!

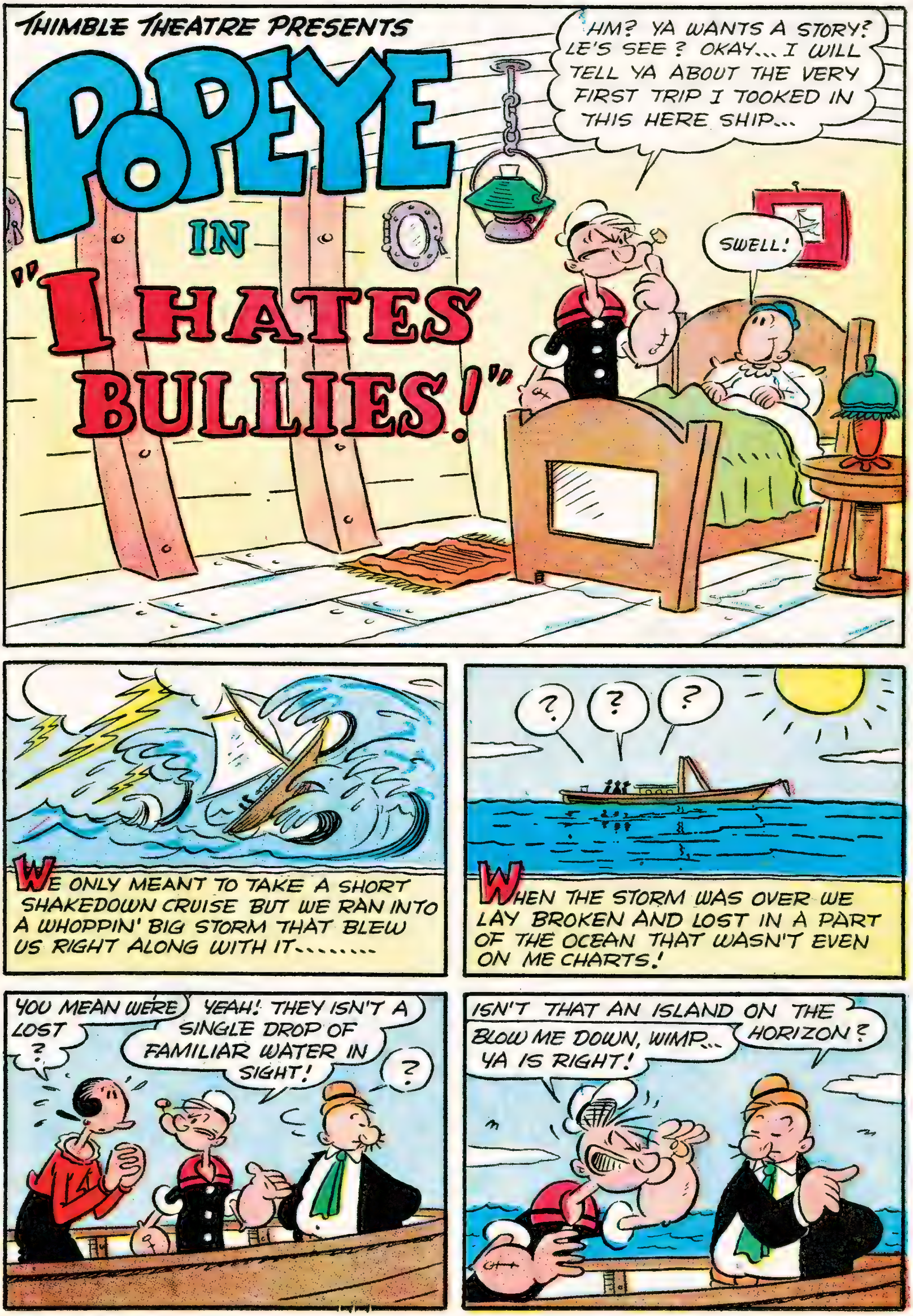

I DOES NOT CARE IF YA IS ME LI'L ADOPTID BOY KID..... YA IS GETTIN' TOO BIG FER YER BREECHES AN' I YAM GOIN' TO SPANK YA!
HA!
I WISHES THAT POPEYE KIN NOT TOUCH ME!!
BLOW ME DOWN?!? ME HANDS WILL NOT GO NEAR HIM!
?
?
CLICK
I WISHES POPEYE WAS AWAY FROM HERE... SEND HIM OVER TO OLIVE'S HOUSE!
CLICK
?
SWISH
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW TO KNOCK?
?
?
IN A FEW QUICK WORDS POPEYE EXPLAINS ABOUT SWEE'PEA AND HIS WISH-O-MATIC... AND OLIVE SAYS--
I'LL SPANK HIM!
GR-R
NO LITTLE BABY CAN SET HIMSELF UP AS KING WHEN I'M AROUND!
GR-R
ARF! ARF! WHEN YA WANTS A JOB DONE RIGHT YA SENDS A MAD WOMING!
SHE WILL STOP HIM!
OLIVE HAS BEEN GONE FER AN HOUR... I WILL GO HOME AN' SEE HOW SHE MADE OUT!

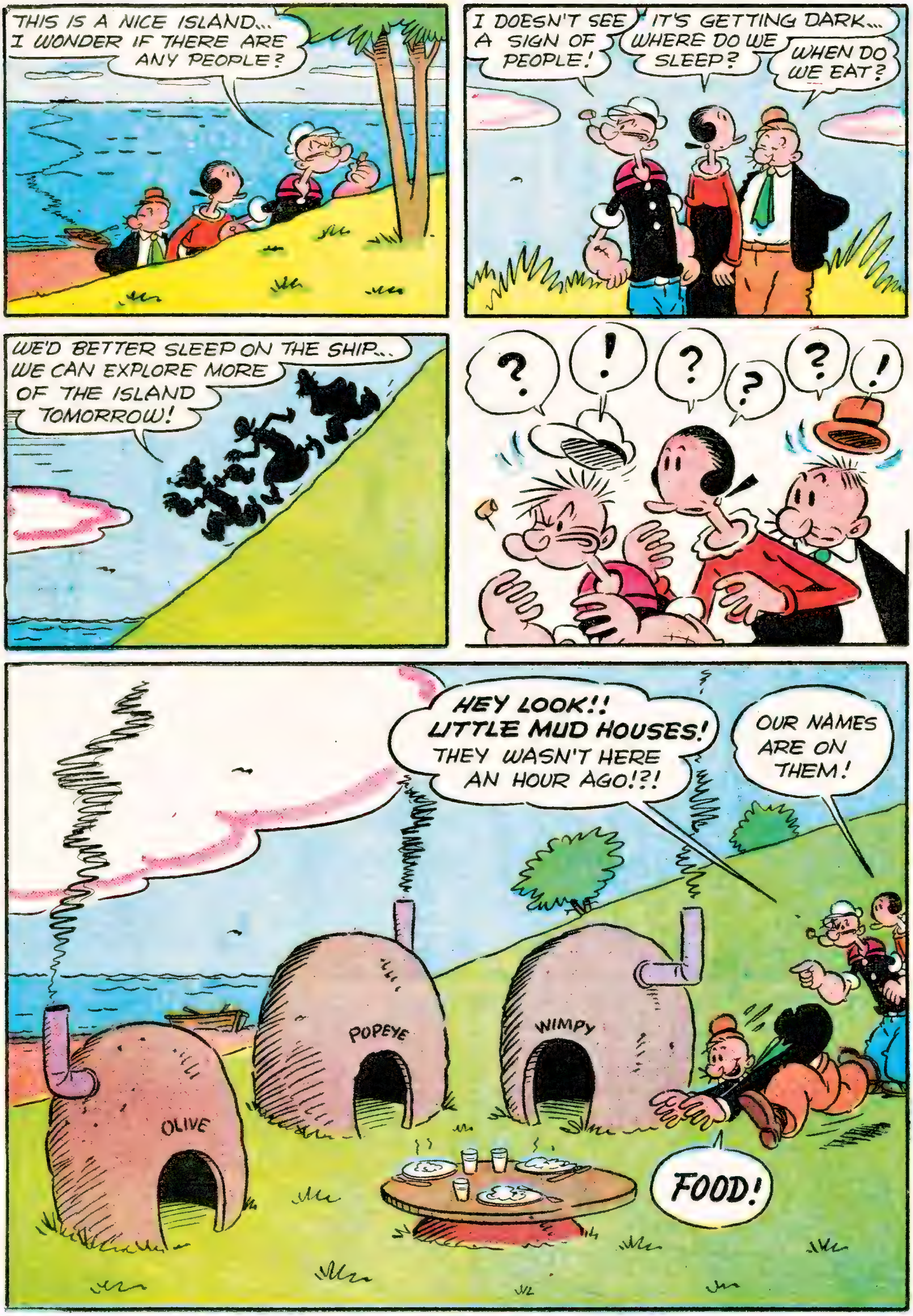

WHA..TH..?? ME LITTLE HOUSE.... WHERE IS IT?
KING SWEE'PEA'S PALACE
?
?
HALT! YOU CAN'T BARGE IN HERE.... HIS MAJESTY IS HAVING HIS AFTER-NOON ICE CREAM!
OH, YEAH!
SPLAT
IT MAY BE BIGGER BUT IT IS STILL MY HOUSE!
I WONDER WHAT HAPPINGED TO OLIVE? SHE WAS GOING TO STOP ALL OF THIS!!
YOO-HOO, OLIVE!
OH, HELLO, POPEYE... THAT'S A HANDY LITTLE GADGET THAT THE KING OF THE WORLD HAS!
YIKE!!
SHE'S BEEN TOOKED TOO!

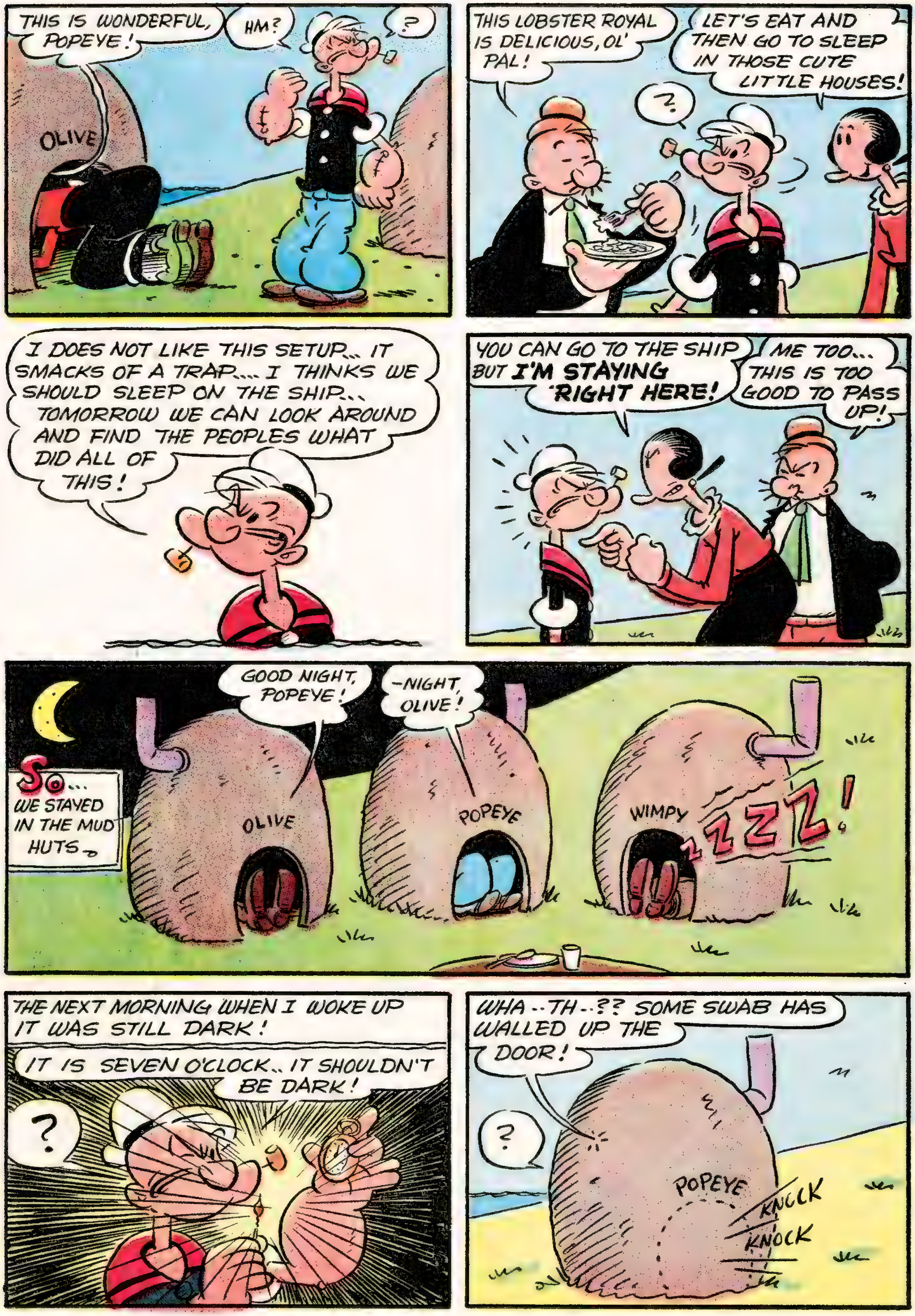

THAT DOES IT!! IT IS UP TO ME TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM ME OWN POWER-HAPPY BOY KID!
SMACK
NO ONE SWAB HAS THE RIGHT TO BOSS ALL HOOMANIKY... EVEN IF THE SWAB IS ME OWN ADOPTID BOY!
AH!
STOREROOM
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO USE THE MUSKLE WEED ON SWEE'PEA!
SPINACH
SPINACH
AHOY, YER MAJESTY! HERE COMES TROUBLE!
?
-ER-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
SEE THIS CAN OF SPINACH?
?
?
I YAM GOING TO EAT IT AND THEN I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT BOX AWAY FROM YOU AND DETHRONE YOU!
SPINACH
?
!
GULP!

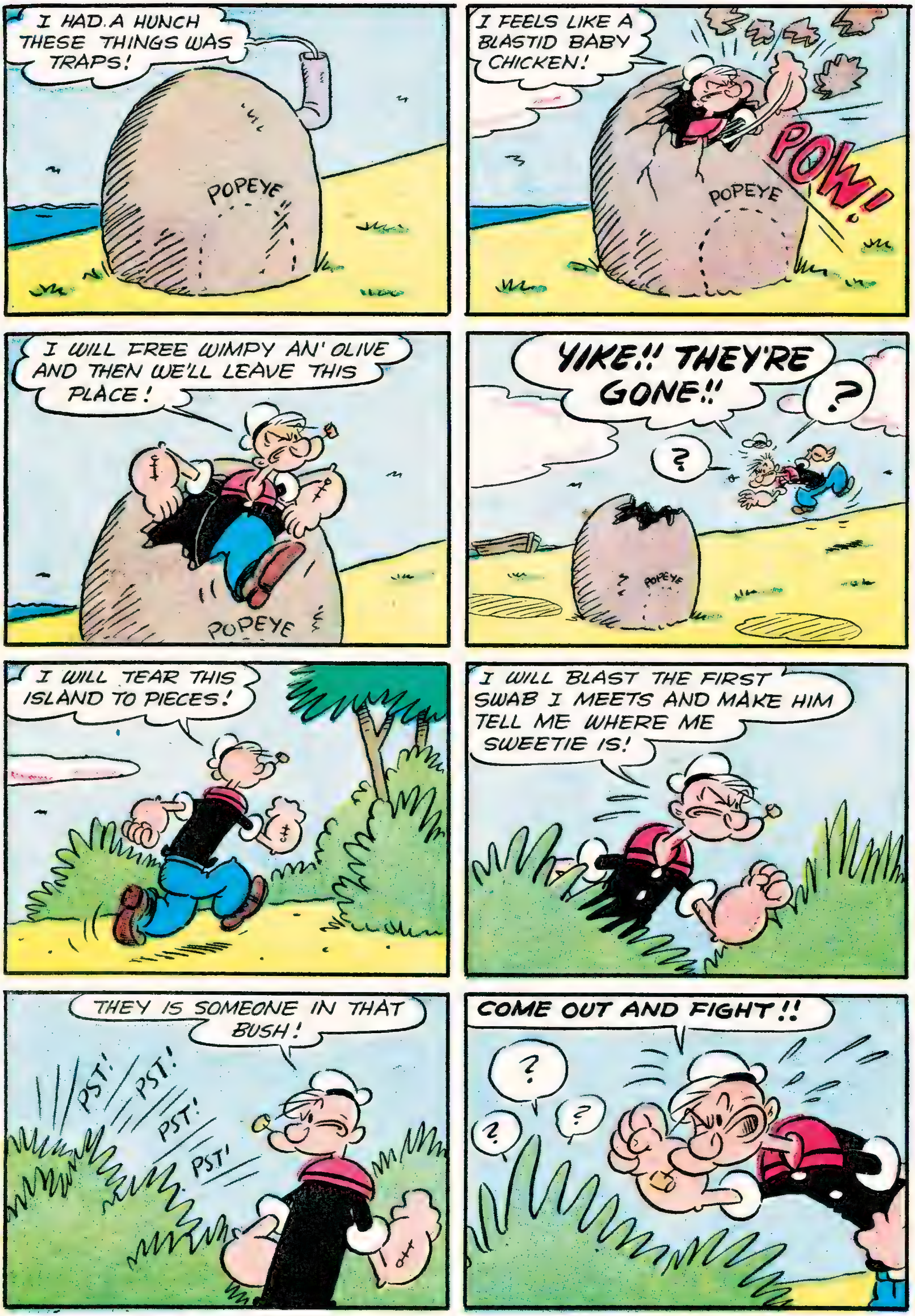

HE'LL DO IT, SWEE'PEA... HE'LL EAT SPINACH AND RUIN YOU!
STOP WORRYIN', WIMPY!
I WILL TAKE CARE OF POPEYE AND HIS SPINACH WITH ME WISH-O-MATIC!
?
I WISHES THAT POPEYE WILL NOW HATE SPINACH!
HEH! HEH!
CLICK
WHA--TH--?? I FEELS FUNNY!?!
?
?
SPINACH
SPINACH...UGH!! I HATES THE STUFF.... ER? OH MY GORSH... WHAT DID I SAY?
SPINACH
?
IT IS NOT TRUE.... I DOES NOT HATE SPINACH!!
OH, YEAH... TRY TO EAT IT!
I WILL EAT IT!! UGH! IT IS HARD TO GET IT TO ME MOUTH!
HEH! HEH!
I WILL EAT IT!! I WILL!! I DOES NOT HATE SPINACH! I WILL EAT IT!!!
SPINACH

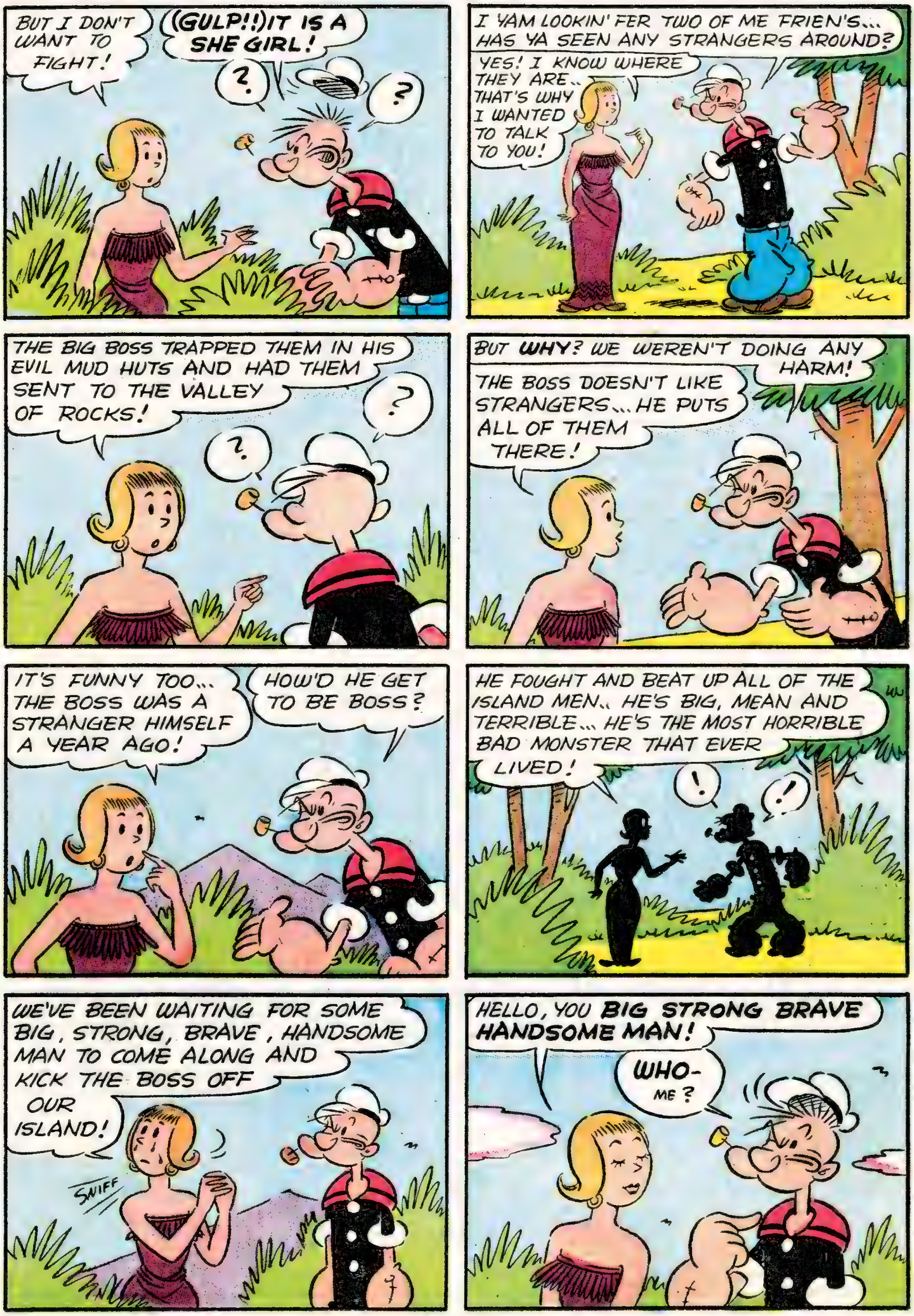

AS POPEYE STRUGGLES TO EAT THE SPINACH, COSMIC FORCES ARE BROUGHT INTO PLAY.... POPEYE'S DESIRE FOR THE GREENS AND THE WISH-O-MATIC'S POWERS FIGHT IT OUT! ONE OF THEM MUST GIVE AND THE FATE OF THE WORLD HANGS IN THE BALANCE!!!
POPEYE HATES SPINACH!
I DOES NOT! I WILL EAT IT!
HATES SPINACH!
HATES
CLICK
CLICK
QUICK, SWEE'PEA... WISH HARDER! HE'S GETTING SOME INTO HIS MOUTH!
GULP
YIKE! THE WISH-O-MATIC IS GETTIN' HOT!
YEP! I LOVES SPINACH!
GULP!
YUM!
CHOMP
SPINACH
THE WISH-O-MATIC HAS BLOWN UP! POPEYE WAS TOO STRONG FOR IT!
BOOM!
ARF! ARF! WELL, KING... WHERE'S YER POWER NOW?
ER-HEH! PLEASE DON'T SPANK ME, POPEYE!
I WILL NOT SPANK YA FER TRYIN' TO BE KING....
THANK YA!
-BUT I SHOULD THRASH YA FER WISHIN' UP THIS PALACE.... I WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF ME LIFE TRYIN' TO KEEP THE HUNDREDS OF ROOMS CLEAN!!
?
GULP!
?
?

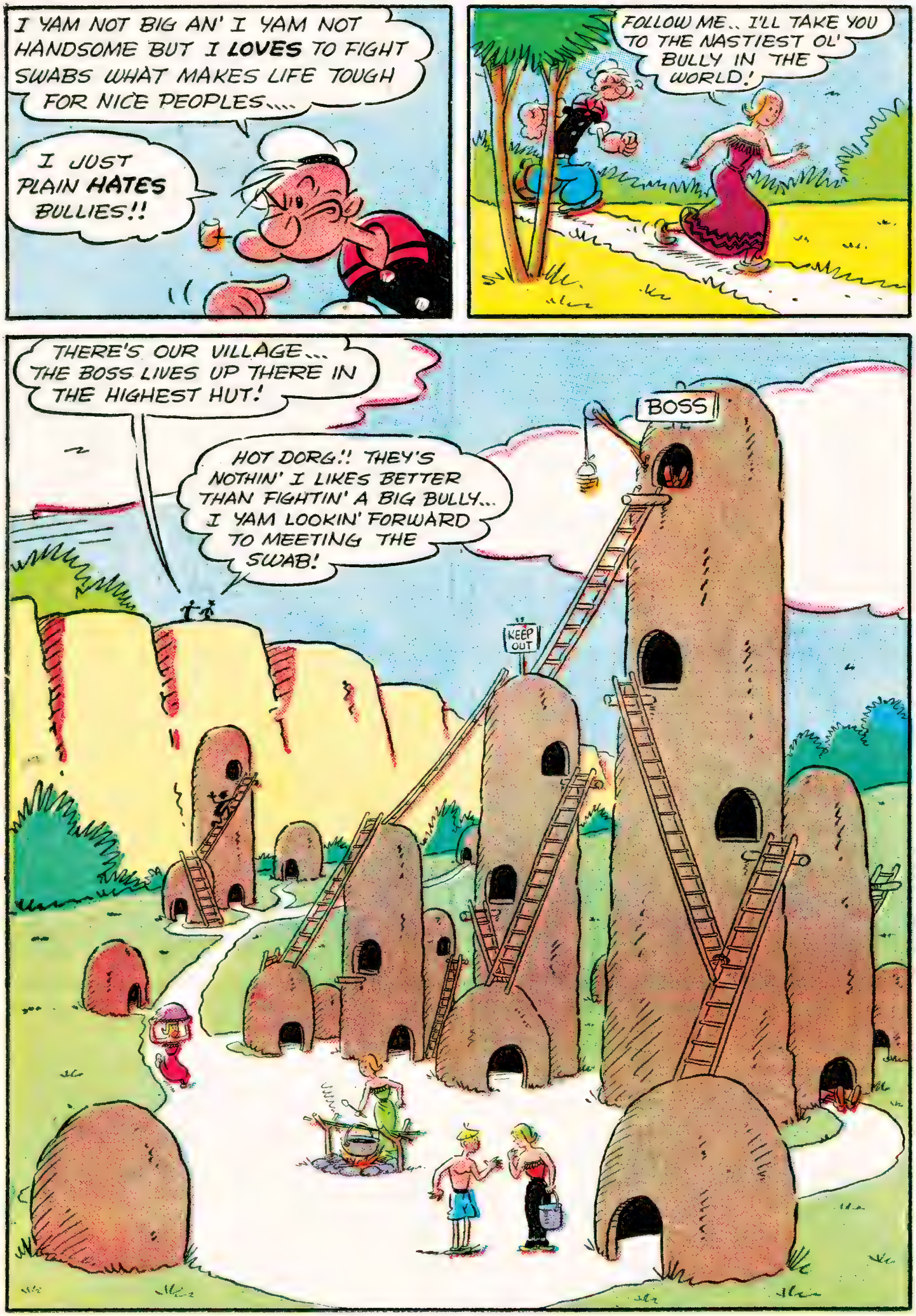

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
IN
"I HATES BULLIES!"
HM? YA WANTS A STORY? LE'S SEE? OKAY... I WILL TELL YA ABOUT THE VERY FIRST TRIP I TOOKED IN THIS HERE SHIP...
SWELL!
WE ONLY MEANT TO TAKE A SHORT SHAKEDOWN CRUISE BUT WE RAN INTO A WHOPPIN' BIG STORM THAT BLEW US RIGHT ALONG WITH IT........
?
?
?
WHEN THE STORM WAS OVER WE LAY BROKEN AND LOST IN A PART OF THE OCEAN THAT WASN'T EVEN ON ME CHARTS!
YOU MEAN WE'RE LOST ?
YEAH! THEY ISN'T A SINGLE DROP OF FAMILIAR WATER IN SIGHT!
?
ISN'T THAT AN ISLAND ON THE HORIZON?
BLOW ME DOWN, WIMP... YA IS RIGHT!

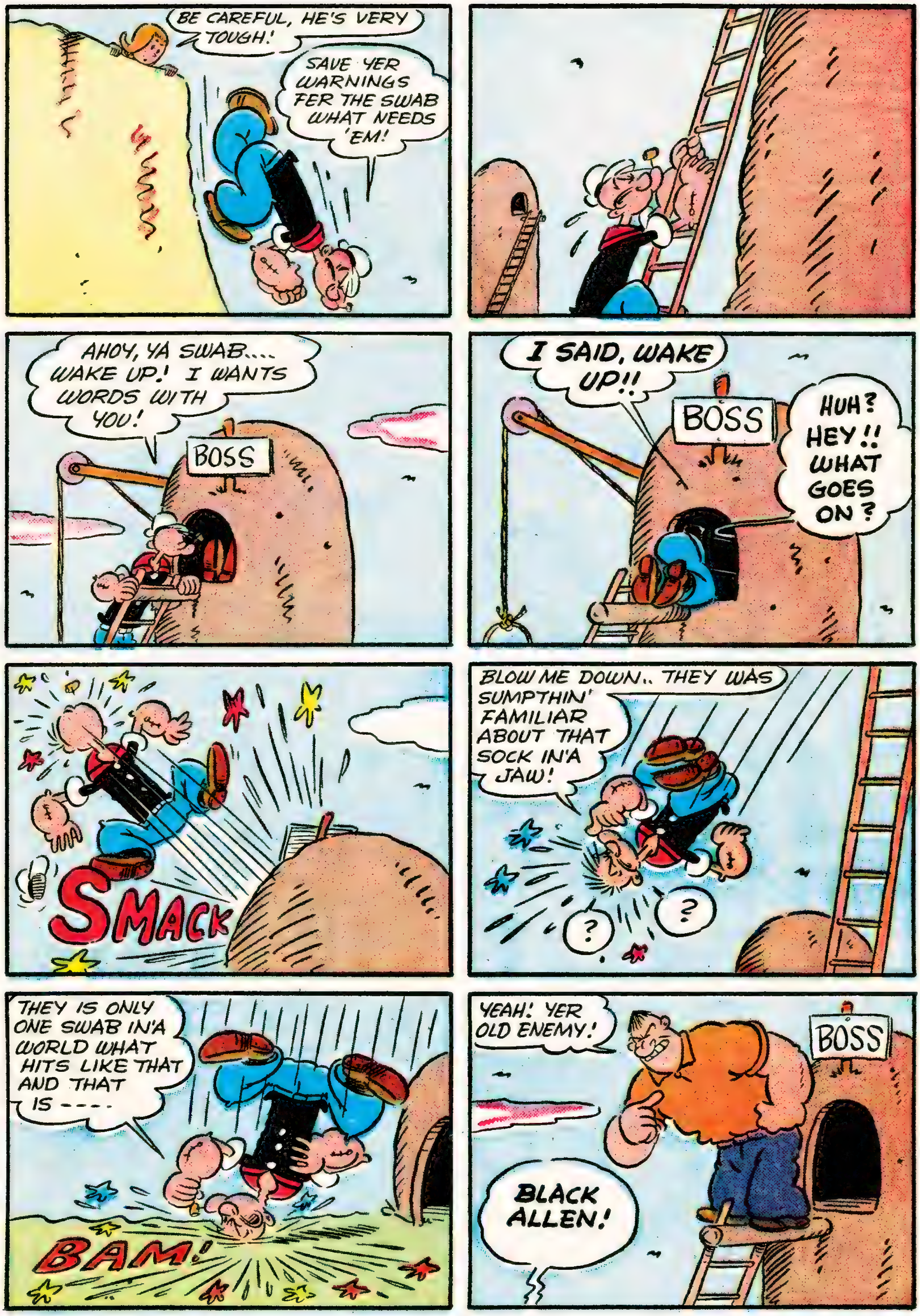

THIS IS A NICE ISLAND... I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY PEOPLE?
I DOESN'T SEE A SIGN OF PEOPLE!
IT'S GETTING DARK... WHERE DO WE SLEEP?
WHEN DO WE EAT?
WE'D BETTER SLEEP ON THE SHIP... WE CAN EXPLORE MORE OF THE ISLAND TOMORROW!
HEY LOOK!! LITTLE MUD HOUSES! THEY WASN'T HERE AN HOUR AGO!?!
OUR NAMES ARE ON THEM!
OLIVE
POPEYE
WIMPY
FOOD!


THIS IS WONDERFUL, POPEYE!
HM?
?
OLIVE
THIS LOBSTER ROYAL IS DELICIOUS, OL' PAL!
LET'S EAT AND THEN GO TO SLEEP IN THOSE CUTE LITTLE HOUSES!
?
I DOES NOT LIKE THIS SETUP... IT SMACKS OF A TRAP.... I THINKS WE SHOULD SLEEP ON THE SHIP... TOMORROW WE CAN LOOK AROUND AND FIND THE PEOPLES WHAT DID ALL OF THIS!
YOU CAN GO TO THE SHIP BUT I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE!
ME TOO... THIS IS TOO GOOD TO PASS UP!
SO... WE STAYED IN THE MUD HUTS.
GOOD NIGHT, POPEYE!
-NIGHT, OLIVE!
OLIVE
POPEYE
WIMPY
ZZZZ!
THE NEXT MORNING WHEN I WOKE UP IT WAS STILL DARK!
IT IS SEVEN O'CLOCK.. IT SHOULDN'T BE DARK!
?
WHA--TH--?? SOME SWAB HAS WALLED UP THE DOOR!
?
POPEYE
KNOCK
KNOCK

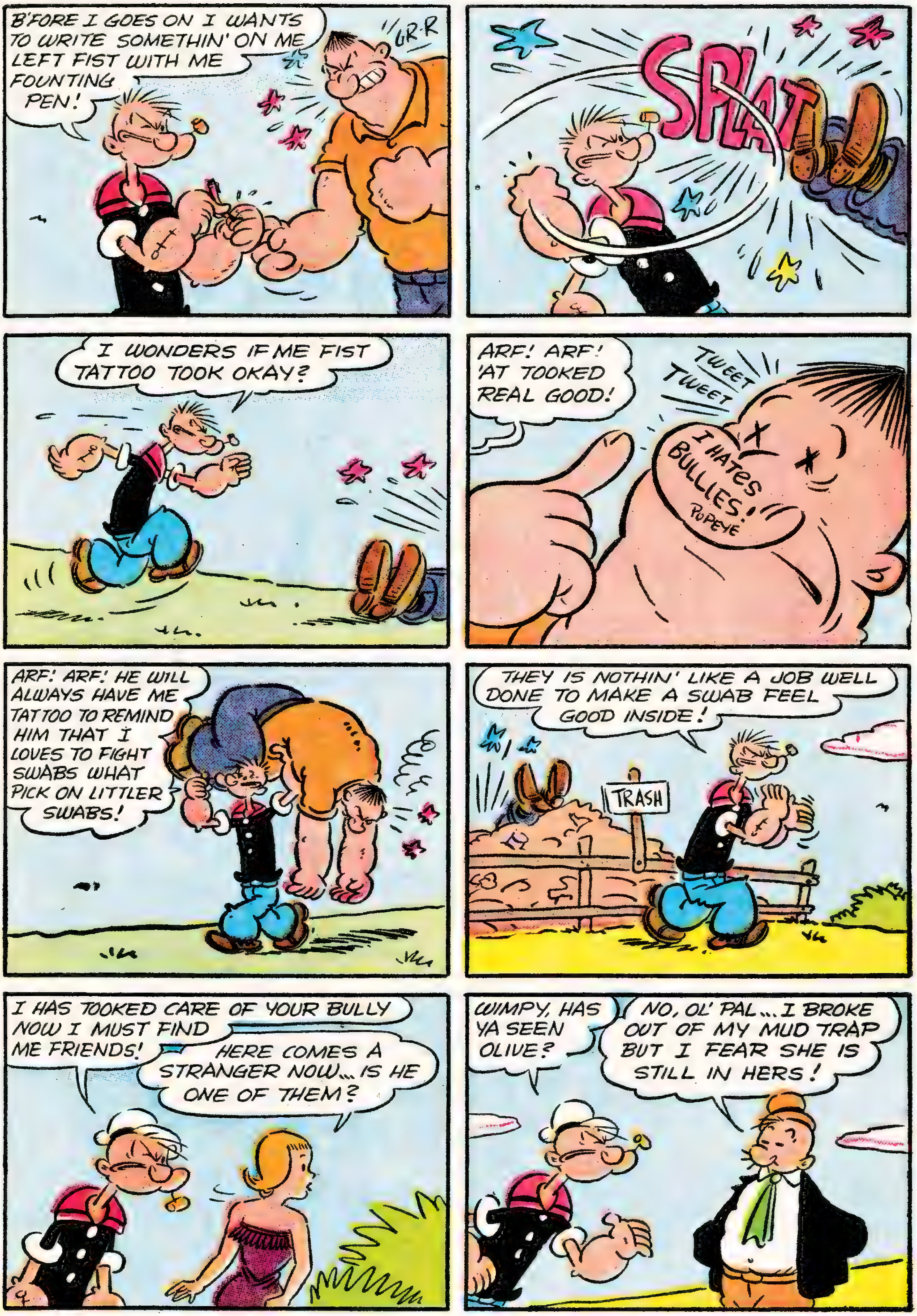

I HAD A HUNCH THESE THINGS WAS TRAPS!
POPEYE
I FEELS LIKE A BLASTID BABY CHICKEN!
POW!
POPEYE
I WILL FREE WIMPY AN' OLIVE AND THEN WE'LL LEAVE THIS PLACE!
POPEYE
YIKE!! THEY'RE GONE!!
?
?
POPEYE
I WILL TEAR THIS ISLAND TO PIECES!
I WILL BLAST THE FIRST SWAB I MEETS AND MAKE HIM TELL ME WHERE ME SWEETIE IS!
THEY IS SOMEONE IN THAT BUSH!
PST!
PST!
PST!
PST!
COME OUT AND FIGHT!!
?
?
?

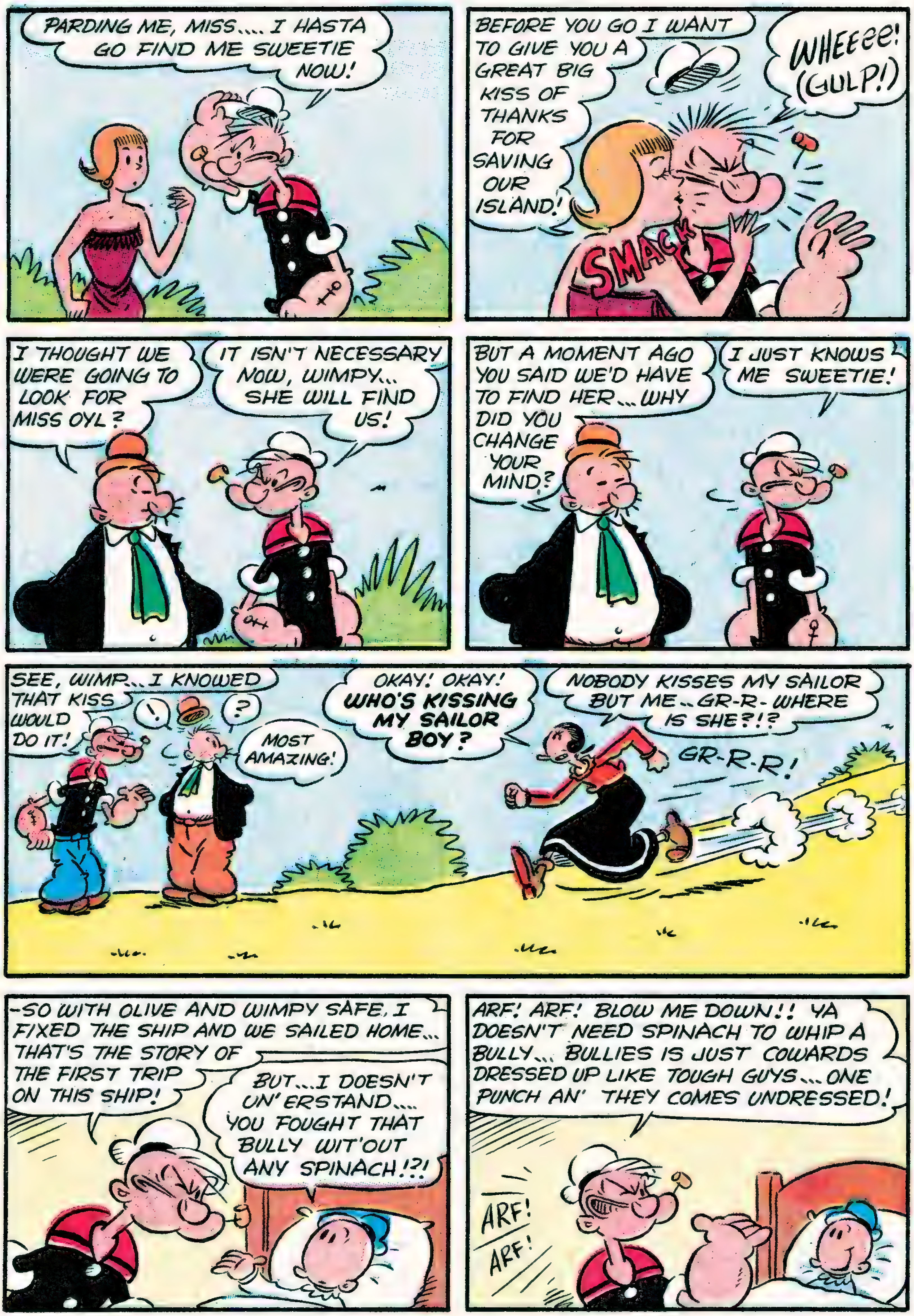

BUT I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT!
(GULP!!)IT IS A SHE GIRL!
?
?
I YAM LOOKIN' FER TWO OF ME FRIEN'S... HAS YA SEEN ANY STRANGERS AROUND?
YES! I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.. THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU!
THE BIG BOSS TRAPPED THEM IN HIS EVIL MUD HUTS AND HAD THEM SENT TO THE VALLEY OF ROCKS!
?
?
BUT WHY? WE WEREN'T DOING ANY HARM!
THE BOSS DOESN'T LIKE STRANGERS... HE PUTS ALL OF THEM THERE!
IT'S FUNNY TOO... THE BOSS WAS A STRANGER HIMSELF A YEAR AGO!
HOW'D HE GET TO BE BOSS?
HE FOUGHT AND BEAT UP ALL OF THE ISLAND MEN.. HE'S BIG, MEAN AND TERRIBLE... HE'S THE MOST HORRIBLE BAD MONSTER THAT EVER LIVED!
!
!
WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SOME BIG, STRONG, BRAVE, HANDSOME MAN TO COME ALONG AND KICK THE BOSS OFF OUR ISLAND!
SNIFF
HELLO, YOU BIG STRONG BRAVE HANDSOME MAN!
WHO- ME?

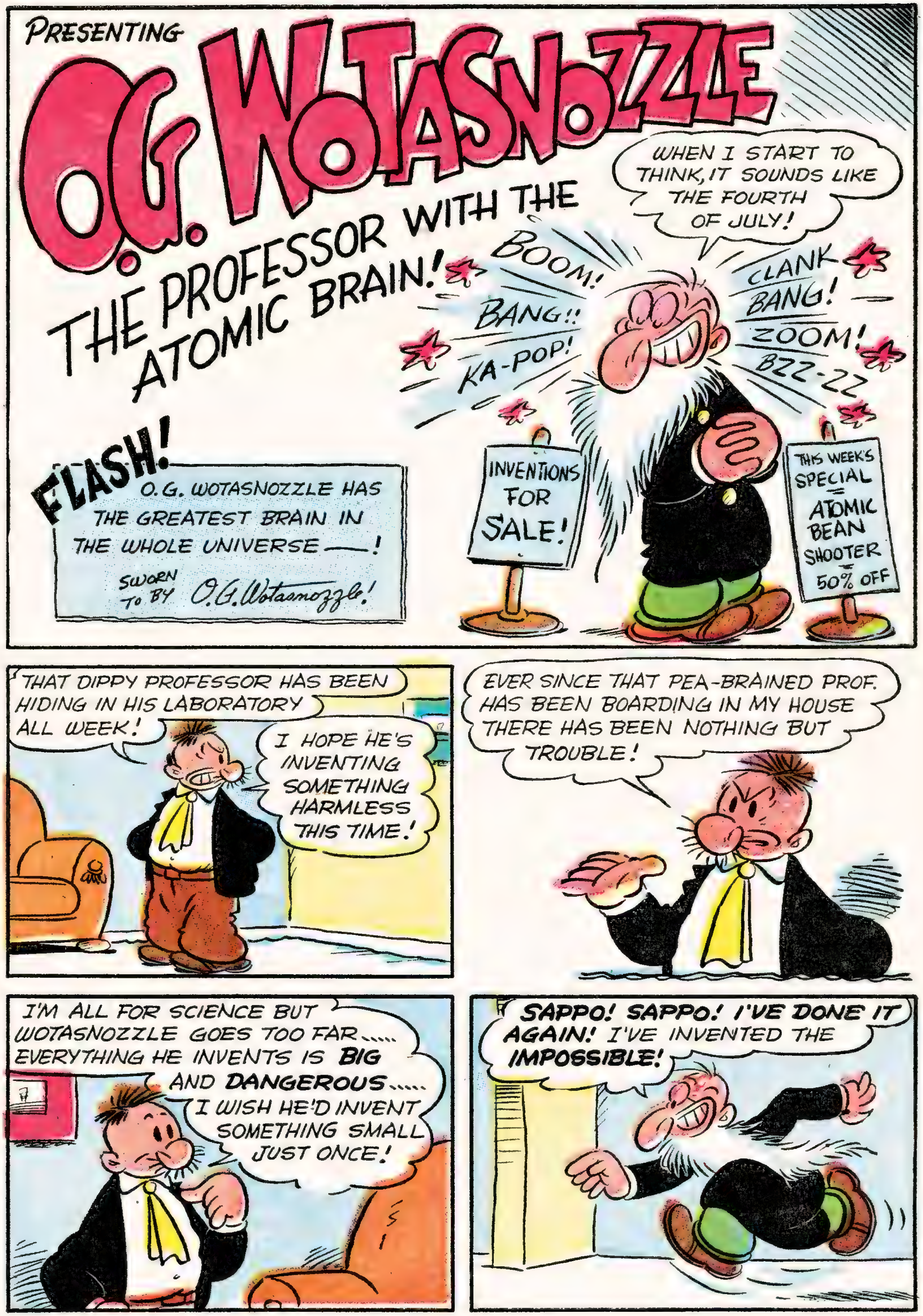

I YAM NOT BIG AN' I YAM NOT HANDSOME BUT I **LOVES** TO FIGHT SWABS WHAT MAKES LIFE TOUGH FOR NICE PEOPLES....
I JUST PLAIN **HATES** BULLIES!!
FOLLOW ME.. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE NASTIEST OL' BULLY IN THE WORLD!
THERE'S OUR VILLAGE... THE BOSS LIVES UP THERE IN THE HIGHEST HUT!
HOT DORG!! THEY'S NOTHIN' I LIKES BETTER THAN FIGHTIN' A BIG BULLY... I YAM LOOKIN' FORWARD TO MEETING THE SWAB!
BOSS
KEEP OUT

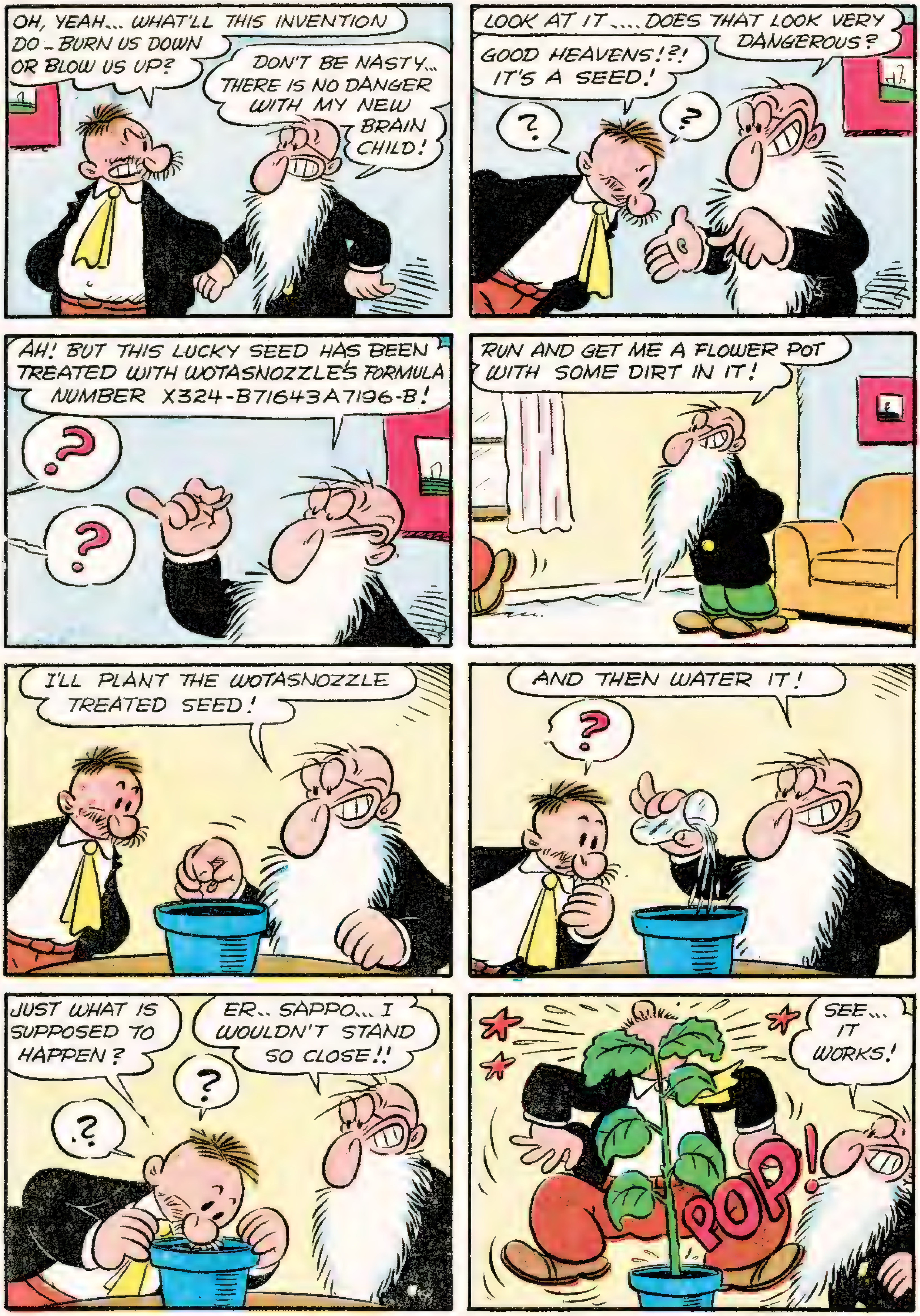

BE CAREFUL, HE'S VERY TOUGH!
SAVE YER WARNINGS FER THE SWAB WHAT NEEDS 'EM!
AHOY, YA SWAB.... WAKE UP! I WANTS WORDS WITH YOU!
BOSS
I SAID, WAKE UP!!
BOSS
HUH? HEY!! WHAT GOES ON?
SMACK
BLOW ME DOWN.. THEY WAS SUMPTHIN' FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT SOCK IN'A JAW!
?
?
THEY IS ONLY ONE SWAB IN'A WORLD WHAT HITS LIKE THAT AND THAT IS ----
BAM!
YEAH! YER OLD ENEMY!
BOSS
BLACK ALLEN!

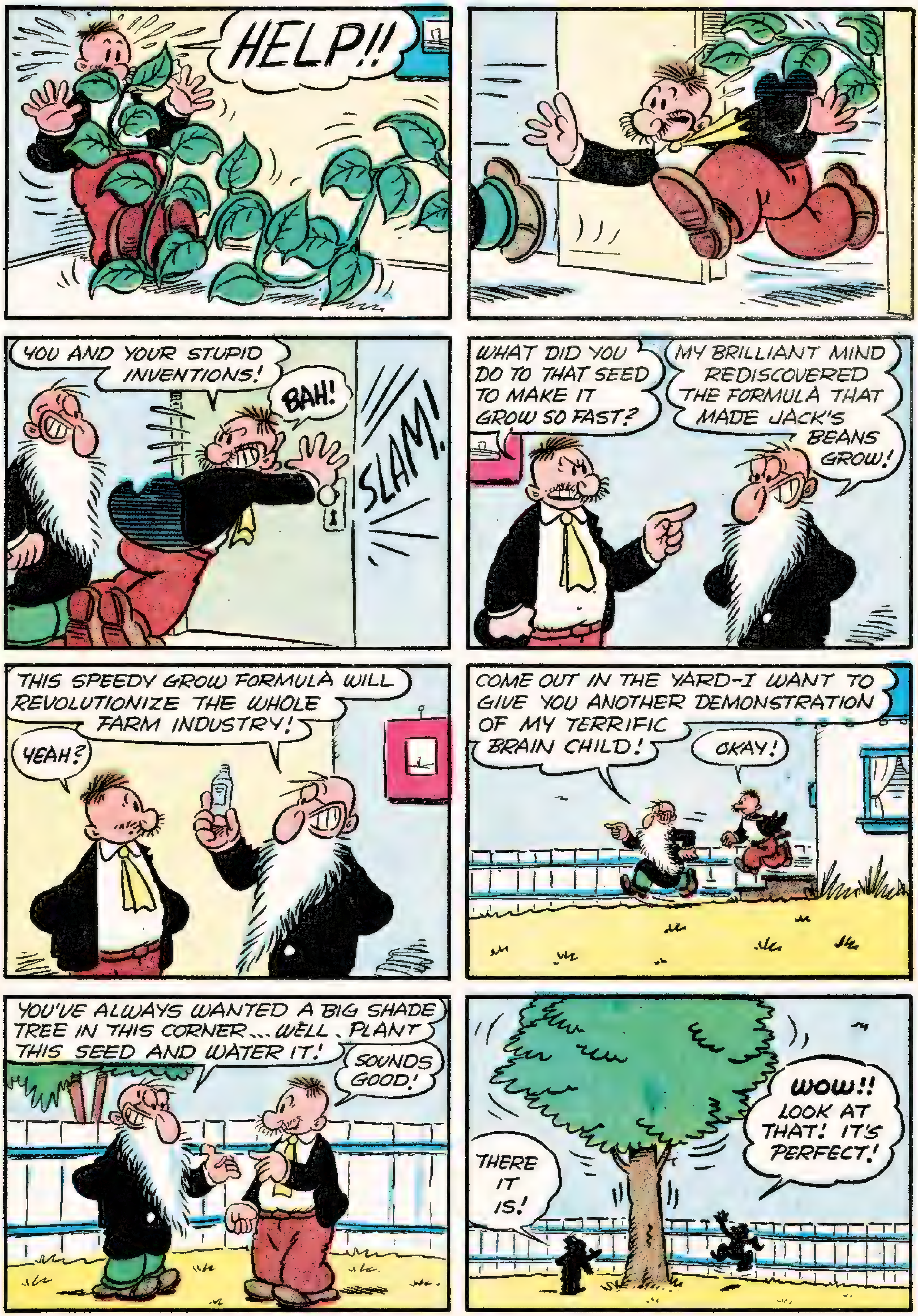
WE NEVER DID FINISH THAT FIGHT IN SINGAPORE, POPEYE!
WE DIDN'T 'CAUSE YOU RAN AWAY!
CRUNCH
WE'LL FINISH IT NOW!
BESIDES,... I DON'T WANT YOU, WITH YOUR SILLY IDEAS OF RIGHT AND WRONG TO SPOIL THE NICE SETUP I'VE GOT ON THIS ISLAND!
SPLAT
HOW DO YOU FEEL, POPEYE?
HA! HA! HA! HA!
I FEELS FINE, BLACKY... THANKS FER WARMING ME UP!
? HUH?
?
?
?
?
THEY'S NOTHIN' LIKE A LI'L EXERCISE TO MAKE A FELLOW'S MUSKLES NICE AN' LIMBER!
?
SMACK

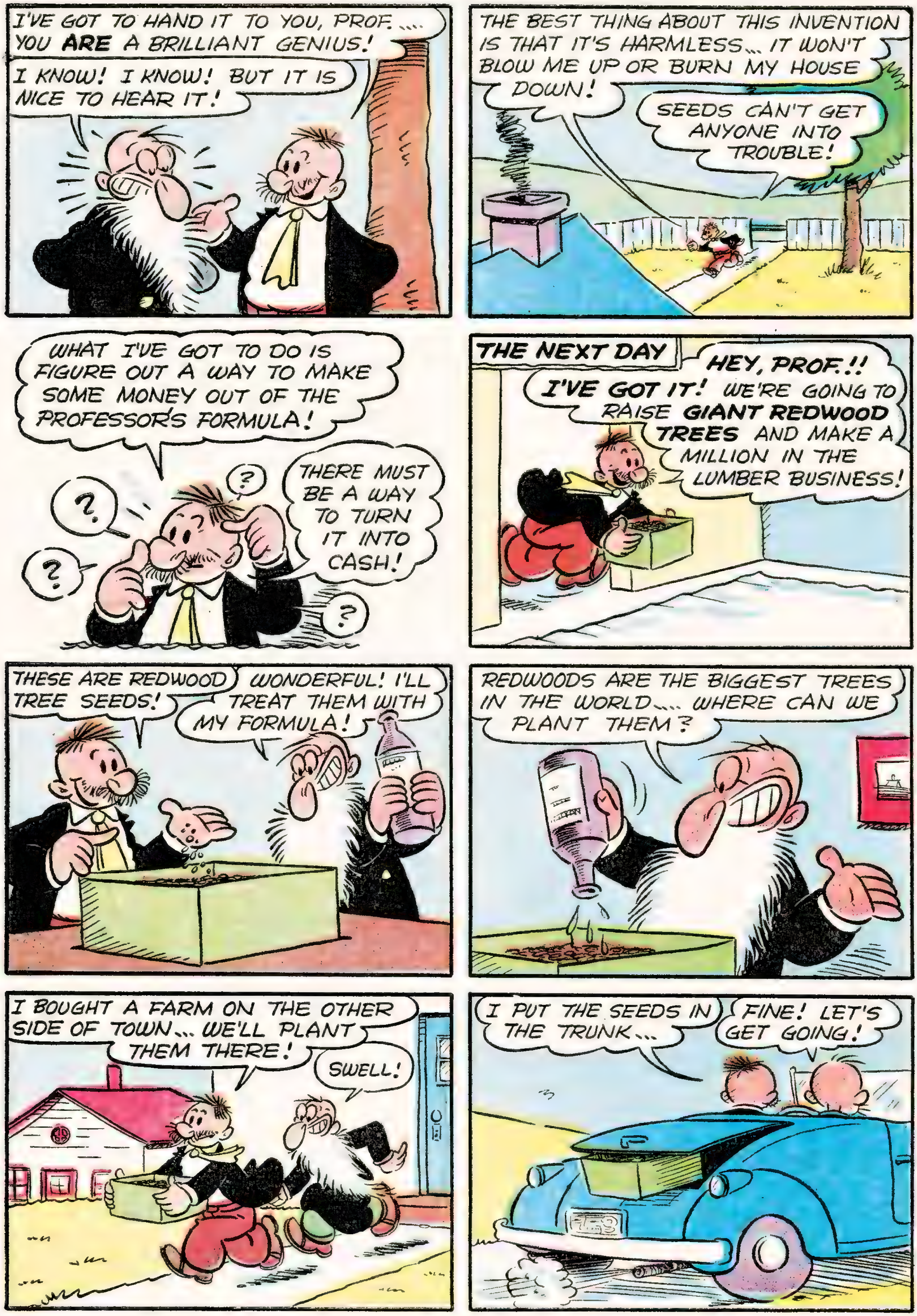

B'FORE I GOES ON I WANTS TO WRITE SOMETHIN' ON ME LEFT FIST WITH ME FOUNTING PEN!
GR-R
SPLAT
I WONDERS IF ME FIST TATTOO TOOK OKAY?
ARF! ARF! 'AT TOOKED REAL GOOD!
TWEET TWEET
I HATES BULLIES! POPEYE
ARF! ARF! HE WILL ALWAYS HAVE ME TATTOO TO REMIND HIM THAT I LOVES TO FIGHT SWABS WHAT PICK ON LITTLER SWABS!
THEY IS NOTHIN' LIKE A JOB WELL DONE TO MAKE A SWAB FEEL GOOD INSIDE!
TRASH
I HAS TOOKED CARE OF YOUR BULLY NOW I MUST FIND ME FRIENDS!
HERE COMES A STRANGER NOW... IS HE ONE OF THEM?
WIMPY, HAS YA SEEN OLIVE?
NO, OL' PAL... I BROKE OUT OF MY MUD TRAP BUT I FEAR SHE IS STILL IN HERS!


PARDING ME, MISS.... I HASTA GO FIND ME SWEETIE NOW!
BEFORE YOU GO I WANT TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG KISS OF THANKS FOR SAVING OUR ISLAND!
WHEEeee! (GULP!)
SMACK
I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO LOOK FOR MISS OYL?
IT ISN'T NECESSARY NOW, WIMPY... SHE WILL FIND US!
BUT A MOMENT AGO YOU SAID WE'D HAVE TO FIND HER... WHY DID YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?
I JUST KNOWS ME SWEETIE!
SEE, WIMP... I KNOWED THAT KISS WOULD DO IT!
!
?
MOST AMAZING!
OKAY! OKAY! WHO'S KISSING MY SAILOR BOY?
NOBODY KISSES MY SAILOR BUT ME.. GR-R- WHERE IS SHE?!?
GR-R-R!
-SO WITH OLIVE AND WIMPY SAFE, I FIXED THE SHIP AND WE SAILED HOME... THAT'S THE STORY OF THE FIRST TRIP ON THIS SHIP!
BUT... I DOESN'T UN'ERSTAND.... YOU FOUGHT THAT BULLY WIT'OUT ANY SPINACH!?!
ARF! ARF! BLOW ME DOWN!! YA DOESN'T NEED SPINACH TO WHIP A BULLY... BULLIES IS JUST COWARDS DRESSED UP LIKE TOUGH GUYS... ONE PUNCH AN' THEY COMES UNDRESSED!
ARF! ARF!

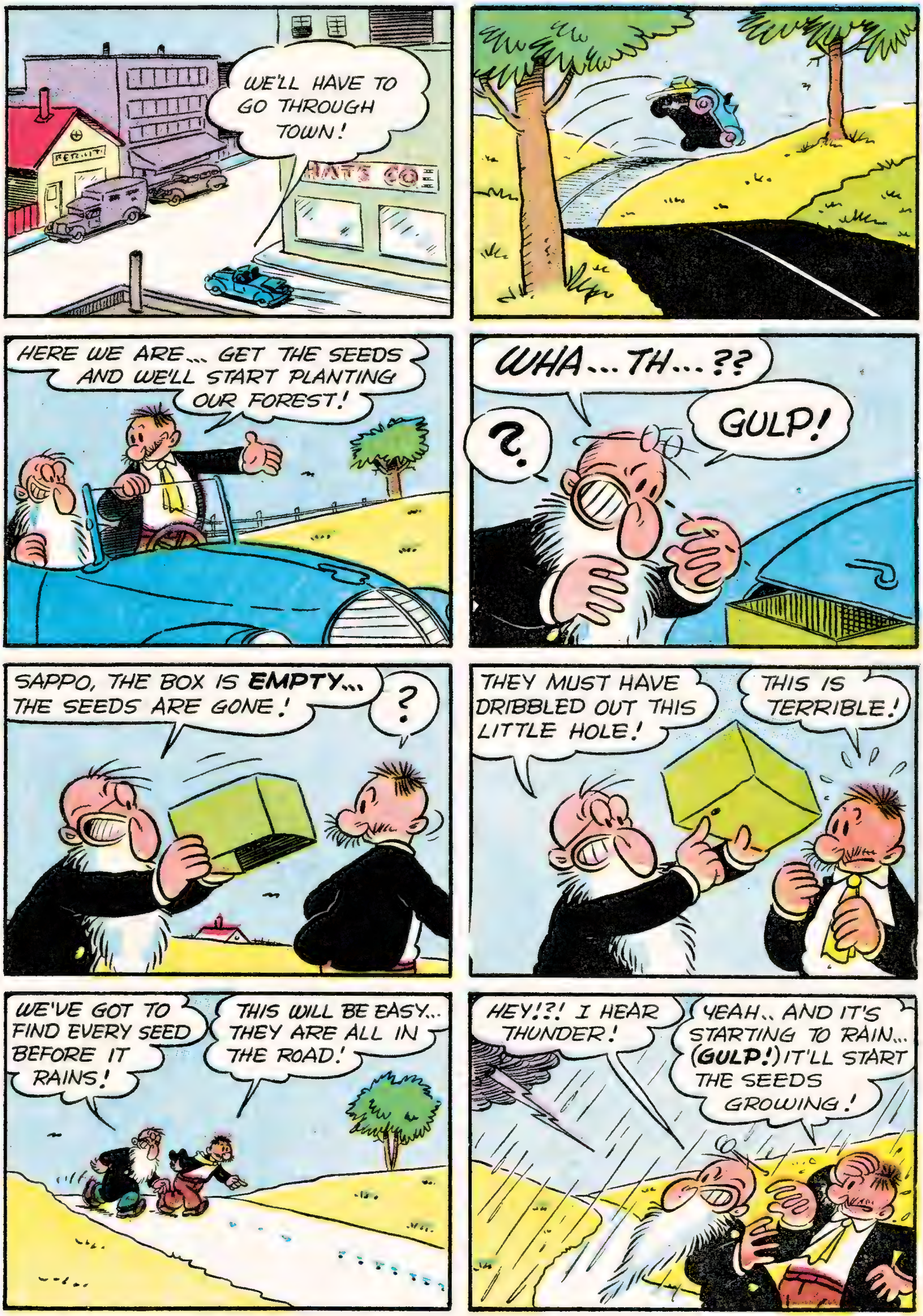

PRESENTING
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
THE PROFESSOR WITH THE ATOMIC BRAIN!
WHEN I START TO THINK, IT SOUNDS LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY!
BOOM!
CLANK
BANG!!
BANG!
ZOOM!
KA-POP!
BZZ-ZZ
FLASH!
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE HAS THE GREATEST BRAIN IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE —!
SWORN TO BY O.G. Wotasnozzle!
INVENTIONS FOR SALE!
THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL = ATOMIC BEAN SHOOTER = 50% OFF
THAT DIPPY PROFESSOR HAS BEEN HIDING IN HIS LABORATORY ALL WEEK!
I HOPE HE'S INVENTING SOMETHING HARMLESS THIS TIME!
EVER SINCE THAT PEA-BRAINED PROF. HAS BEEN BOARDING IN MY HOUSE THERE HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!
I'M ALL FOR SCIENCE BUT WOTASNOZZLE GOES TOO FAR..... EVERYTHING HE INVENTS IS BIG AND DANGEROUS..... I WISH HE'D INVENT SOMETHING SMALL JUST ONCE!
SAPPO! SAPPO! I'VE DONE IT AGAIN! I'VE INVENTED THE IMPOSSIBLE!

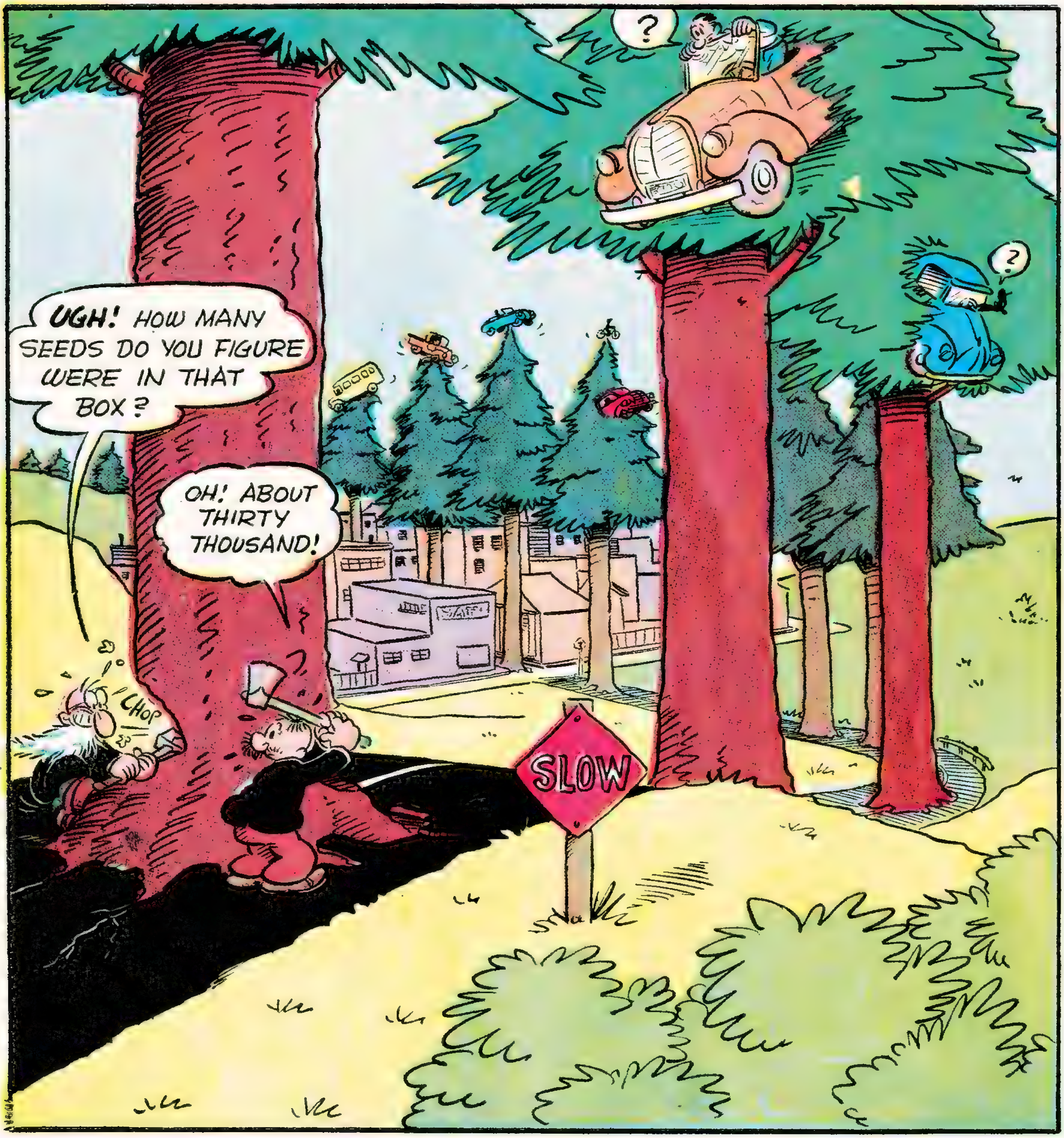

OH, YEAH... WHAT'LL THIS INVENTION DO - BURN US DOWN OR BLOW US UP?
DON'T BE NASTY... THERE IS NO DANGER WITH MY NEW BRAIN CHILD!
LOOK AT IT.... DOES THAT LOOK VERY DANGEROUS?
GOOD HEAVENS!?! IT'S A SEED!
?
?
AH! BUT THIS LUCKY SEED HAS BEEN TREATED WITH WOTASNOZZLE'S FORMULA NUMBER X324-B71643A7196-B!
?
?
RUN AND GET ME A FLOWER POT WITH SOME DIRT IN IT!
I'LL PLANT THE WOTASNOZZLE TREATED SEED!
AND THEN WATER IT!
?
JUST WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN?
ER.. SAPPO... I WOULDN'T STAND SO CLOSE!!
?
?
SEE... IT WORKS!
POP!

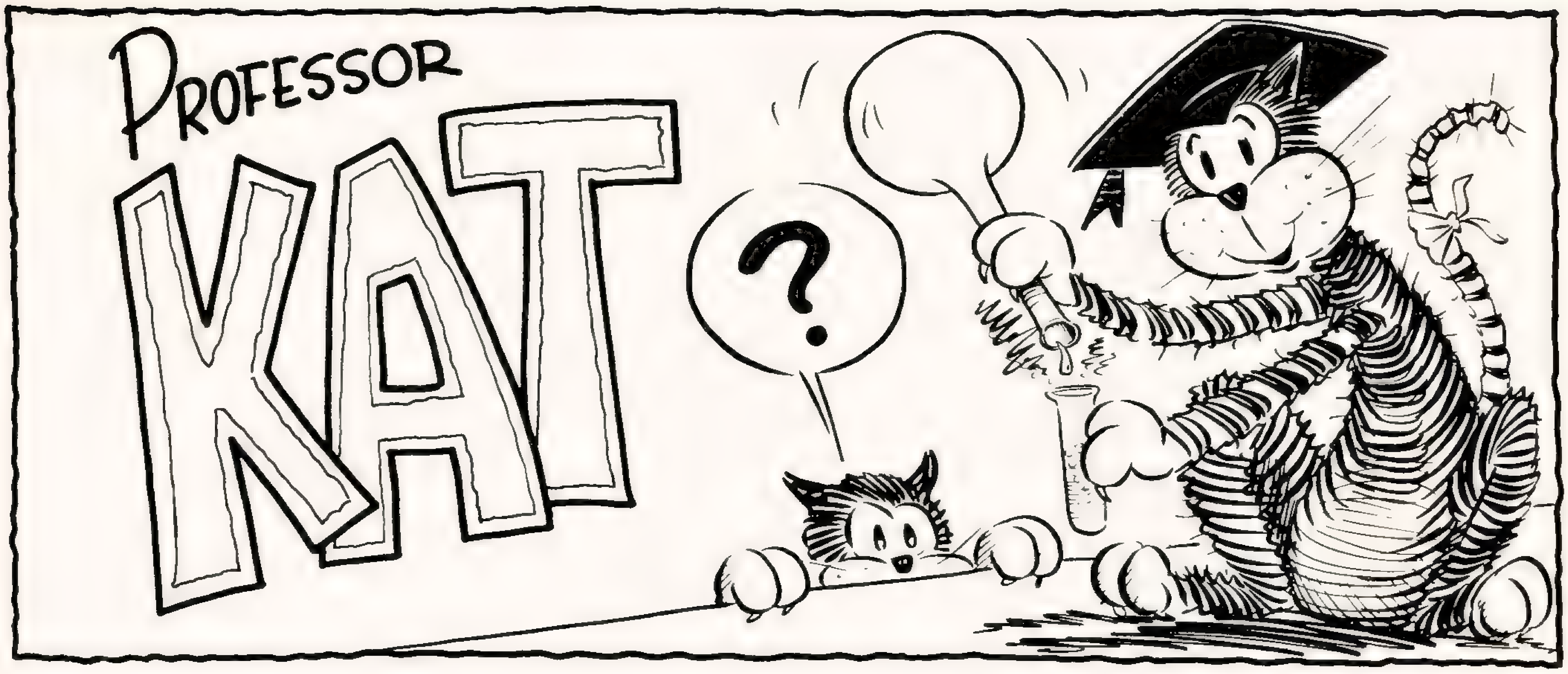

HELP!!
YOU AND YOUR STUPID INVENTIONS!
BAH!
SLAM!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO THAT SEED TO MAKE IT GROW SO FAST?
MY BRILLIANT MIND REDISCOVERED THE FORMULA THAT MADE JACK'S BEANS GROW!
THIS SPEEDY GROW FORMULA WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE WHOLE FARM INDUSTRY!
YEAH?
COME OUT IN THE YARD-I WANT TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION OF MY TERRIFIC BRAIN CHILD!
OKAY!
YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED A BIG SHADE TREE IN THIS CORNER...WELL, PLANT THIS SEED AND WATER IT!
SOUNDS GOOD!
THERE IT IS!
WOW!! LOOK AT THAT! IT'S PERFECT!



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, PROF. .... YOU ARE A BRILLIANT GENIUS!
I KNOW! I KNOW! BUT IT IS NICE TO HEAR IT!
THE BEST THING ABOUT THIS INVENTION IS THAT IT'S HARMLESS... IT WON'T BLOW ME UP OR BURN MY HOUSE DOWN!
SEEDS CAN'T GET ANYONE INTO TROUBLE!
WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO IS FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF THE PROFESSOR'S FORMULA!
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO TURN IT INTO CASH!
THE NEXT DAY
HEY, PROF.!!
I'VE GOT IT! WE'RE GOING TO RAISE GIANT REDWOOD TREES AND MAKE A MILLION IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS!
THESE ARE REDWOOD TREE SEEDS!
WONDERFUL! I'LL TREAT THEM WITH MY FORMULA!
REDWOODS ARE THE BIGGEST TREES IN THE WORLD.... WHERE CAN WE PLANT THEM?
I BOUGHT A FARM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN... WE'LL PLANT THEM THERE!
SWELL!
I PUT THE SEEDS IN THE TRUNK...
FINE! LET'S GET GOING!


WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH TOWN!
HERE WE ARE... GET THE SEEDS AND WE'LL START PLANTING OUR FOREST!
WHA... TH... ??
?
GULP!
SAPPO, THE BOX IS **EMPTY**... THE SEEDS ARE GONE!
?
THEY MUST HAVE DRIBBLED OUT THIS LITTLE HOLE!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND EVERY SEED BEFORE IT RAINS!
THIS WILL BE EASY... THEY ARE ALL IN THE ROAD!
HEY!?! I HEAR THUNDER!
YEAH.. AND IT'S STARTING TO RAIN... (**GULP!**) IT'LL START THE SEEDS GROWING!


UGH! HOW MANY SEEDS DO YOU FIGURE WERE IN THAT BOX?
OH! ABOUT THIRTY THOUSAND!
CHOP
SLOW
?
?



Professor J. B. Shoot was a very fastidious gentleman of science, which means that he didn't like to have any mice running around his laboratory. To be sure that his workrooms would not become overrun with any of the little gray varmints, the good professor had purchased two very fine pussycats.

"This is the most boring job I have ever had," growled Joe, the larger of the two cats. "We've been here for two months and haven't seen a single mouse."

"Stop grumbling!" Sam, the other cat, answered. "We get fed every day and we have a nice warm place to sleep."

"YEAH! That's what I mean. There's no sport in this job. I like action. I like to have plenty of mice around to give me a workout."

Sam had heard this same kind of grumbling from Joe for weeks and never thought much about it until one night when the laboratory had been closed for several hours he came upon Joe working away at something atop one of the professor's workbenches.

"Joe, what in the world are you doing with all of those bottles and test tubes?"

"I'm going to make cheese. We're going to have mice here so stop worrying. I'm as smart as the boss," Joe snarled as he began to add the contents of a third bottle to the already bubbling test tube.

"LOOK OUT, JOE!" screamed Sam, "IT'S STARTING TO DO THINGS!"

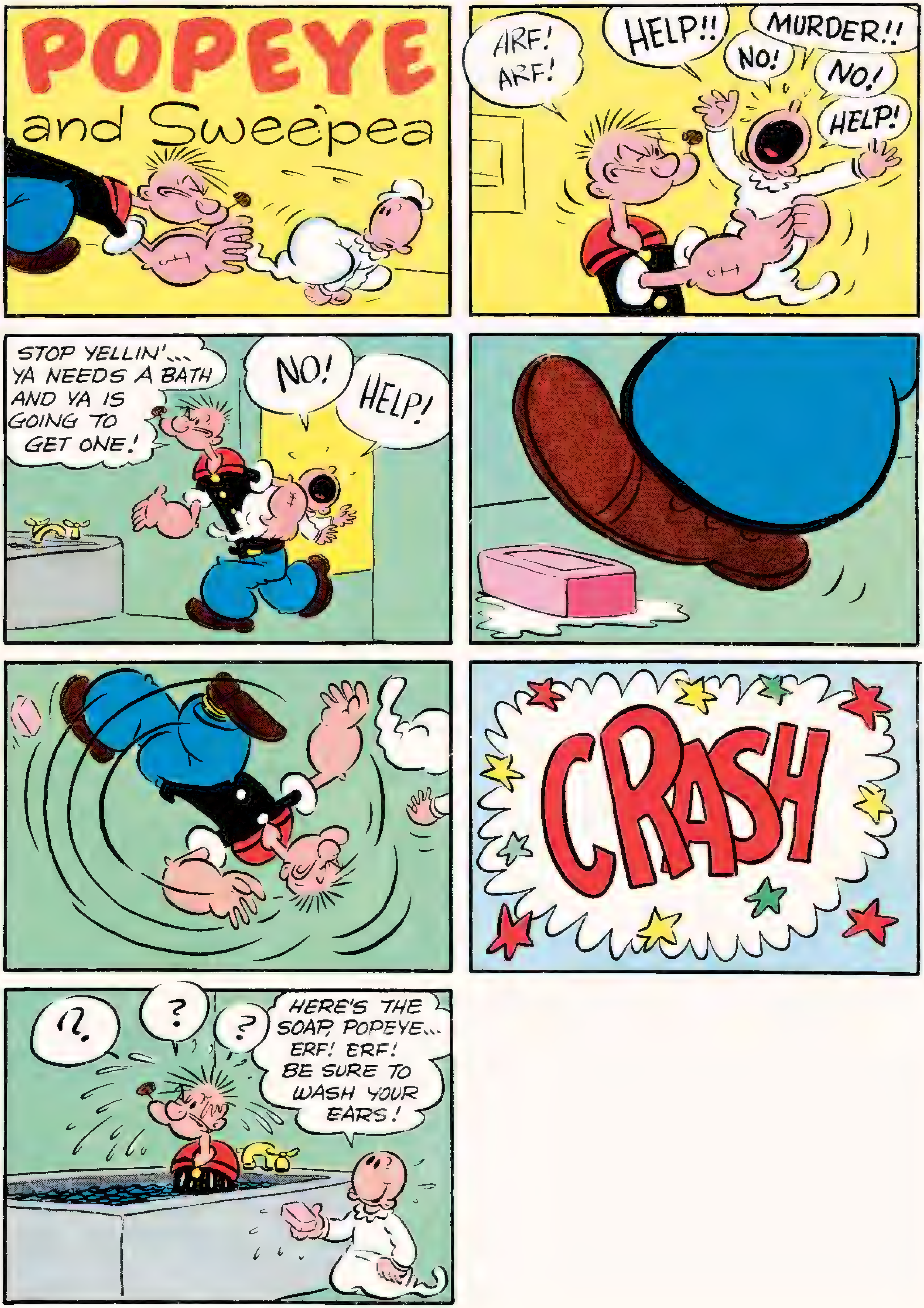
Joe was about to reassure Sam that he knew what he was doing when the mixture exploded with a force that was heard for over a hundred miles.

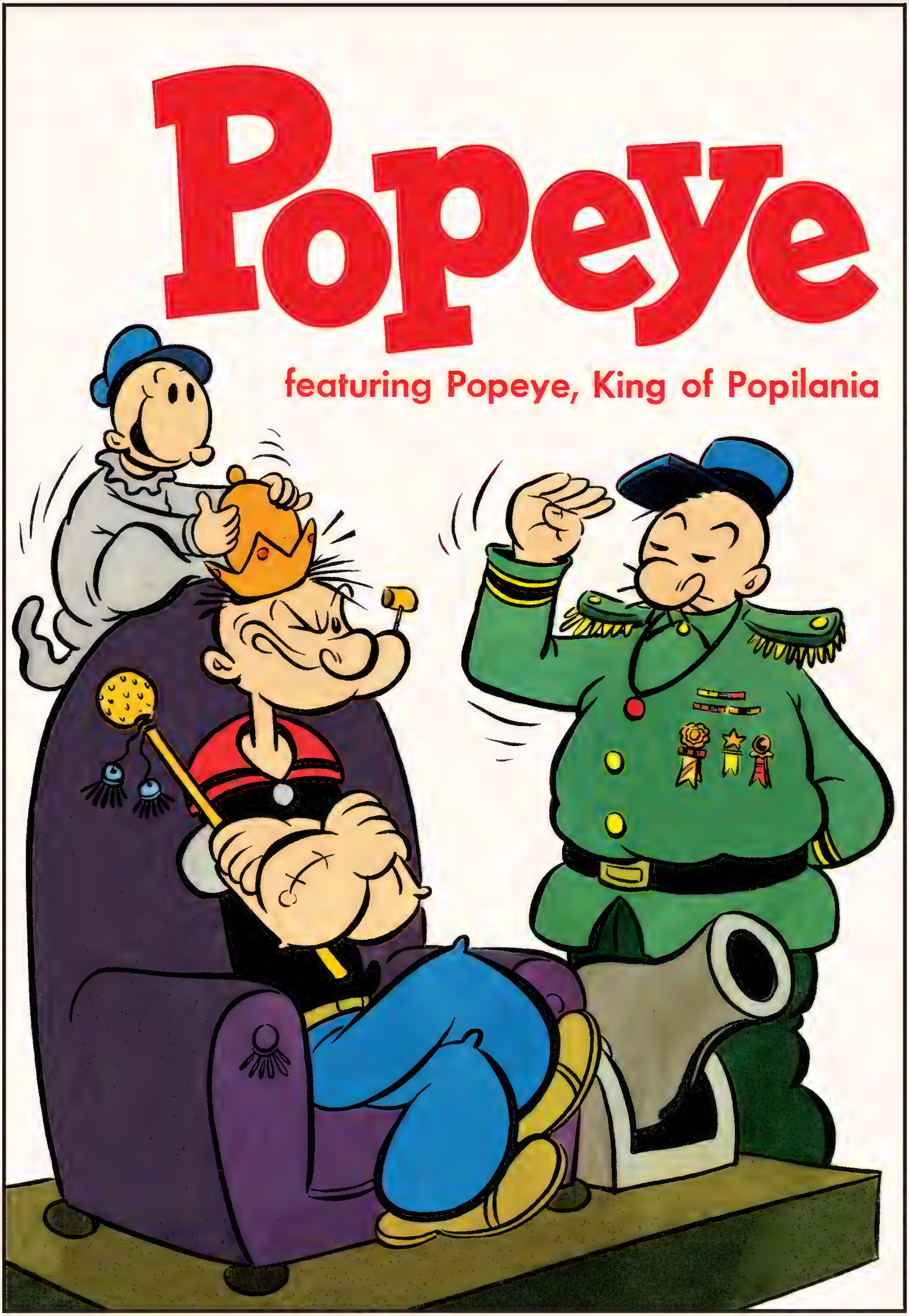
It is quite lucky for both cats that cats have nine lives, for they used up seven and a half of theirs avoiding death in the blast.

Sam and Joe decided not to put the remainder of their lives in danger, so they agreed to leave and try their luck elsewhere.

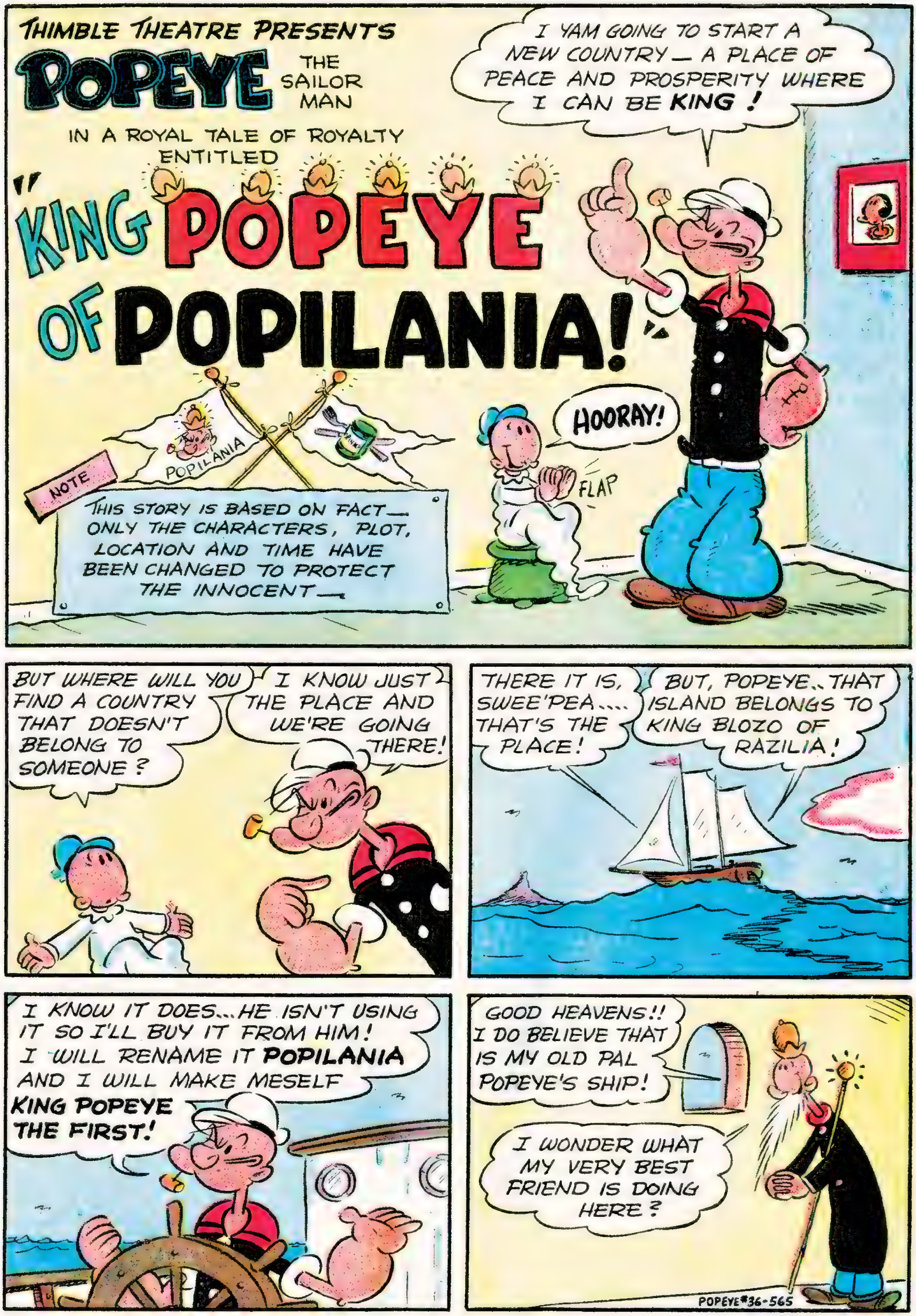
As they were about to depart, Professor Shoot appeared in the doorway of what had been his laboratory. The cats did not remain to hear the Professor's reaction, for they were a half mile down the road before the professor had a chance to open his mouth.

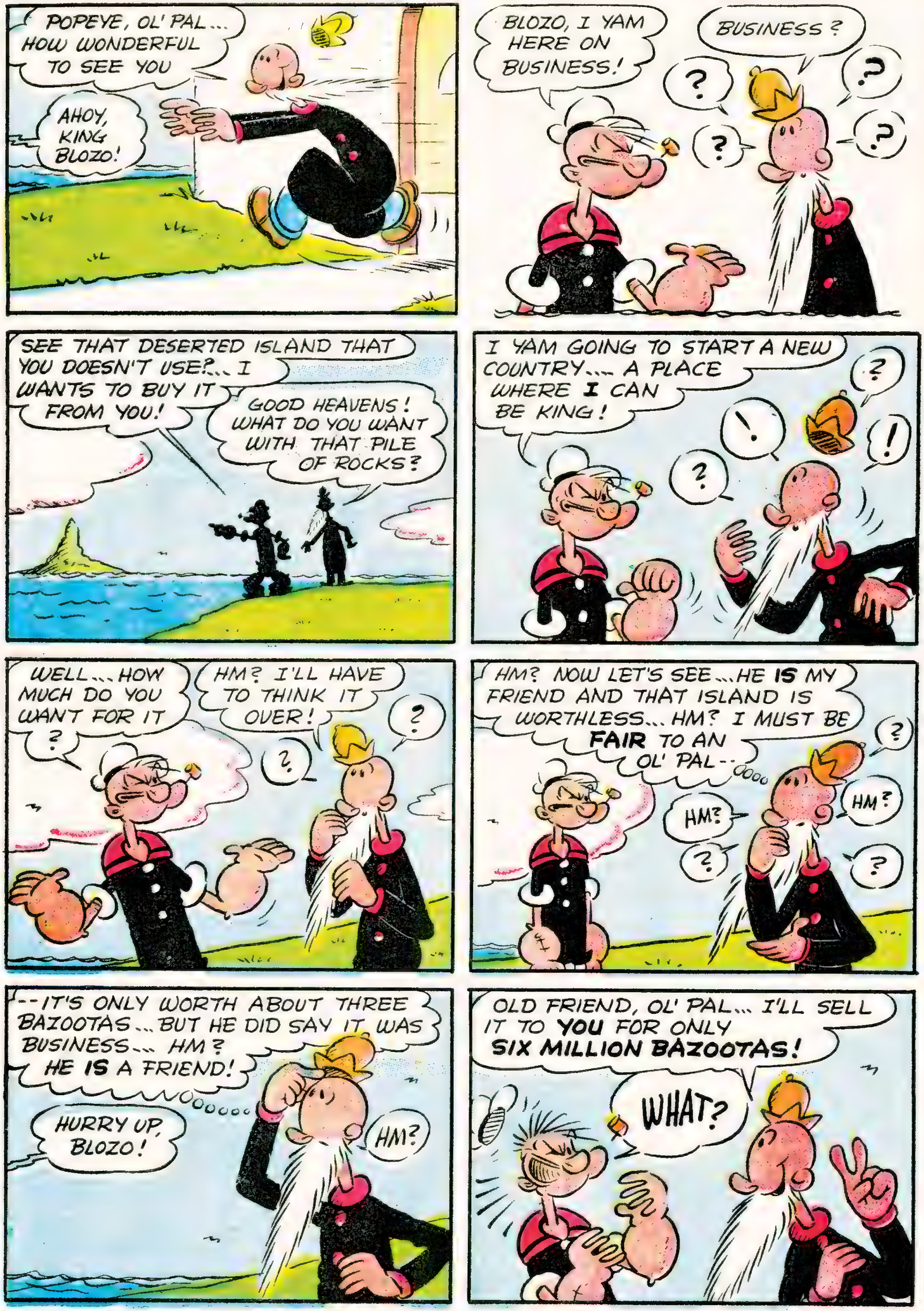
Professor Shoot repaired his laboratory but he did not replace the cats. No, sir! It was much safer and wiser to have mice around than irresponsible cats.

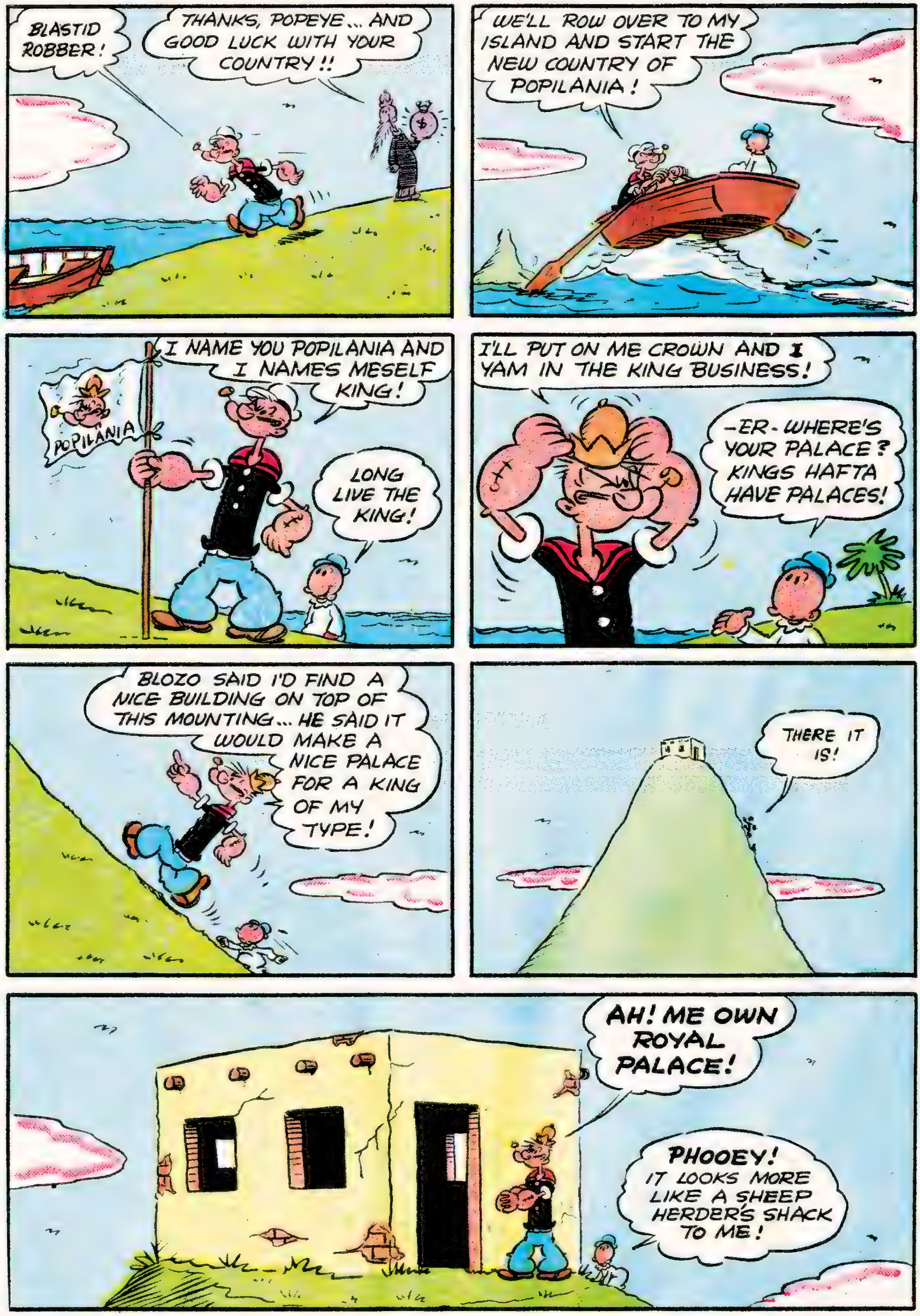

POPEYE
and Sweepea
ARF! ARF!
HELP!!
MURDER!!
NO!
NO!
HELP!
STOP YELLIN'... YA NEEDS A BATH AND YA IS GOING TO GET ONE!
NO!
HELP!
CRASH
?
?
?
HERE'S THE SOAP, POPEYE... ERF! ERF! BE SURE TO WASH YOUR EARS!



Popeye #36, April-June 1956


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN
IN A ROYAL TALE OF ROYALTY ENTITLED
"KING POPEYE OF POPILANIA!"
I YAM GOING TO START A NEW COUNTRY — A PLACE OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY WHERE I CAN BE KING!
POPILANIA
NOTE
THIS STORY IS BASED ON FACT— ONLY THE CHARACTERS, PLOT, LOCATION AND TIME HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT—
HOORAY!
FLAP
BUT WHERE WILL YOU FIND A COUNTRY THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO SOMEONE?
I KNOW JUST THE PLACE AND WE'RE GOING THERE!
THERE IT IS, SWEE'PEA.... THAT'S THE PLACE!
BUT, POPEYE.. THAT ISLAND BELONGS TO KING BLOZO OF RAZILIA!
I KNOW IT DOES...HE ISN'T USING IT SO I'LL BUY IT FROM HIM! I WILL RENAME IT POPILANIA AND I WILL MAKE MESELF KING POPEYE THE FIRST!
GOOD HEAVENS!! I DO BELIEVE THAT IS MY OLD PAL POPEYE'S SHIP!
I WONDER WHAT MY VERY BEST FRIEND IS DOING HERE?
POPEYE #36-565

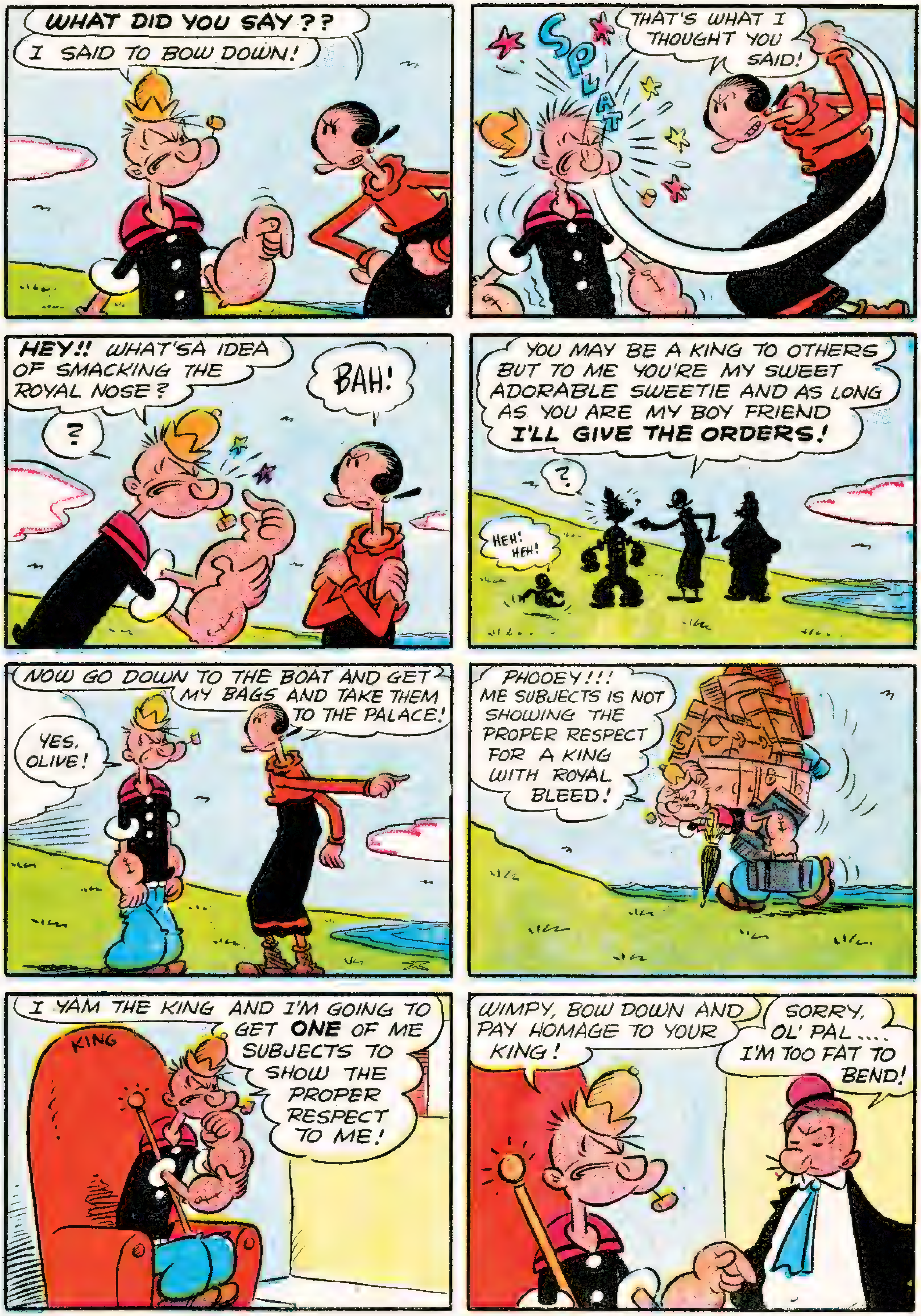

POPEYE, OL' PAL... HOW WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU
AHOY, KING BLOZO!
BLOZO, I YAM HERE ON BUSINESS!
BUSINESS?
?
?
?
?
SEE THAT DESERTED ISLAND THAT YOU DOESN'T USE?... I WANTS TO BUY IT FROM YOU!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THAT PILE OF ROCKS?
I YAM GOING TO START A NEW COUNTRY.... A PLACE WHERE I CAN BE KING!
?
!
!
?
WELL... HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT ?
HM? I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER!
?
?
HM? NOW LET'S SEE... HE IS MY FRIEND AND THAT ISLAND IS WORTHLESS... HM? I MUST BE FAIR TO AN OL' PAL--
?
HM?
HM?
?
?
--IT'S ONLY WORTH ABOUT THREE BAZOOTAS... BUT HE DID SAY IT WAS BUSINESS... HM? HE IS A FRIEND!
HURRY UP, BLOZO!
HM?
OLD FRIEND, OL' PAL... I'LL SELL IT TO YOU FOR ONLY SIX MILLION BAZOOTAS!
WHAT?

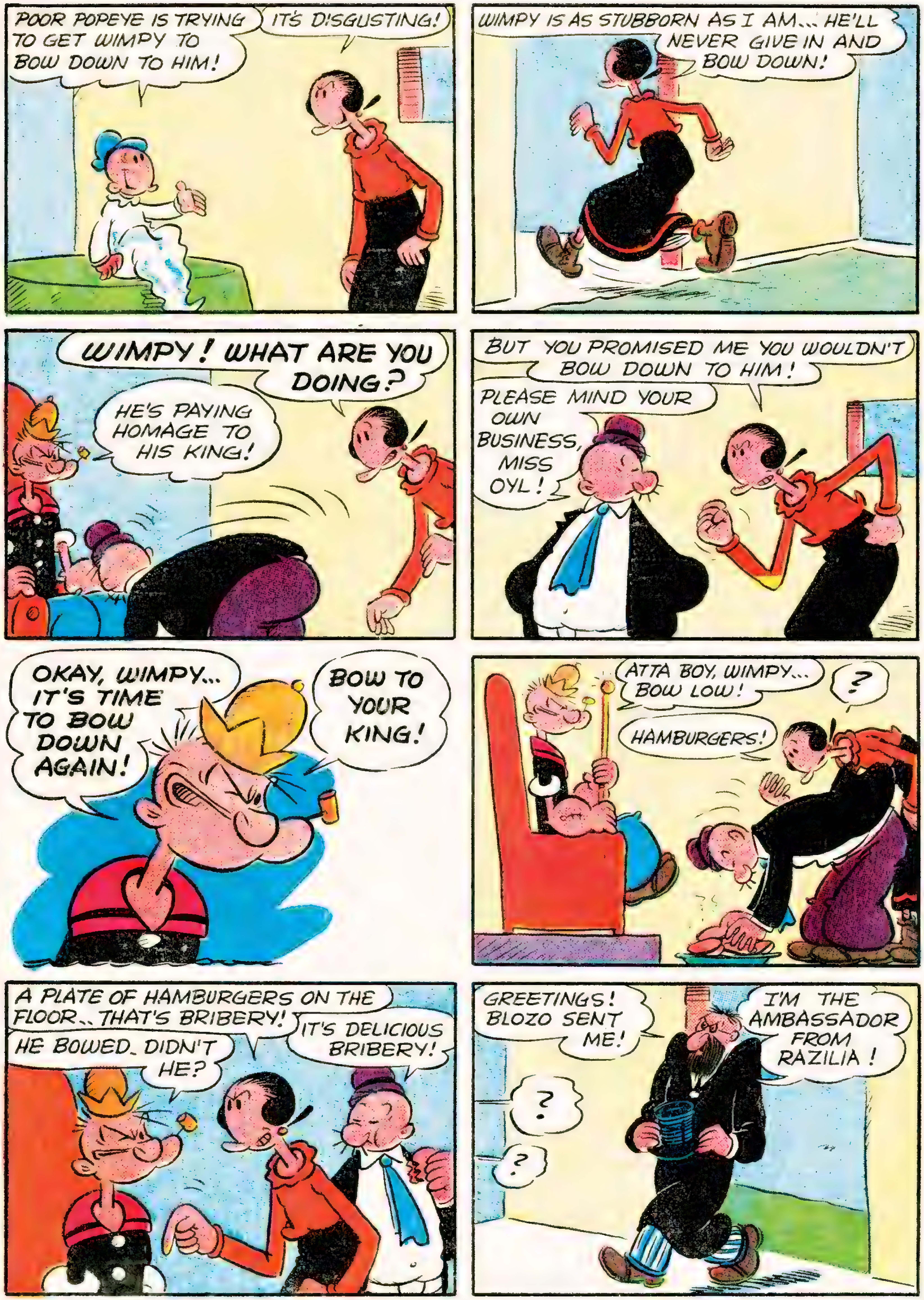

BLASTID ROBBER!
THANKS, POPEYE... AND GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR COUNTRY!!
WE'LL ROW OVER TO MY ISLAND AND START THE NEW COUNTRY OF POPILANIA!
POPILANIA
I NAME YOU POPILANIA AND I NAMES MESELF KING!
LONG LIVE THE KING!
I'LL PUT ON ME CROWN AND I YAM IN THE KING BUSINESS!
-ER- WHERE'S YOUR PALACE? KINGS HAFTA HAVE PALACES!
BLOZO SAID I'D FIND A NICE BUILDING ON TOP OF THIS MOUNTING... HE SAID IT WOULD MAKE A NICE PALACE FOR A KING OF MY TYPE!
THERE IT IS!
AH! ME OWN ROYAL PALACE!
PHOOEY! IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A SHEEP HERDER'S SHACK TO ME!

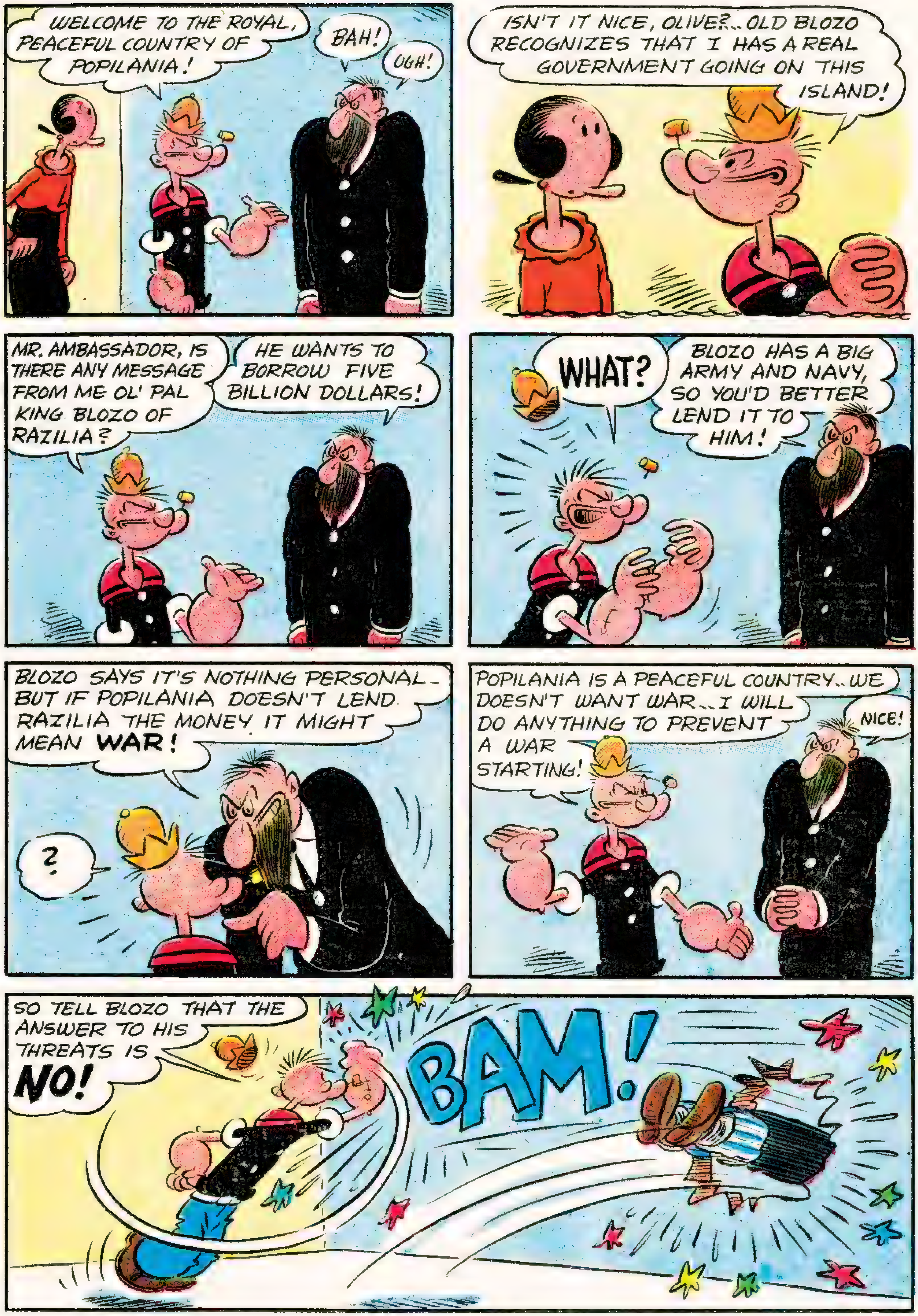
ONE WEEK LATER
AHOY, GET ME SOME SPINACH!
PHOOEY!
KING
BAH! WHAT A COUNTRY!
ONE KING AND ONE SUBJECT.... KINGS DON'T WORK SO I HASTA DO EVERYTHING!
WHERE'S ME SPINACH?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I THINK I DETECTS A NOTE OF MUTINY AMONGST ME SHEEP!
I YAM NOT GETTING THE ROYAL TREATMENT!
AHOY, HURRY UP WITH MY SPINACH!
KING
IT'S COMING, YOUR MAJESTY!
SPINACH
ZOWK
YA TAKES THE SPINACH OUT OF THE CAN B'FORE YOU SERVES IT TO A KING!

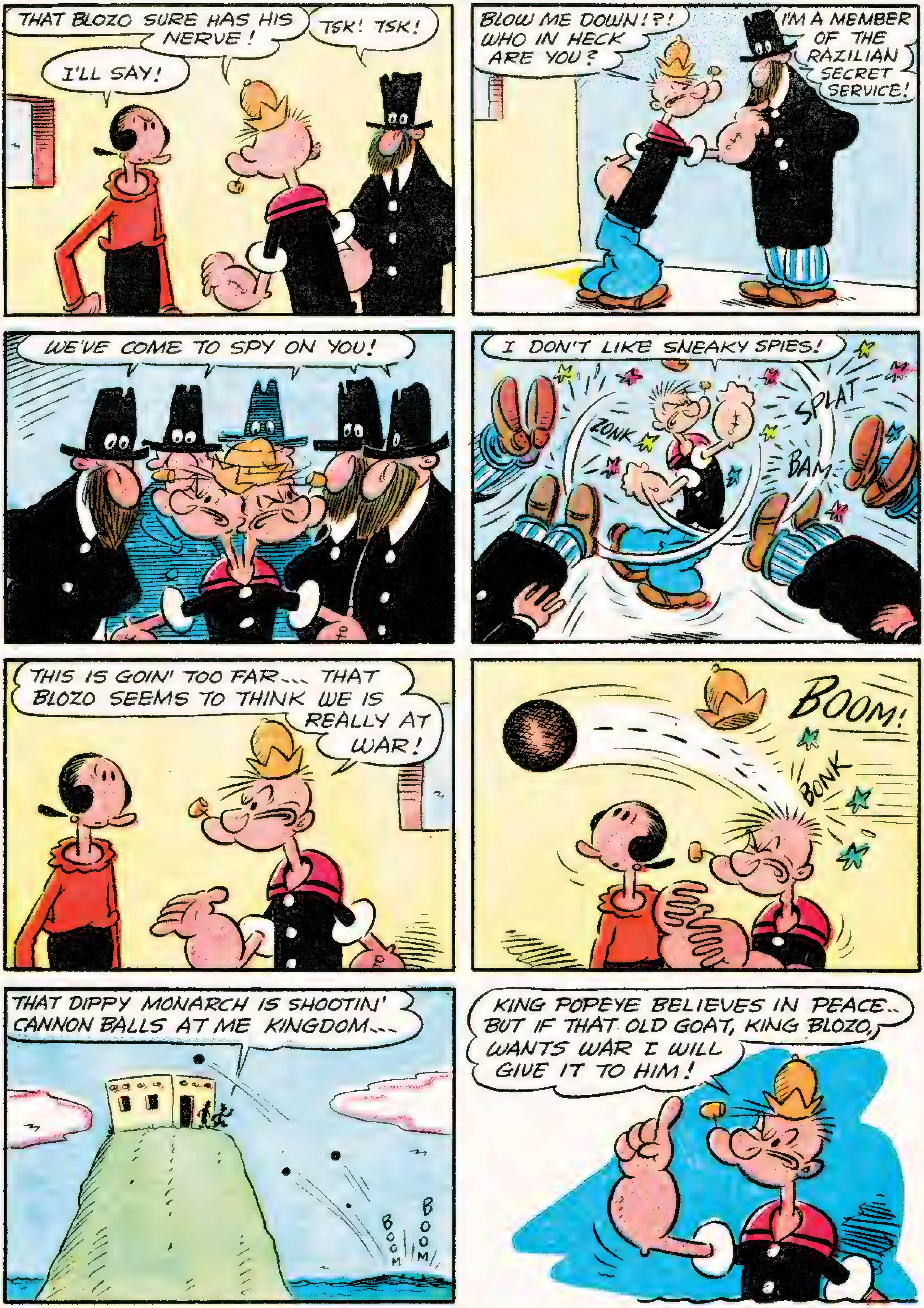
I SHOULD TOSS YOU IN THE ROYAL JAIL FOR TREASON!
HA! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
OH, YEAH! JUST NAME ONE REASONING WHY I CAN'T!
BECAUSE I YAM YOUR ONLY SUBJECT AND YOU CAN'T BE A KING WITHOUT A SUBJECT TO BOSS!
HM? BLOW ME DOWN!! ARF! ARF! THAT'S A GOOD REASON YA HAS THERE!
I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT!
IT'S SUCH A GOOD REASON THAT I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU OUT OF JAIL AND LET YOU KEEP WORKING FOR ME ROYAL HIGHNESS!
GULP!
GR-R-R-R!! THIS IS TOO MUCH.. THIS COUNTRY JUST HAS TO HAVE A BIGGER POPULATION!
I'M GOING TO RECRUIT SOME CITIZENS FOR THIS COUNTRY!

ANOTHER WEEK PASSES
SWEE'PEA HAS BEEN LOOKIN' THROUGH THAT TELESCOPE FOR DAYS.. I WONDER WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR?
WHEEeee!
THEY GOT MY MESSAGE!
HOT DORG!
AHOY, KING.. A BOATLOAD OF PEOPLE IS ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL DOCK!
?
THIS IS WONDERFUL.... I WILL RUSH DOWN AND GREET THEM!
AHOY, YOU EMMYGRUNTS.... YOUR KING WELCOMES YOU TO POPILANIA!
HELLO, POPEYE... WHERE'S OUR PALACE?
CONGRATULATIONS ON THE NEW JOB, OL' PAL!
WHEN DO WE EAT?
?
?
?
STOP!
?
?
WHEN YA MEETS A ROYAL KING YA IS SUSPOSED TO BOW DOWN!
!
?


WHAT DID YOU SAY ??
I SAID TO BOW DOWN!
SPLAT
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID!
HEY!! WHAT'SA IDEA OF SMACKING THE ROYAL NOSE?
BAH!
?
YOU MAY BE A KING TO OTHERS BUT TO ME YOU'RE MY SWEET ADORABLE SWEETIE AND AS LONG AS YOU ARE MY BOY FRIEND I'LL GIVE THE ORDERS!
?
HEH! HEH!
NOW GO DOWN TO THE BOAT AND GET MY BAGS AND TAKE THEM TO THE PALACE!
YES, OLIVE!
PHOOEY!!! ME SUBJECTS IS NOT SHOWING THE PROPER RESPECT FOR A KING WITH ROYAL BLEED!
I YAM THE KING AND I'M GOING TO GET ONE OF ME SUBJECTS TO SHOW THE PROPER RESPECT TO ME!
KING
WIMPY, BOW DOWN AND PAY HOMAGE TO YOUR KING!
SORRY, OL' PAL.... I'M TOO FAT TO BEND!

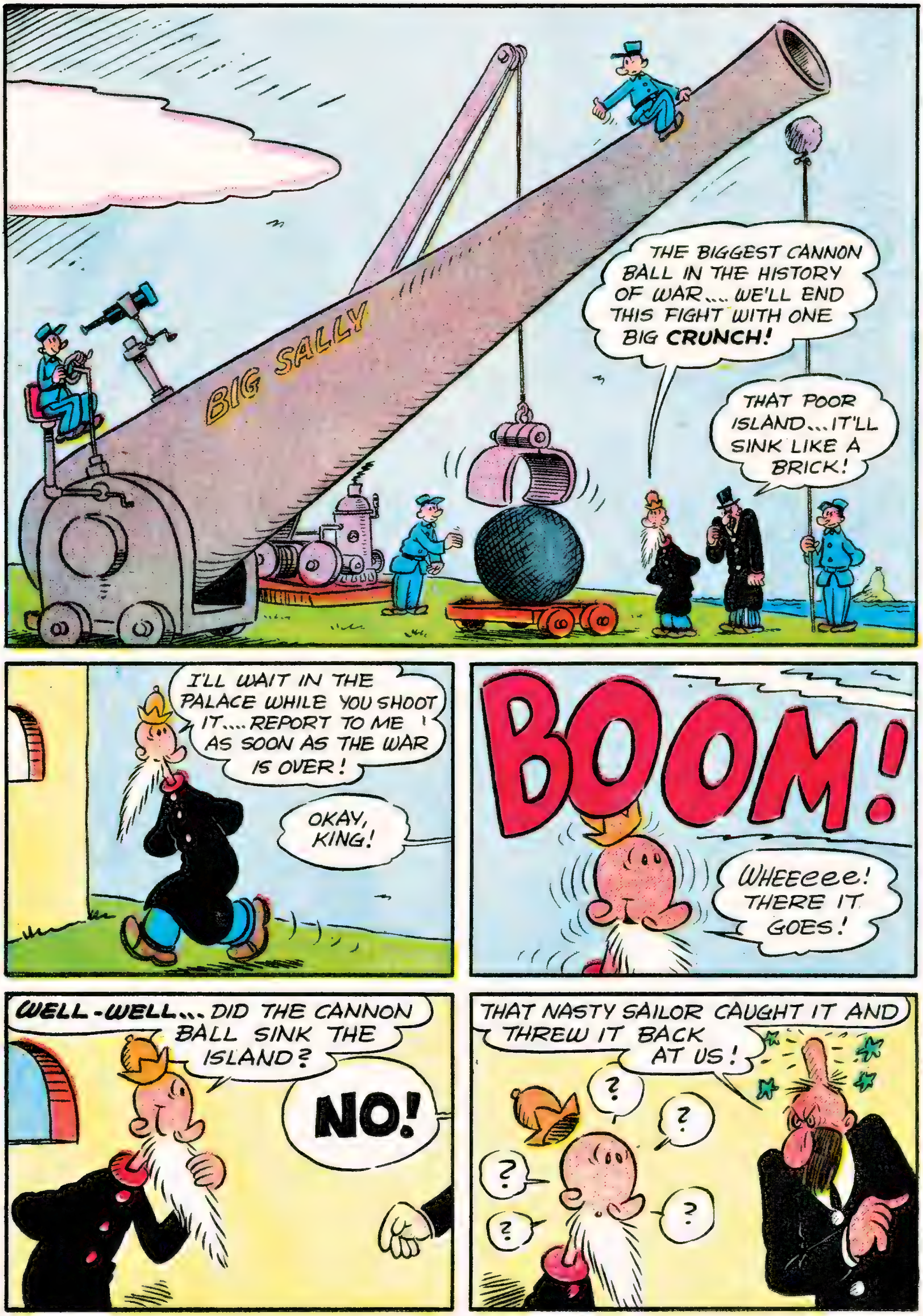

POOR POPEYE IS TRYING TO GET WIMPY TO BOW DOWN TO HIM!
IT'S DISGUSTING!
WIMPY IS AS STUBBORN AS I AM... HE'LL NEVER GIVE IN AND BOW DOWN!
WIMPY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HE'S PAYING HOMAGE TO HIS KING!
BUT YOU PROMISED ME YOU WOULDN'T BOW DOWN TO HIM!
PLEASE MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, MISS OYL!
OKAY, WIMPY... IT'S TIME TO BOW DOWN AGAIN!
BOW TO YOUR KING!
ATTA BOY, WIMPY... BOW LOW!
?
HAMBURGERS!
A PLATE OF HAMBURGERS ON THE FLOOR... THAT'S BRIBERY!
HE BOWED... DIDN'T HE?
IT'S DELICIOUS BRIBERY!
GREETINGS! BLOZO SENT ME!
I'M THE AMBASSADOR FROM RAZILIA!
?
?

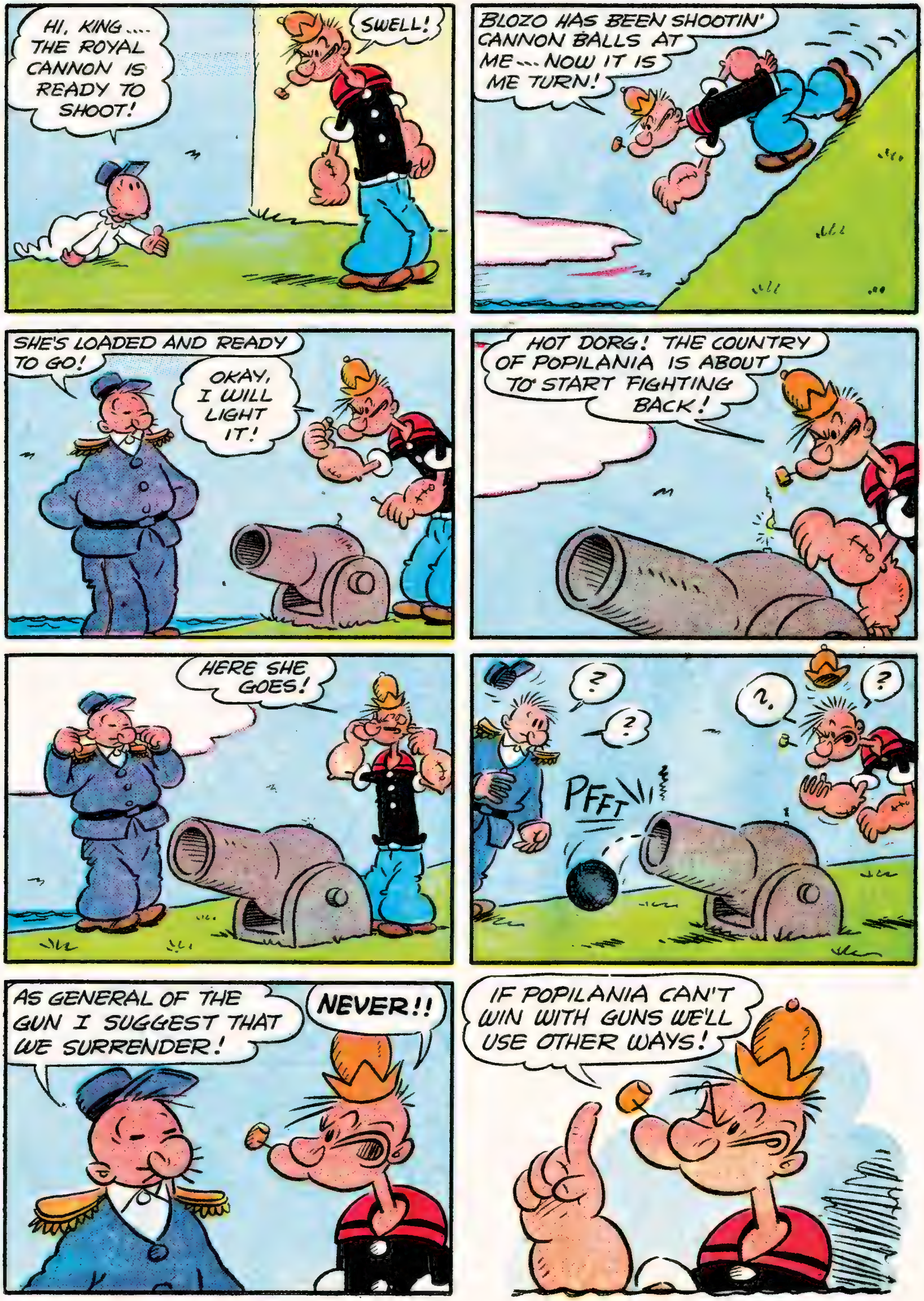

WELCOME TO THE ROYAL, PEACEFUL COUNTRY OF POPILANIA!
BAH!
UGH!
ISN'T IT NICE, OLIVE?...OLD BLOZO RECOGNIZES THAT I HAS A REAL GOVERNMENT GOING ON THIS ISLAND!
MR. AMBASSADOR, IS THERE ANY MESSAGE FROM ME OL' PAL KING BLOZO OF RAZILIA?
HE WANTS TO BORROW FIVE BILLION DOLLARS!
WHAT?
BLOZO HAS A BIG ARMY AND NAVY, SO YOU'D BETTER LEND IT TO HIM!
BLOZO SAYS IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL-BUT IF POPILANIA DOESN'T LEND RAZILIA THE MONEY IT MIGHT MEAN WAR!
?
POPILANIA IS A PEACEFUL COUNTRY..WE DOESN'T WANT WAR...I WILL DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT A WAR STARTING!
NICE!
SO TELL BLOZO THAT THE ANSWER TO HIS THREATS IS NO!
BAM!



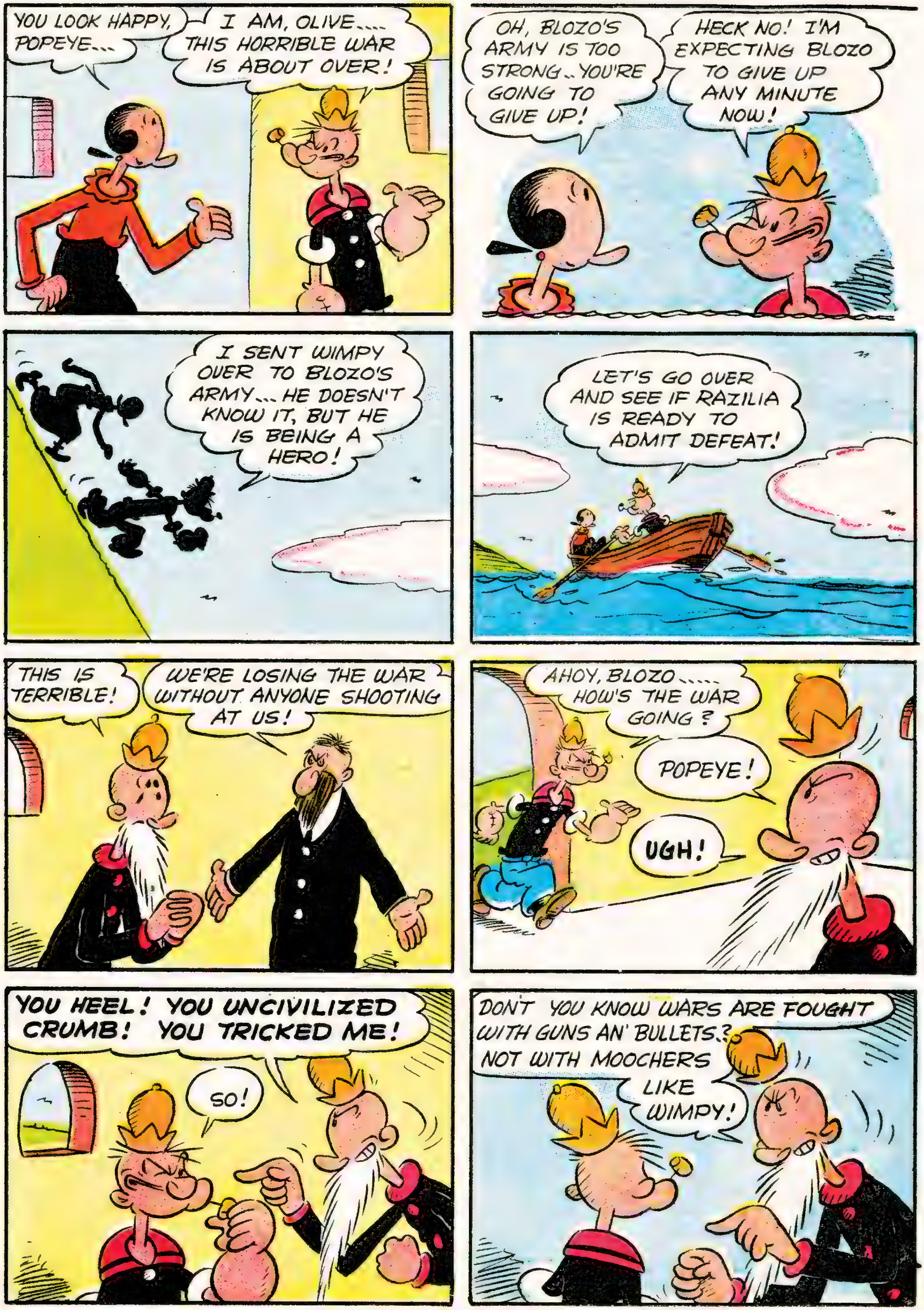
THAT BLOZO SURE HAS HIS NERVE!
I'LL SAY!
TSK! TSK!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHO IN HECK ARE YOU?
I'M A MEMBER OF THE RAZILIAN SECRET SERVICE!
WE'VE COME TO SPY ON YOU!
I DON'T LIKE SNEAKY SPIES!
ZONK
SPLAT
BAM
THIS IS GOIN' TOO FAR... THAT BLOZO SEEMS TO THINK WE IS REALLY AT WAR!
BOOM!
BONK
THAT DIPPY MONARCH IS SHOOTIN' CANNON BALLS AT ME KINGDOM...
BOOM
BOOM
KING POPEYE BELIEVES IN PEACE.. BUT IF THAT OLD GOAT, KING BLOZO, WANTS WAR I WILL GIVE IT TO HIM!

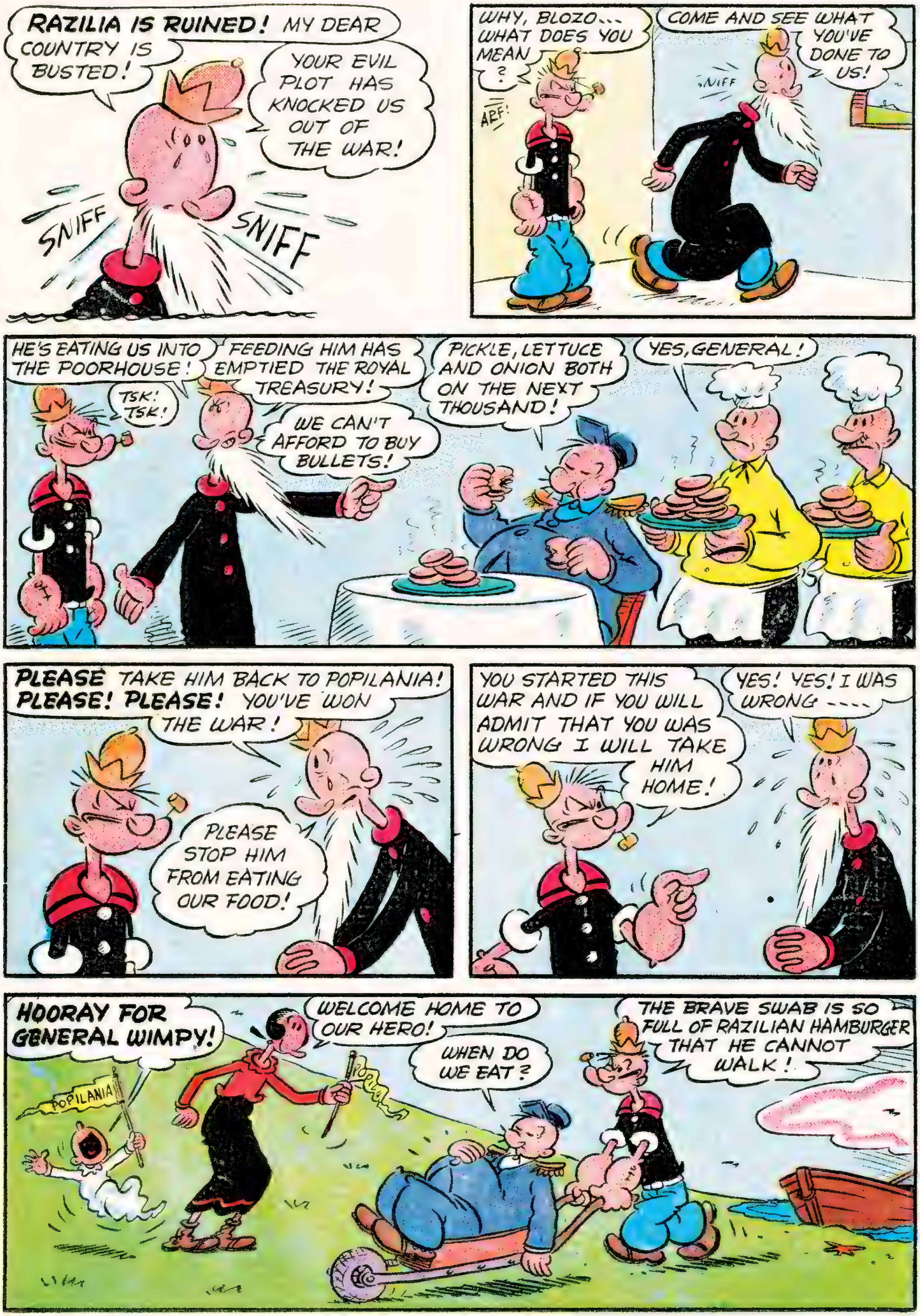
BUT, POPEYE...YOU HAVEN'T AN ARMY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
AHOY!! BRANG OUT THE ROYAL ARMY!
HEP-ONE-TWO--
CLOMP
THAT'S AN ARMY?
?
?
BUT-BUT-THERE'S ONLY TWO OF THEM!
HA! YOU'RE JUST A DAME... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS!
IT'S GENERALS THAT COUNT... BLOZO ONLY HAS ONE GENERAL WHILE I HAS TWO! GENERAL WIMPY AND GENERAL SWEE'PEA!
PLOP!
MEANWHILE IN RAZILIA
I'LL LICK THAT SAILOR KING! TELL THEM TO ROLL OUT AND LOAD BIG SALLY!
?
?
GULP!
BUT, YOUR MAJESTY.. BIG SALLY WILL SINK THAT LITTLE ISLAND!
OKAY! FINE! THAT'LL SHOW POPEYE!


BIG SALLY
THE BIGGEST CANNON BALL IN THE HISTORY OF WAR.... WE'LL END THIS FIGHT WITH ONE BIG CRUNCH!
THAT POOR ISLAND...IT'LL SINK LIKE A BRICK!
I'LL WAIT IN THE PALACE WHILE YOU SHOOT IT....REPORT TO ME AS SOON AS THE WAR IS OVER!
OKAY, KING!
BOOM!
WHEEeee! THERE IT GOES!
WELL-WELL... DID THE CANNON BALL SINK THE ISLAND?
NO!
THAT NASTY SAILOR CAUGHT IT AND THREW IT BACK AT US!
?
?
?
?
?

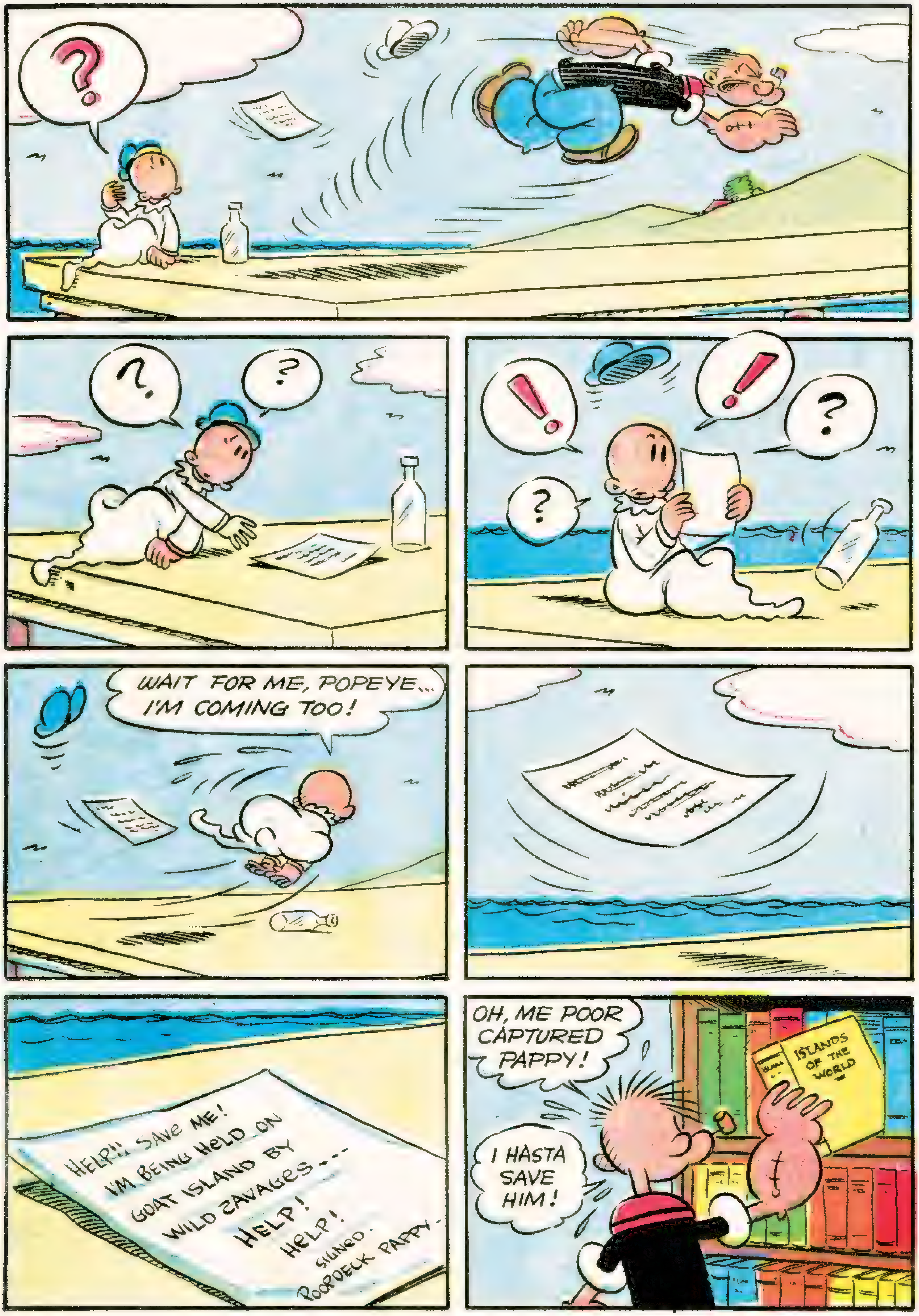

HI, KING.... THE ROYAL CANNON IS READY TO SHOOT!
SWELL!
BLOZO HAS BEEN SHOOTIN' CANNON BALLS AT ME---NOW IT IS ME TURN!
SHE'S LOADED AND READY TO GO!
OKAY, I WILL LIGHT IT!
HOT DORG! THE COUNTRY OF POPILANIA IS ABOUT TO START FIGHTING BACK!
HERE SHE GOES!
?
?
?
?
PFFT
AS GENERAL OF THE GUN I SUGGEST THAT WE SURRENDER!
NEVER!!
IF POPILANIA CAN'T WIN WITH GUNS WE'LL USE OTHER WAYS!

WIMPY, DID YOU KNOW THAT BLOZO FEEDS HIS SOLDIERS HAMBURGERS ?
HAMBURGERS!
ARF! ARF!
BYE-BYE, POPEYE... I'VE GOT TO SEE A KING ABOUT A JOB!
ZIP
PUFF! PUFF!
RAZILIA
?
BLOZO! BLOZO! I'M HERE!
PUFF!
?
J. WELLINGTON WIMPY HAS COME TO JOIN YOUR ARMY..... I WANT TO EAT--ER-- I MEAN_ FIGHT FOR YOU!
THIS IS WONDERFUL!... THE WAR IS ABOUT OVER.... POPEYE'S GENERALS ARE DESERTING TO ME!
RAZILIA WILL WIN!
ARF! ARF! THE WAR IS ABOUT OVER... WIMPY IS WITH BLOZO'S ARMY!
POPILANIA WILL WIN!

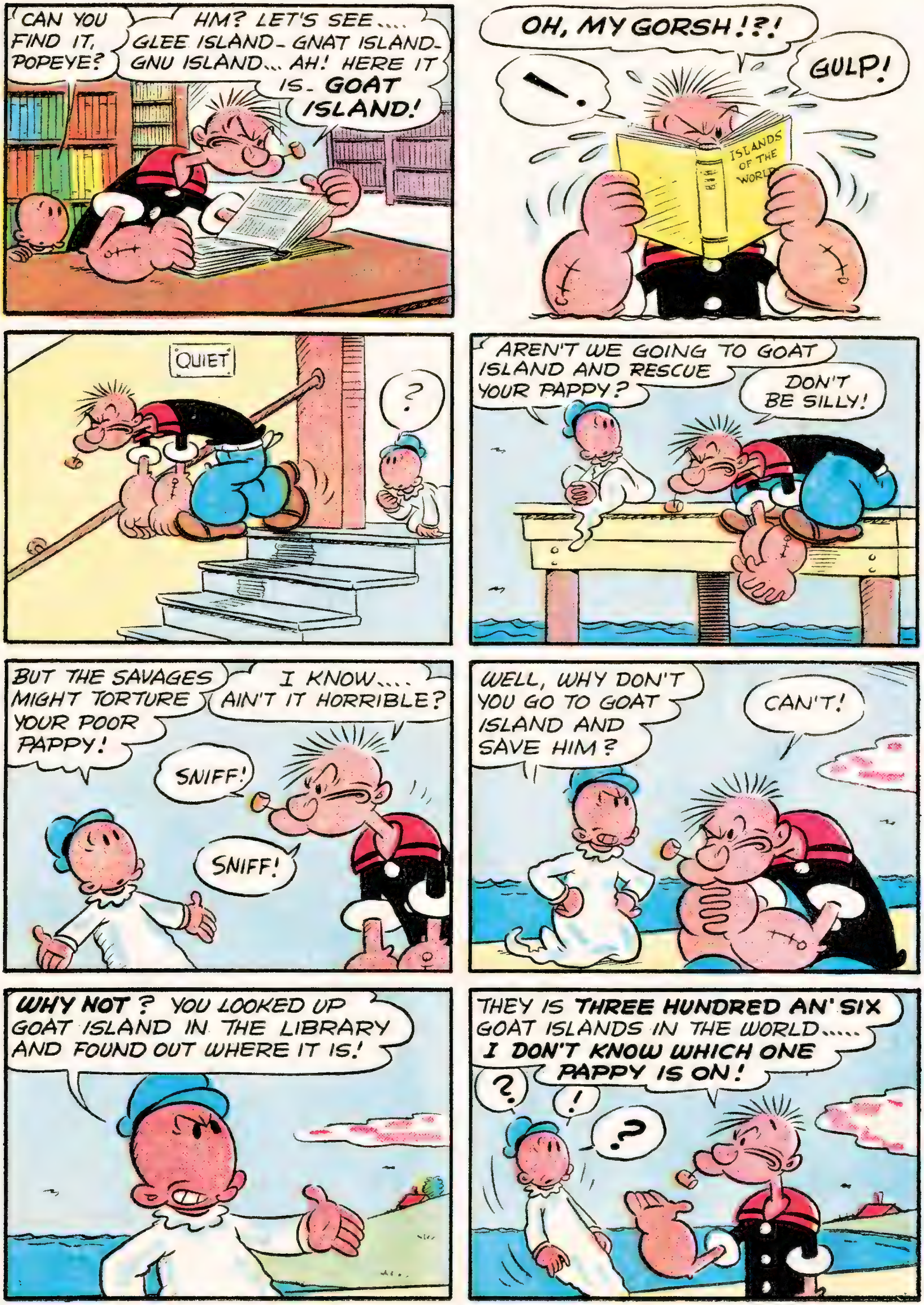

YOU LOOK HAPPY, POPEYE...
I AM, OLIVE.... THIS HORRIBLE WAR IS ABOUT OVER!
OH, BLOZO'S ARMY IS TOO STRONG...YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE UP!
HECK NO! I'M EXPECTING BLOZO TO GIVE UP ANY MINUTE NOW!
I SENT WIMPY OVER TO BLOZO'S ARMY... HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE IS BEING A HERO!
LET'S GO OVER AND SEE IF RAZILIA IS READY TO ADMIT DEFEAT!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
WE'RE LOSING THE WAR WITHOUT ANYONE SHOOTING AT US!
AHOY, BLOZO..... HOW'S THE WAR GOING?
POPEYE!
UGH!
YOU HEEL! YOU UNCIVILIZED CRUMB! YOU TRICKED ME!
SO!
DON'T YOU KNOW WARS ARE FOUGHT WITH GUNS AN' BULLETS? NOT WITH MOOCHERS LIKE WIMPY!

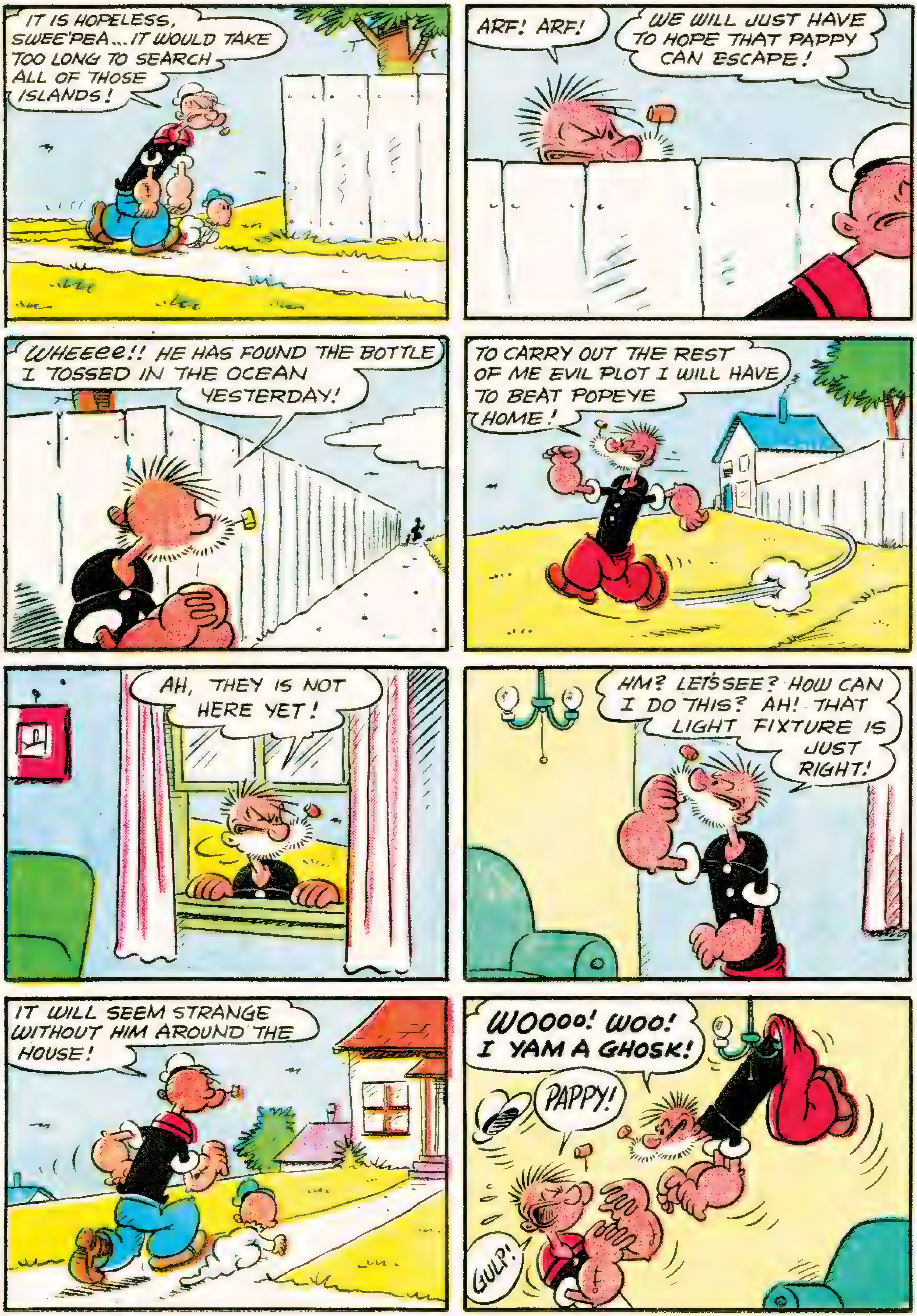

RAZILIA IS RUINED! MY DEAR COUNTRY IS BUSTED!
YOUR EVIL PLOT HAS KNOCKED US OUT OF THE WAR!
SNIFF
SNIFF
WHY, BLOZO... WHAT DOES YOU MEAN?
ARF!
COME AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO US!
SNIFF
HE'S EATING US INTO THE POORHOUSE!
TSK! TSK!
FEEDING HIM HAS EMPTIED THE ROYAL TREASURY!
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY BULLETS!
PICKLE, LETTUCE AND ONION BOTH ON THE NEXT THOUSAND!
YES, GENERAL!
PLEASE TAKE HIM BACK TO POPILANIA! PLEASE! PLEASE! YOU'VE WON THE WAR!
PLEASE STOP HIM FROM EATING OUR FOOD!
YOU STARTED THIS WAR AND IF YOU WILL ADMIT THAT YOU WAS WRONG I WILL TAKE HIM HOME!
YES! YES! I WAS WRONG ----
HOORAY FOR GENERAL WIMPY!
POPILANIA
WELCOME HOME TO OUR HERO!
WHEN DO WE EAT?
THE BRAVE SWAB IS SO FULL OF RAZILIAN HAMBURGER THAT HE CANNOT WALK!

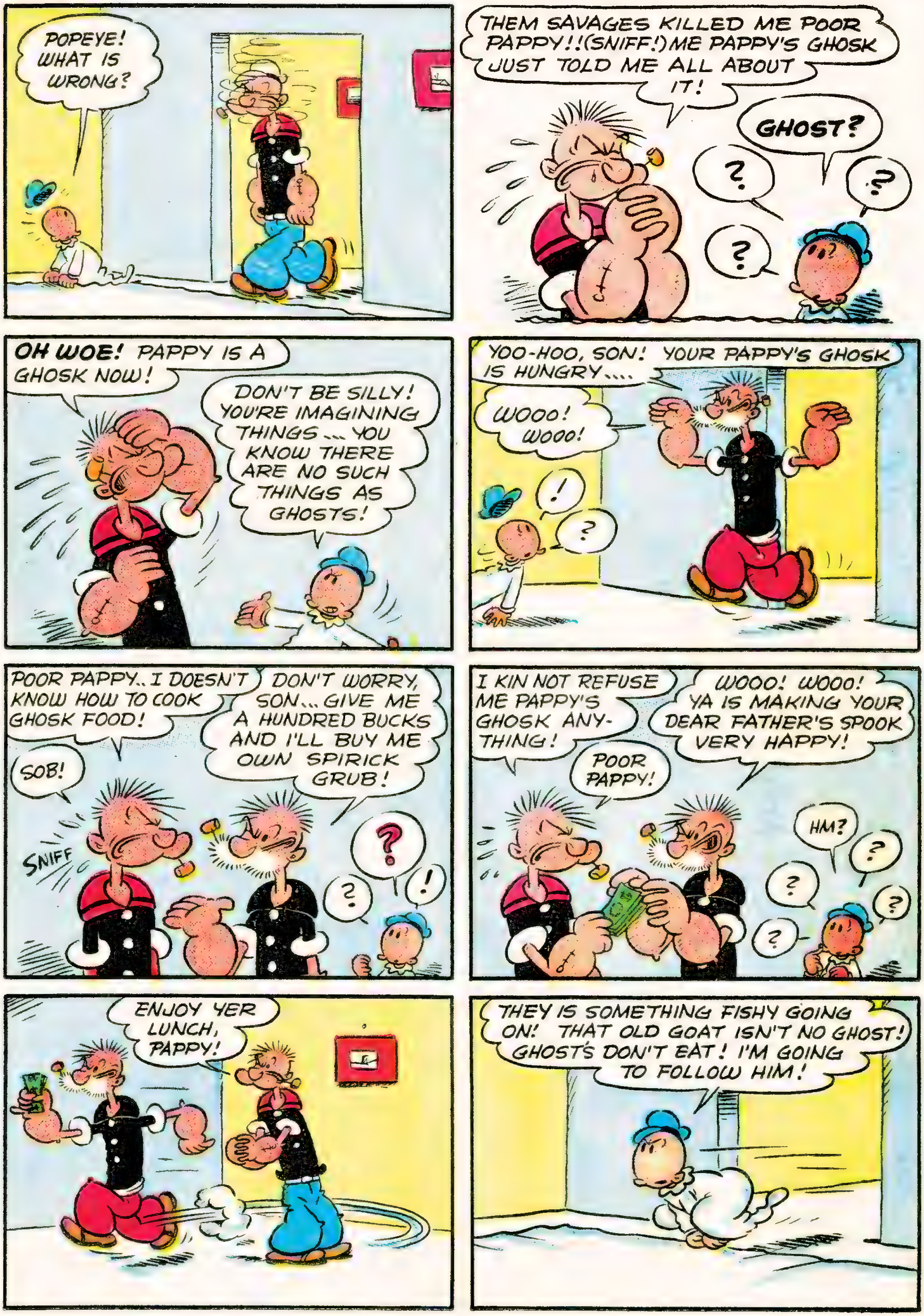
POPEYE
AN' SWEE'PEA IN
"PAPPY'S SPOOK!"
THE BIG THRILL OF FISHIN' IN THE OCEAN IS THAT YOU NEVER KNOWS WHAT YA IS GOING TO CATCH!
?
?
WHA--TH--?
POPEYE, YOU'VE CAUGHT A BOTTLE!
LOOK! THERE IS SOMETHING INSIDE OF IT!
HM?
BLOW ME DOWN ... IT LOOKS LIKE A NOTE WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF PAPER!
?
YIKE!!



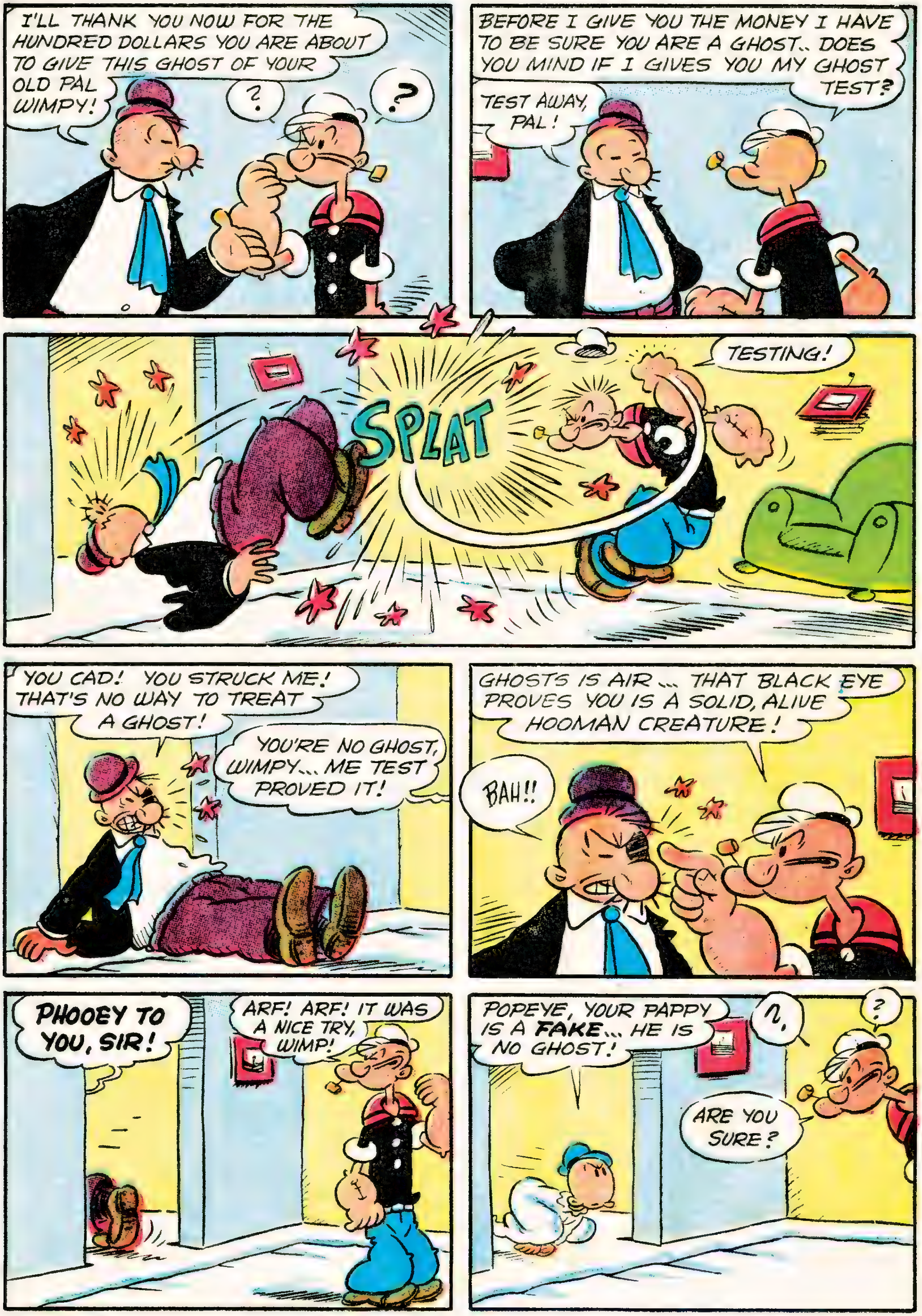
WAIT FOR ME, POPEYE...
I'M COMING TOO!
HELP!! SAVE ME!
I'M BEING HELD ON
GOAT ISLAND BY
WILD ZAVAGES---
HELP!
HELP!
SIGNED.
POOPDECK PAPPY.
OH, ME POOR CAPTURED PAPPY!
I HASTA SAVE HIM!
ISLANDS OF THE WORLD

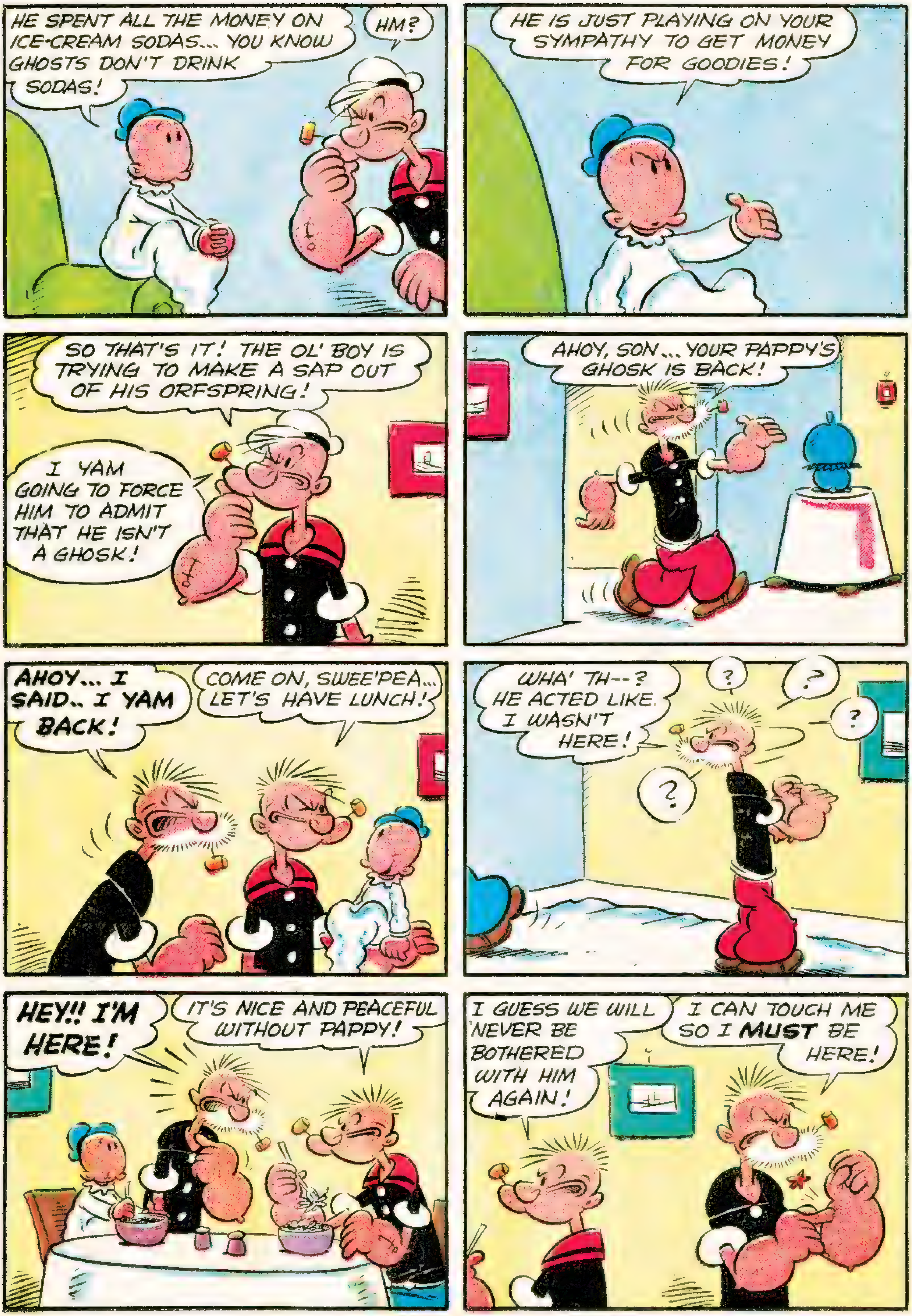

CAN YOU FIND IT, POPEYE?
HM? LET'S SEE.... GLEE ISLAND - GNAT ISLAND - GNU ISLAND... AH! HERE IT IS - GOAT ISLAND!
OH, MY GORSH!?!
!
GULP!
ISLANDS OF THE WORLD
QUIET
?
AREN'T WE GOING TO GOAT ISLAND AND RESCUE YOUR PAPPY?
DON'T BE SILLY!
BUT THE SAVAGES MIGHT TORTURE YOUR POOR PAPPY!
I KNOW.... AIN'T IT HORRIBLE?
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO GOAT ISLAND AND SAVE HIM?
CAN'T!
WHY NOT? YOU LOOKED UP GOAT ISLAND IN THE LIBRARY AND FOUND OUT WHERE IT IS!
THEY IS THREE HUNDRED AN' SIX GOAT ISLANDS IN THE WORLD..... I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE PAPPY IS ON!
?
!
?


IT IS HOPELESS, SWEE'PEA... IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG TO SEARCH ALL OF THOSE ISLANDS!
ARF! ARF!
WE WILL JUST HAVE TO HOPE THAT PAPPY CAN ESCAPE!
WHEEEEE!! HE HAS FOUND THE BOTTLE I TOSSED IN THE OCEAN YESTERDAY!
TO CARRY OUT THE REST OF ME EVIL PLOT I WILL HAVE TO BEAT POPEYE HOME!
AH, THEY IS NOT HERE YET!
HM? LET'S SEE? HOW CAN I DO THIS? AH! THAT LIGHT FIXTURE IS JUST RIGHT!
IT WILL SEEM STRANGE WITHOUT HIM AROUND THE HOUSE!
WOOOO! WOO! I YAM A GHOSK!
PAPPY!
GULP!

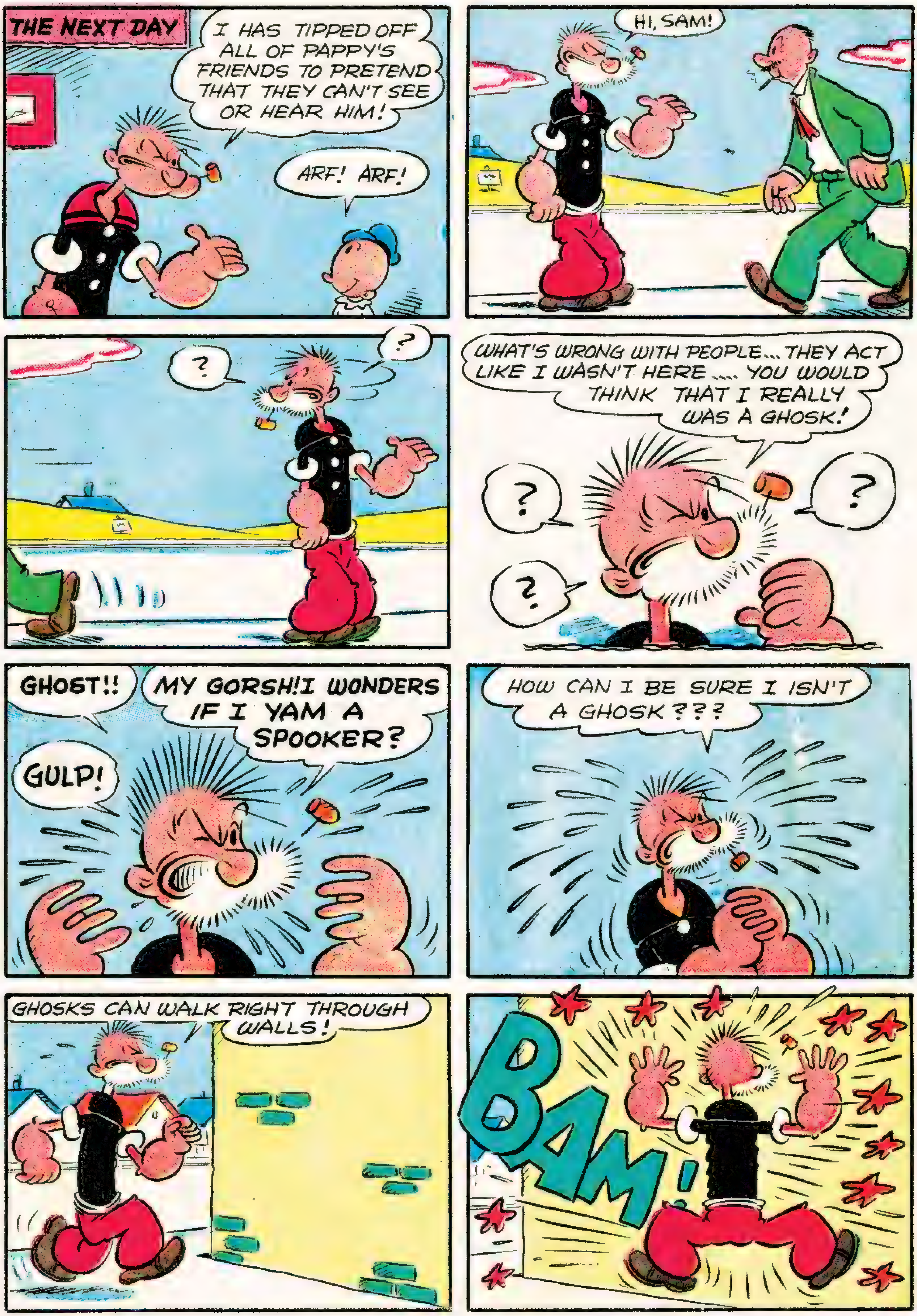

POPEYE! WHAT IS WRONG?
THEM SAVAGES KILLED ME POOR PAPPY!!(SNIFF!) ME PAPPY'S GHOSK JUST TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT!
GHOST?
?
?
?
OH WOE! PAPPY IS A GHOSK NOW!
DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS ... YOU KNOW THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!
YOO-HOO, SON! YOUR PAPPY'S GHOSK IS HUNGRY....
WOOO! WOOO!
!
?
POOR PAPPY.. I DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO COOK GHOSK FOOD!
DON'T WORRY, SON... GIVE ME A HUNDRED BUCKS AND I'LL BUY ME OWN SPIRICK GRUB!
SOB!
SNIFF
?
?
!
I KIN NOT REFUSE ME PAPPY'S GHOSK ANY-THING!
WOOO! WOOO! YA IS MAKING YOUR DEAR FATHER'S SPOOK VERY HAPPY!
POOR PAPPY!
HM?
?
?
?
?
ENJOY YER LUNCH, PAPPY!
THEY IS SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON! THAT OLD GOAT ISN'T NO GHOST! GHOSTS DON'T EAT! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM!

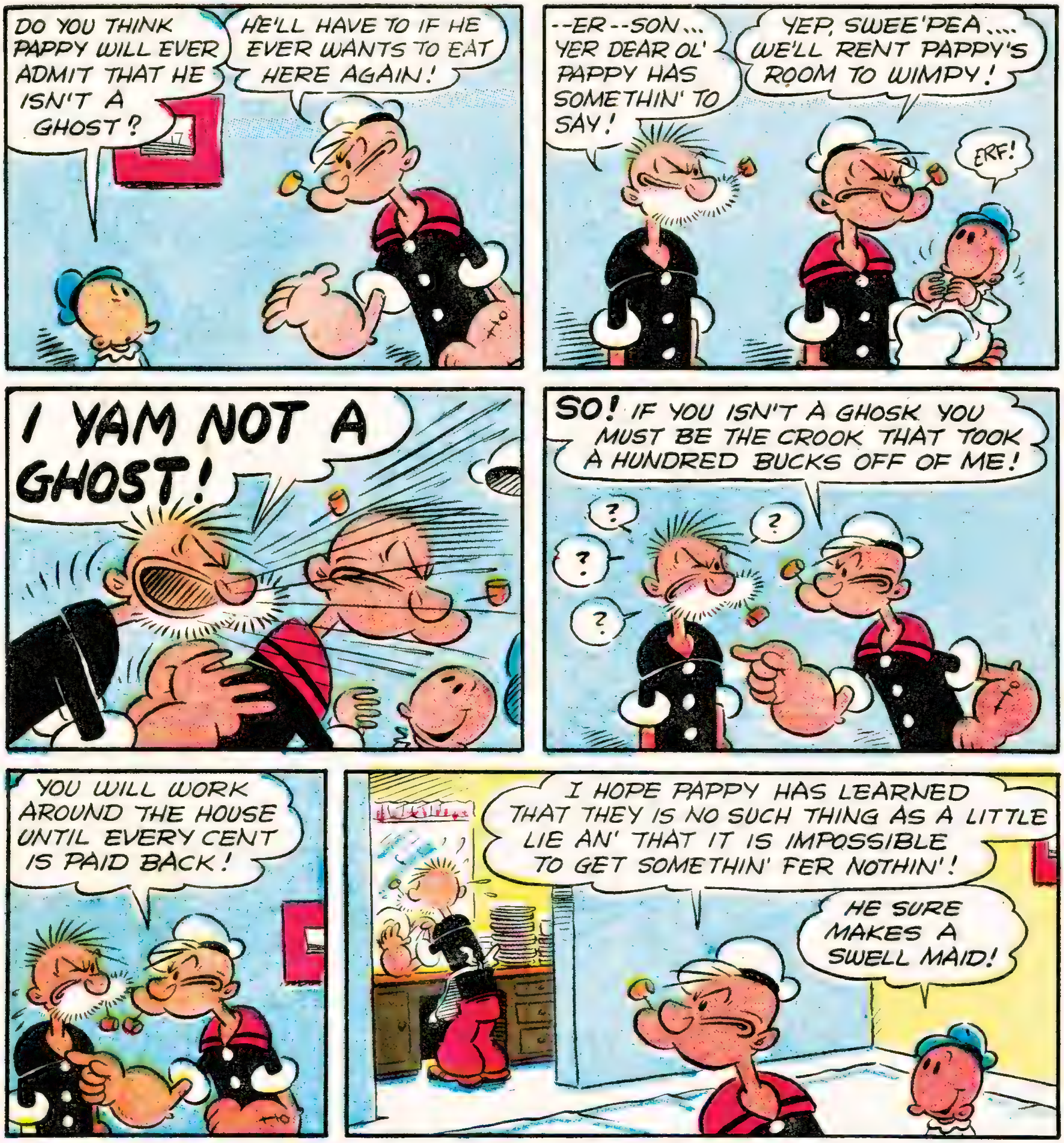
ARF! ARF! THIS IS THE SWEETEST SCHEME FOR MONEY-GETTING I'VE EVER PULLED!
HERE COMES POPEYE'S PAPPY... MY HE LOOKS HAPPY!
MONIES! YUM!
YEP... POPEYE GAVE HIS DEAR OL' PAPPY'S GHOSK A HUNDRED BUCKS!
GHOST?
YEP! HE THINKS I'M ME GHOSK AND NOTHIN' IS TOO GOOD FER ME!
?
SEE YA LATER, WIMP.... THIS GHOSK IS OFF TO THE ICE-CREAM PARLOR!
?
?
?
HM?
?
WOOOO!! WOOOO!
I'M THE GHOST OF J. WELLINGTON WIMPY! WOOOOO!
FEED THIS HUNGRY SPIRIT!
I, TOO, AM A HUNGRY GHOST!
WOOO!!
!!
?


I'LL THANK YOU NOW FOR THE HUNDRED DOLLARS YOU ARE ABOUT TO GIVE THIS GHOST OF YOUR OLD PAL WIMPY!
?
?
BEFORE I GIVE YOU THE MONEY I HAVE TO BE SURE YOU ARE A GHOST.. DOES YOU MIND IF I GIVES YOU MY GHOST TEST?
TEST AWAY, PAL!
TESTING!
SPLAT
YOU CAD! YOU STRUCK ME! THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A GHOST!
YOU'RE NO GHOST, WIMPY... ME TEST PROVED IT!
GHOSTS IS AIR... THAT BLACK EYE PROVES YOU IS A SOLID, ALIVE HOOMAN CREATURE!
BAH!!
PHOOEY TO YOU, SIR!
ARF! ARF! IT WAS A NICE TRY, WIMP!
POPEYE, YOUR PAPPY IS A FAKE... HE IS NO GHOST!
?
ARE YOU SURE?

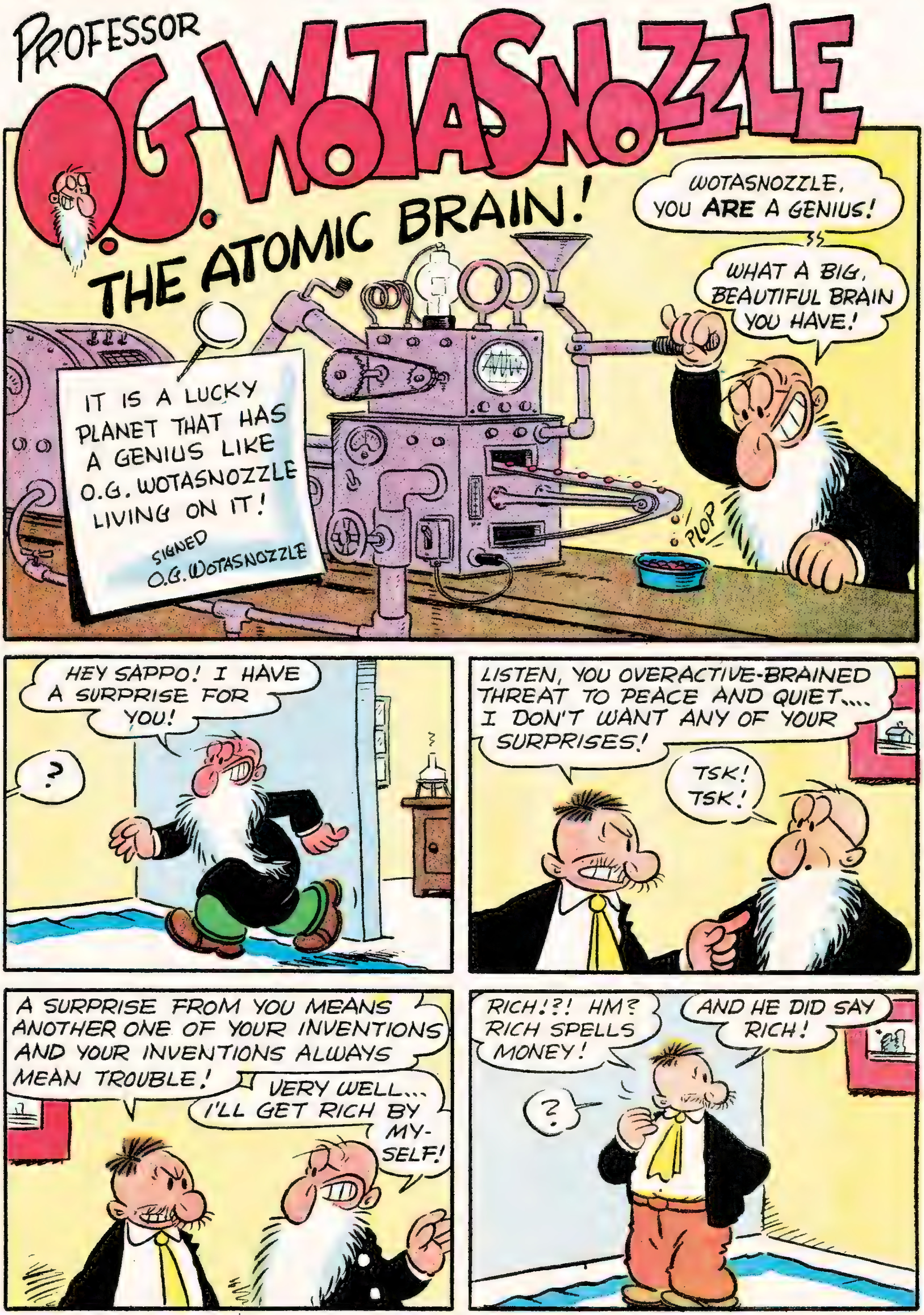


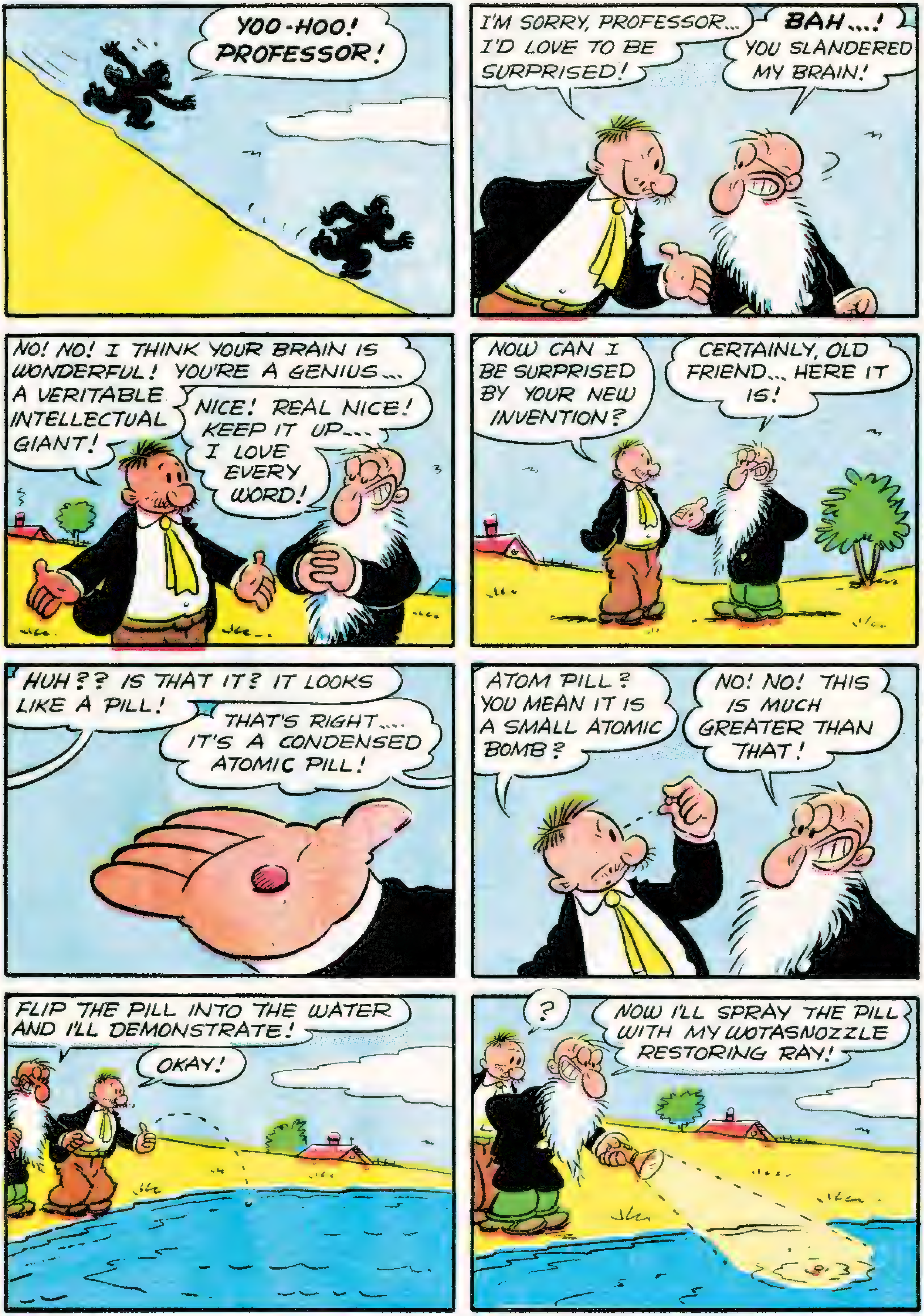
HE SPENT ALL THE MONEY ON ICE-CREAM SODAS... YOU KNOW GHOSTS DON'T DRINK SODAS!
HM?
HE IS JUST PLAYING ON YOUR SYMPATHY TO GET MONEY FOR GOODIES!
SO THAT'S IT! THE OL' BOY IS TRYING TO MAKE A SAP OUT OF HIS ORFSPRING!
I YAM GOING TO FORCE HIM TO ADMIT THAT HE ISN'T A GHOSK!
AHOY, SON... YOUR PAPPY'S GHOSK IS BACK!
AHOY... I SAID.. I YAM BACK!
COME ON, SWEE'PEA... LET'S HAVE LUNCH!
WHA' TH--? HE ACTED LIKE I WASN'T HERE!
?
?
?
?
HEY!! I'M HERE!
IT'S NICE AND PEACEFUL WITHOUT PAPPY!
I GUESS WE WILL NEVER BE BOTHERED WITH HIM AGAIN!
I CAN TOUCH ME SO I MUST BE HERE!

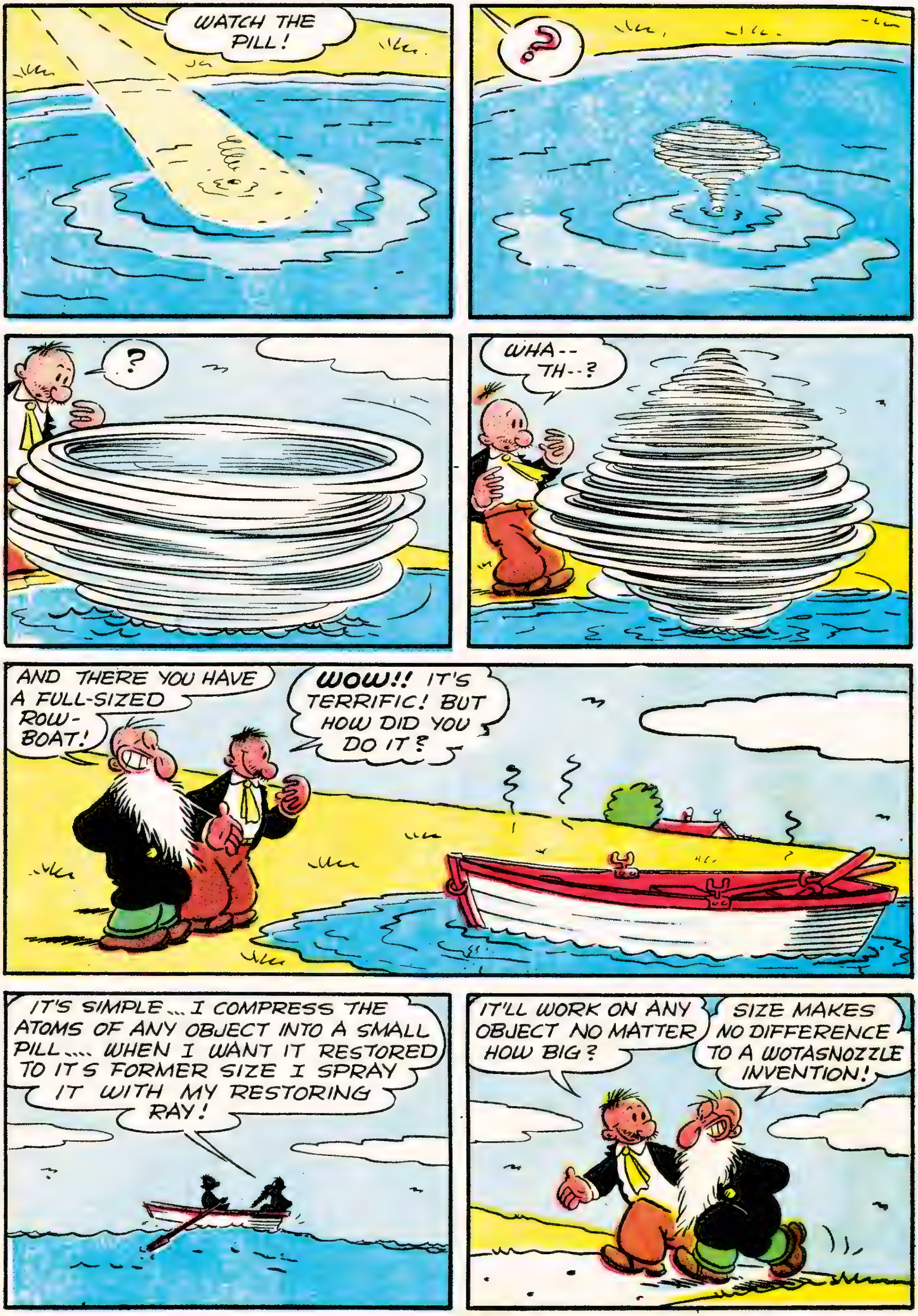

THE NEXT DAY
I HAS TIPPED OFF ALL OF PAPPY'S FRIENDS TO PRETEND THAT THEY CAN'T SEE OR HEAR HIM!
ARF! ARF!
HI, SAM!
?
?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH PEOPLE... THEY ACT LIKE I WASN'T HERE .... YOU WOULD THINK THAT I REALLY WAS A GHOSK!
?
?
?
GHOST!!
MY GORSH! I WONDERS IF I YAM A SPOOKER?
GULP!
HOW CAN I BE SURE I ISN'T A GHOSK???
GHOSKS CAN WALK RIGHT THROUGH WALLS!
BAM!

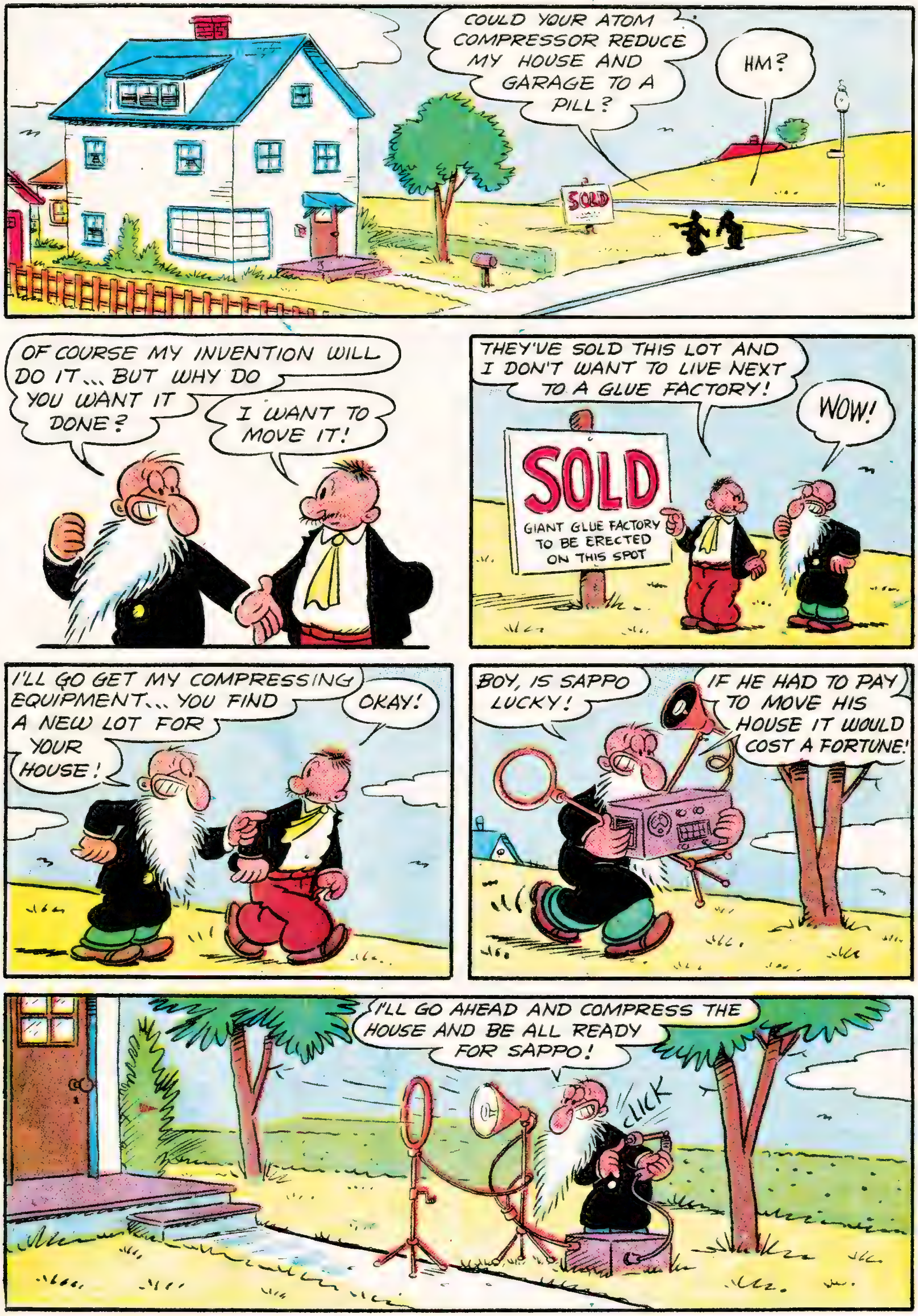


DO YOU THINK PAPPY WILL EVER ADMIT THAT HE ISN'T A GHOST?
HE'LL HAVE TO IF HE EVER WANTS TO EAT HERE AGAIN!
--ER--SON... YER DEAR OL' PAPPY HAS SOMETHIN' TO SAY!
YEP, SWEE'PEA.... WE'LL RENT PAPPY'S ROOM TO WIMPY!
ERF!
I YAM NOT A GHOST!
SO! IF YOU ISN'T A GHOSK YOU MUST BE THE CROOK THAT TOOK A HUNDRED BUCKS OFF OF ME!
?
?
?
?
YOU WILL WORK AROUND THE HOUSE UNTIL EVERY CENT IS PAID BACK!
I HOPE PAPPY HAS LEARNED THAT THEY IS NO SUCH THING AS A LITTLE LIE AN' THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET SOMETHIN' FER NOTHIN'!
HE SURE MAKES A SWELL MAID!

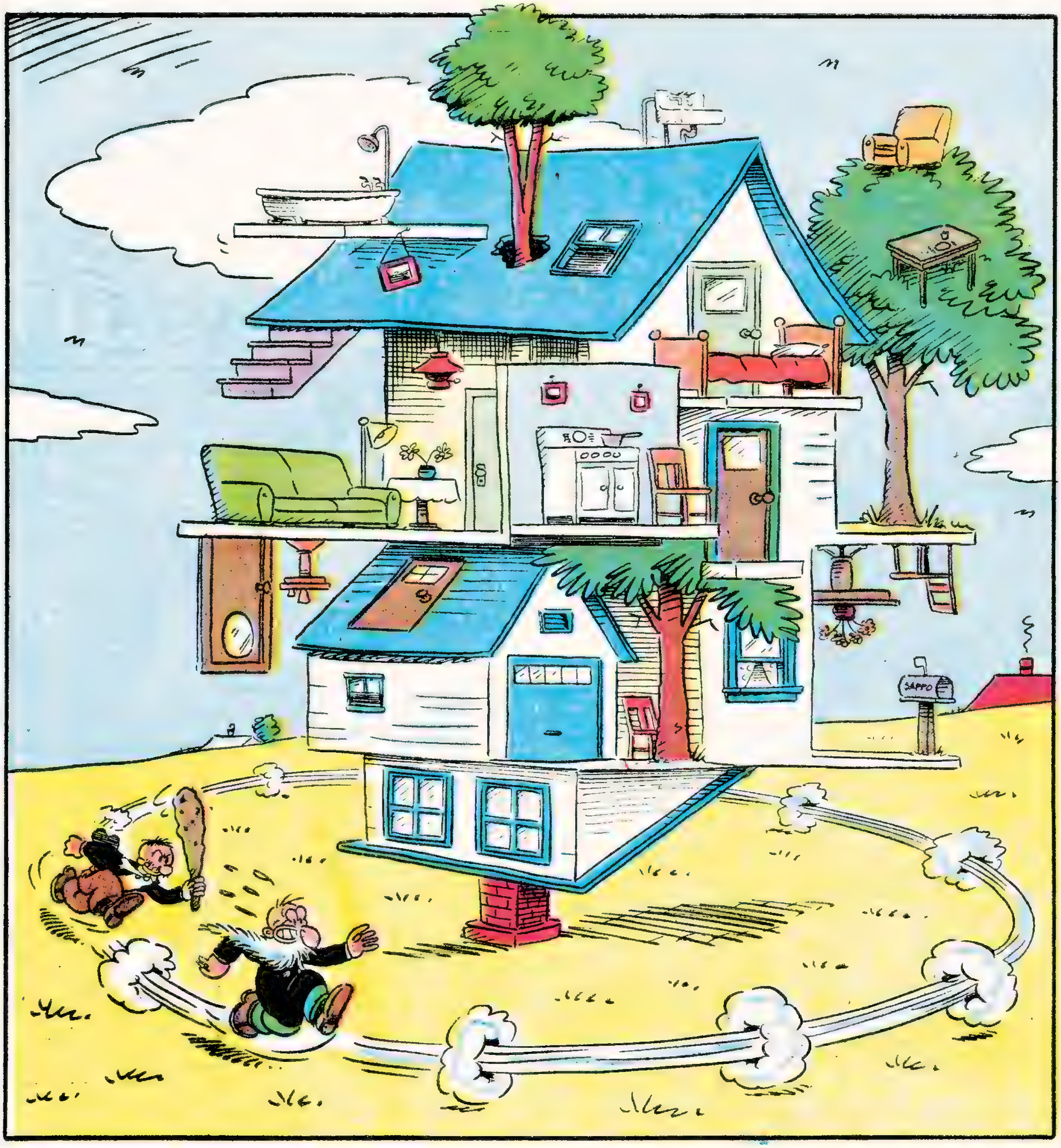

PROFESSOR
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
THE ATOMIC BRAIN!
WOTASNOZZLE, YOU ARE A GENIUS!
WHAT A BIG, BEAUTIFUL BRAIN YOU HAVE!
IT IS A LUCKY PLANET THAT HAS A GENIUS LIKE O.G. WOTASNOZZLE LIVING ON IT!
SIGNED O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
PLOP
HEY SAPPO! I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
?
LISTEN, YOU OVERACTIVE-BRAINED THREAT TO PEACE AND QUIET.... I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR SURPRISES!
TSK! TSK!
A SURPRISE FROM YOU MEANS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR INVENTIONS AND YOUR INVENTIONS ALWAYS MEAN TROUBLE!
VERY WELL... I'LL GET RICH BY MY-SELF!
RICH!?! HM? RICH SPELLS MONEY!
AND HE DID SAY RICH!
?


YOO-HOO! PROFESSOR!
I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR... I'D LOVE TO BE SURPRISED!
BAH...! YOU SLANDERED MY BRAIN!
NO! NO! I THINK YOUR BRAIN IS WONDERFUL! YOU'RE A GENIUS... A VERITABLE INTELLECTUAL GIANT!
NICE! REAL NICE! KEEP IT UP... I LOVE EVERY WORD!
NOW CAN I BE SURPRISED BY YOUR NEW INVENTION?
CERTAINLY, OLD FRIEND... HERE IT IS!
HUH?? IS THAT IT? IT LOOKS LIKE A PILL!
THAT'S RIGHT.... IT'S A CONDENSED ATOMIC PILL!
ATOM PILL? YOU MEAN IT IS A SMALL ATOMIC BOMB?
NO! NO! THIS IS MUCH GREATER THAN THAT!
FLIP THE PILL INTO THE WATER AND I'LL DEMONSTRATE!
OKAY!
?
NOW I'LL SPRAY THE PILL WITH MY WOTASNOZZLE RESTORING RAY!


WATCH THE PILL!
?
?
WHA-- TH--?
AND THERE YOU HAVE A FULL-SIZED ROW-BOAT!
WOW!! IT'S TERRIFIC! BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT?
IT'S SIMPLE ... I COMPRESS THE ATOMS OF ANY OBJECT INTO A SMALL PILL .... WHEN I WANT IT RESTORED TO IT S FORMER SIZE I SPRAY IT WITH MY RESTORING RAY!
IT'LL WORK ON ANY OBJECT NO MATTER HOW BIG?
SIZE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO A WOTASNOZZLE INVENTION!


COULD YOUR ATOM COMPRESSOR REDUCE MY HOUSE AND GARAGE TO A PILL?
HM?
SOLD
OF COURSE MY INVENTION WILL DO IT... BUT WHY DO YOU WANT IT DONE?
I WANT TO MOVE IT!
THEY'VE SOLD THIS LOT AND I DON'T WANT TO LIVE NEXT TO A GLUE FACTORY!
WOW!
SOLD
GIANT GLUE FACTORY TO BE ERECTED ON THIS SPOT
I'LL GO GET MY COMPRESSING EQUIPMENT... YOU FIND A NEW LOT FOR YOUR HOUSE!
OKAY!
BOY, IS SAPPO LUCKY!
IF HE HAD TO PAY TO MOVE HIS HOUSE IT WOULD COST A FORTUNE!
I'LL GO AHEAD AND COMPRESS THE HOUSE AND BE ALL READY FOR SAPPO!
CLICK

I'LL COMPRESS THE TREES AND ALL!
HI, PROFESSOR... I'VE BOUGHT A NEW LOT TO PUT MY HOUSE ON!
WELL, HERE'S YOUR HOUSE, GARAGE AND TREES!
WHA.. TH... ?? BUT IT'S A BUNCH OF LITTLE PILLS?
IT WAS TOO BIG A JOB FOR ONE PILL... BUT IT'S ALL HERE!
BUT WON'T IT GET ALL MIXED UP?
MIXED UP! HA! HA! DON'T BE SILLY, SAPPO.... I'M A GENIUS AND I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
HEH! HEH!
I HOPE SO!
I'LL PUT THE PILLS RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE LOT —
— AND GIVE THEM A SHOT OF MY RESTORING RAY!
?
IT'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND!
WHA--TH--!??? LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING!!
?
?


SAPPO

CANNED NUTS

In the autumn of the year, it is the custom of squirrels to gather nuts of all kinds and to store them away to be eaten during winter. Arthur had been doing this very thing for six years. He didn't like doing it but his squirrel instincts were stronger than his lazy streak.

" Look at these ol' leaves changing color!" he growled one morning as he poked his head out of his front door. "The next thing you know it'll be time to start hunting for nuts again."

And Arthur was right, for that very afternoon the leaves began to fall off the trees and all of the other squirrels in the neighborhood began to hunt for their winter food.

"There must be a way to beat this game," thought Arthur, as he sat in his tree and watched the activity about him. "I'm tired of this old nut routine."

Suddenly there was a flash of genius in Arthur's squirrel brain. He remembered the grocery store on the corner and the hole in the back wall that the mouse on the apple box had told him about.

"A grocery store would have nuts," he chuckled to himself. "Why should I hunt around when there are nuts in bags waiting to be picked up!"

This was so easy that Arthur just relaxed for the rest of the day and waited for night when he knew the little grocery store would be empty. As soon as he felt that it was safe to go into the store, he crawled through the hole in the wall and started his search.

"They have to be around here some place," he murmured as he searched the shelves. "HO! HO! What's this? Cans with pictures of walnuts on them! These should be much better than keeping them in paper bags."

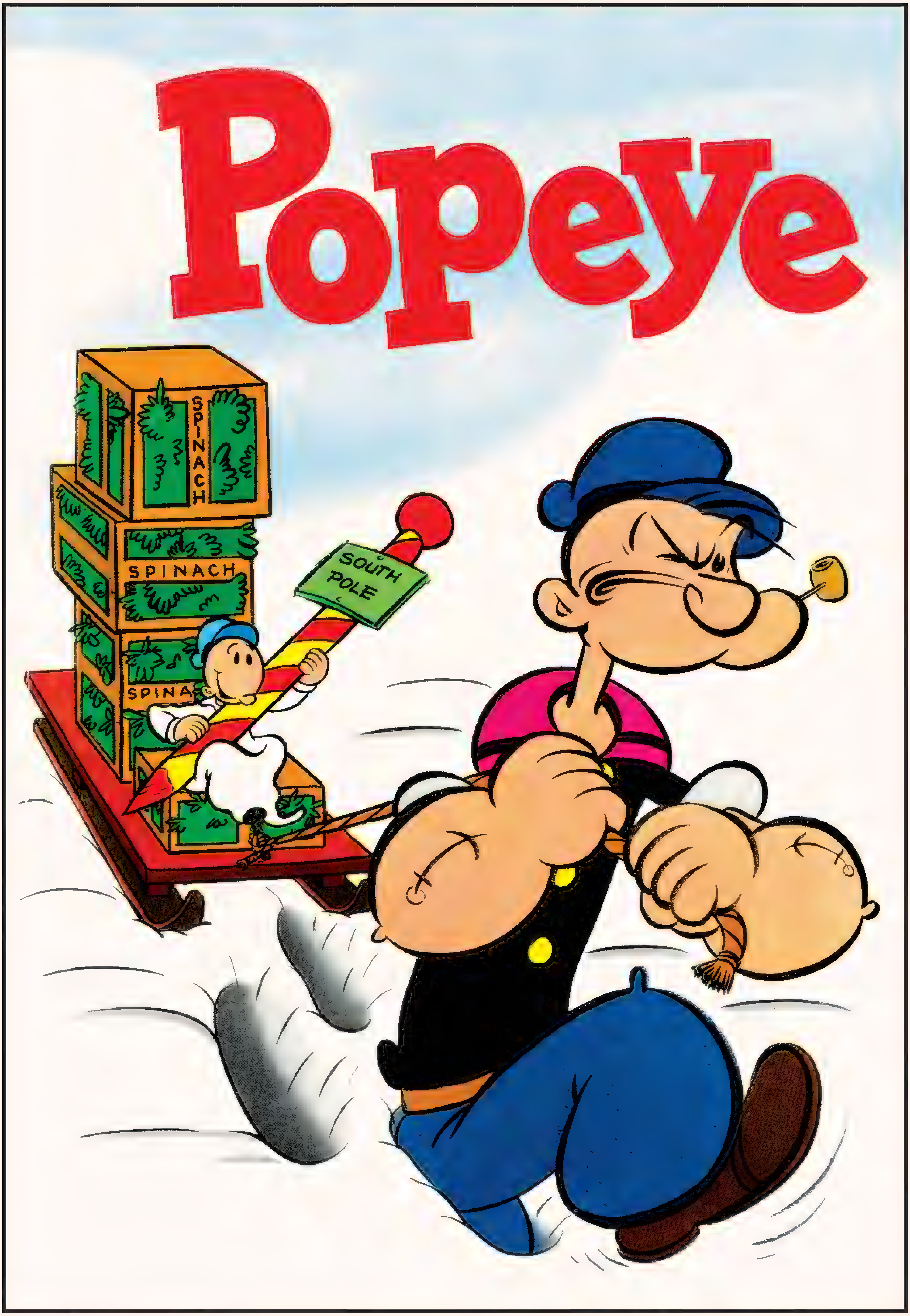
In no time at all, Arthur had transported the whole shelf of canned walnuts to his home in the tree. With enough food stored away for several winters, Arthur felt secure. He spent the rest of the autumn sitting on his front porch twirling his dollar watch on its chain and laughing at all of the other squirrels as they worked so hard gathering their own supply of nuts.

But, as so often happens with well-laid plans, Arthur was headed for trouble. The winter snows began to fall and no longer was there food to be picked up from the ground. It was time to bring out the winter stores and that was what Arthur did. He hauled out a can of nuts and then it happened. Arthur almost fell out of the tree because he was so mad.

ARTHUR DIDN'T HAVE A CAN OPENER!!!

Well, lucky for Arthur, the other squirrels felt sorry for him and they gave him enough nuts to get through the long winter. Needless to say, Arthur learned his lesson and has every year since gathered plain old nuts with the rest of the squirrels.

POPEYE
?
?
?
WIMPY! YA IS FISHIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION... THE WATER IS OVER HERE!
SWISH!
HAMBURGERS
I'VE GOT A BITE!
HUH?
?
'TIS A BEAUTY, ISN'T IT? YOU FISH IN YOUR DIRECTION AND I'LL FISH IN MINE!
!
?
!

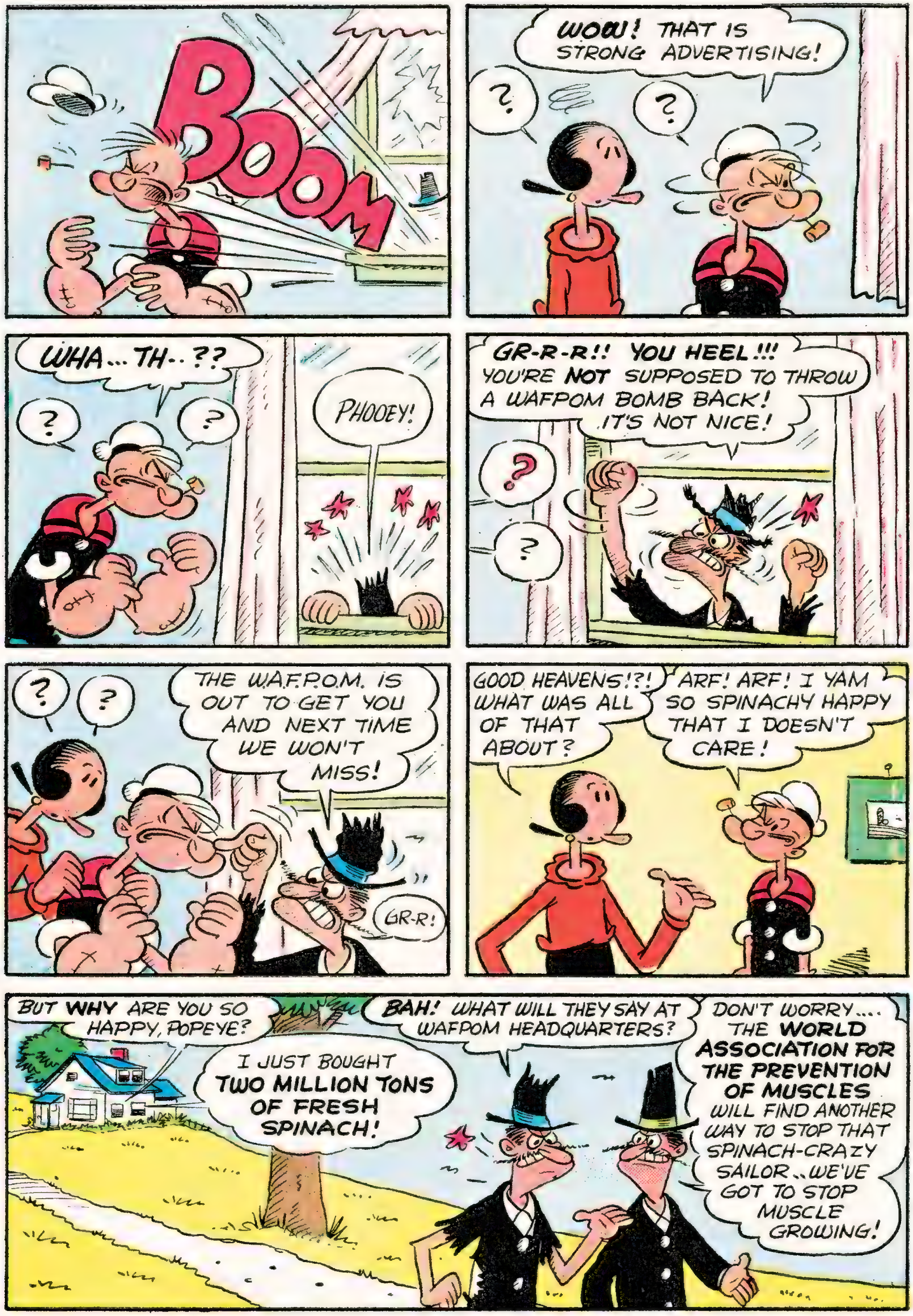


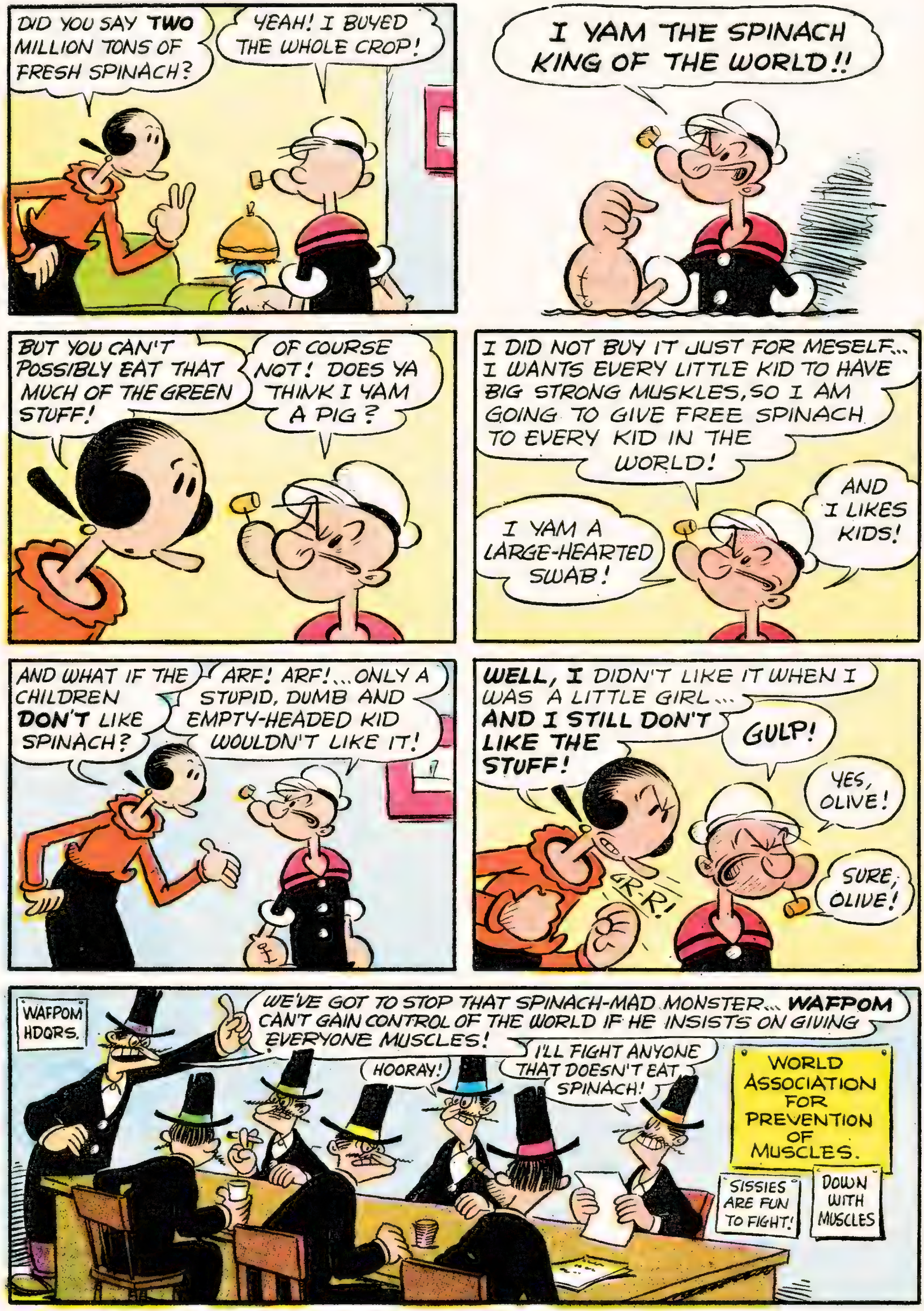
Popeye #37, July-September 1956

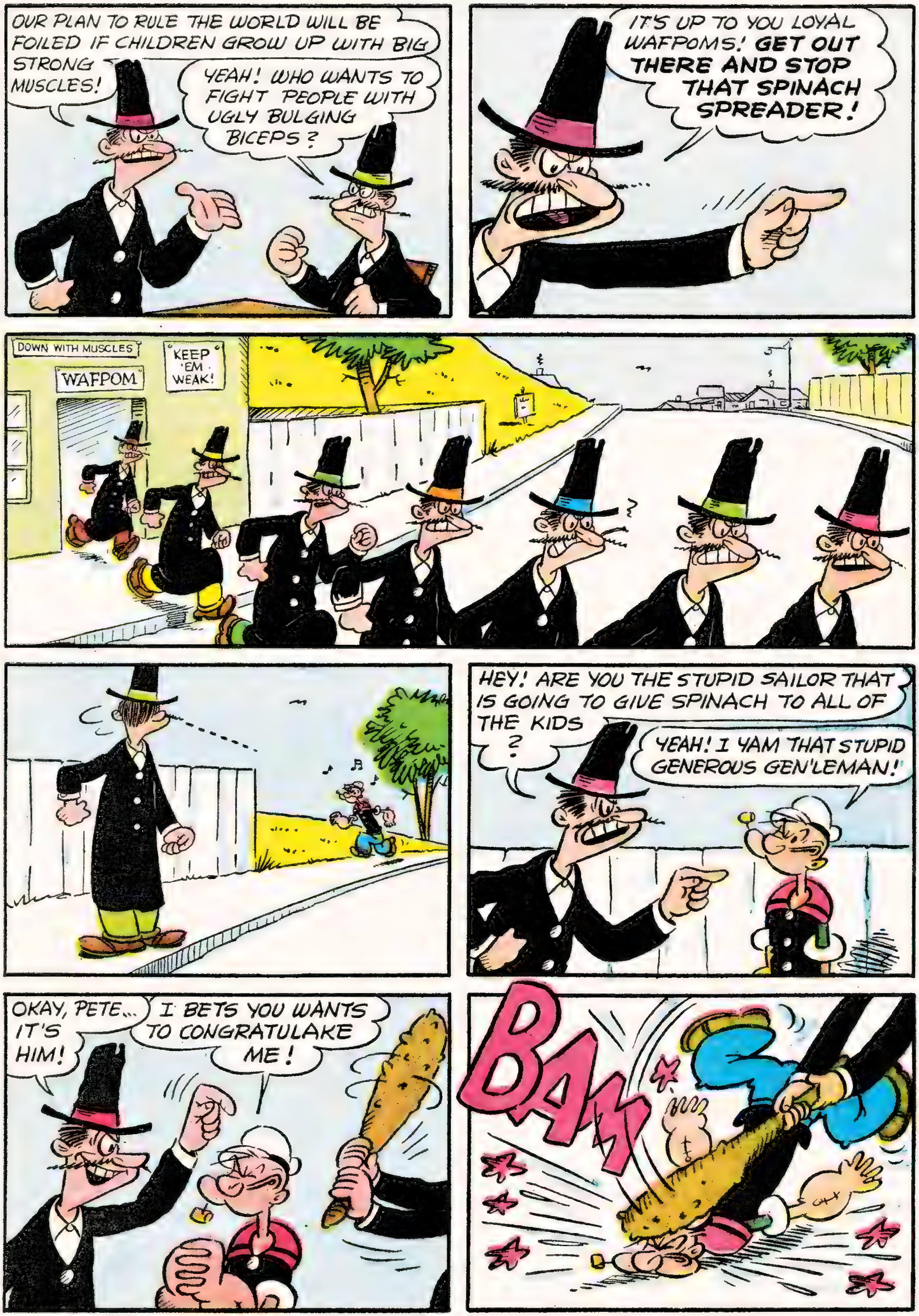
Popeye
SPINACH
HA! HA! IS THAT SWEE'PEA STUPID... HE'S PLANTING SPINACH CANS AND EXPECTING SPINACH TO GROW!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HE'S A REAL DUMB KID!
?
HA! HA!
I DOESN'T LIKE SWABS LAUGHING AT ME LITTLE BOY KID!
SPINACH
AHOY, WIMPY... COME ON OVER... I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
OKAY... I'M WAITING TO HEAR YOU APOLOGIZE TO SWEE'PEA!
?
?
GULP!
?
SPINACH TREE
POPEYE... DOES YA THINK THEY IS RIPE?

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
Popeye
THE SAILOR MAN
IN
"THE SEARCH FOR THE
SPINACH
ICEBOX"
SPINACH IS THE GREATEST WEED IN THE WORLD!
IT IS- 'CAUSE I SEZ IT IS!
ARF! ARF! BOY I AM A LUCKY SWAB!
THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY OF ME LIFE!
IS THAT LITTLE SALT WATER SEA GULL THE ONE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN WORRYING ABOUT?
YEAH! THAT'S HIM!
AHOY, OLIVE... IS YA HOME?
POPEYE #37-567
POPEYE, WHAT IS WRONG ?
NOTHING IS WRONG.... EVERYTHING IS SPINACHY... I YAM THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

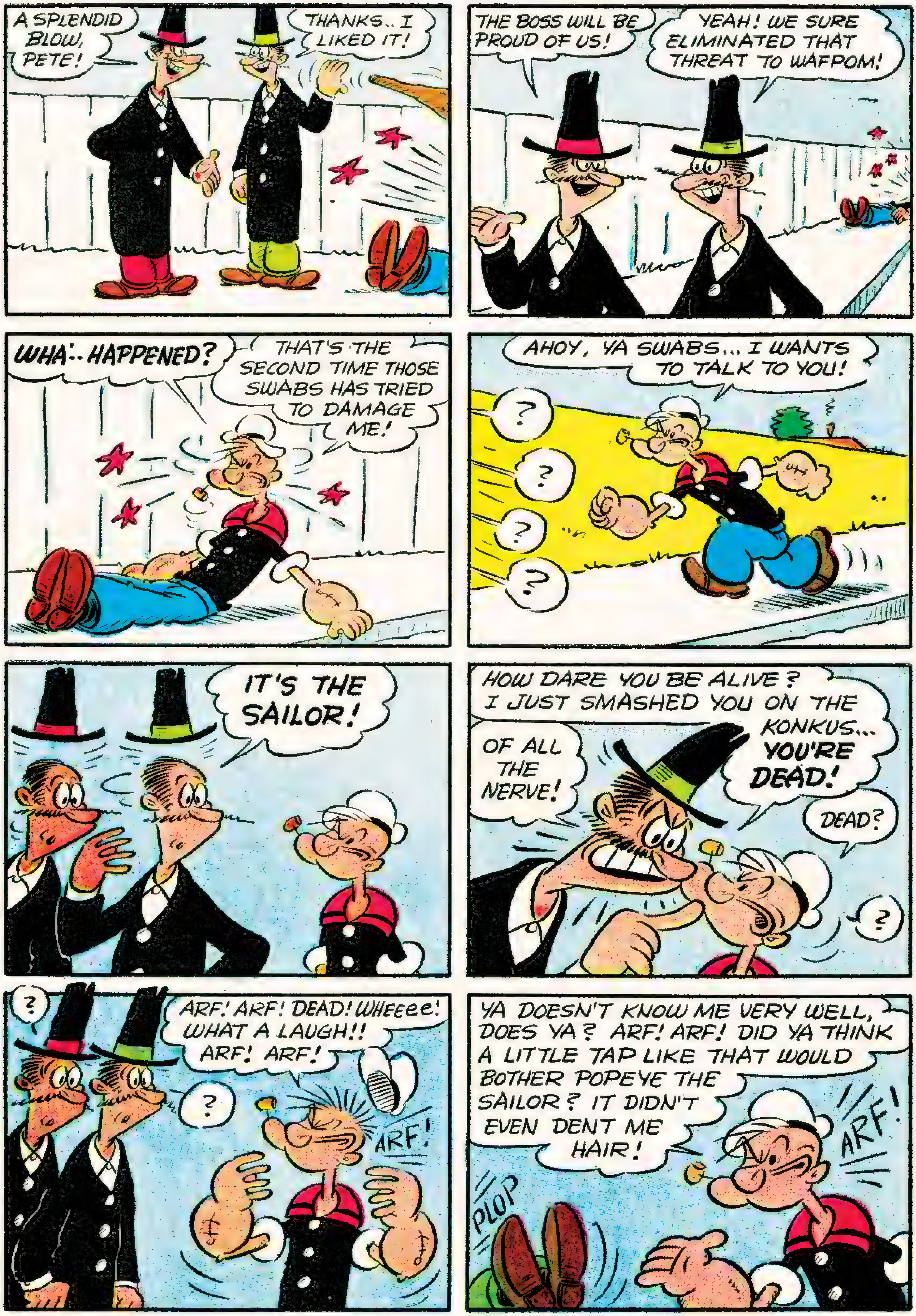
OH, POPEYE ♡ AT LAST YOU HAVE DECIDED TO MARRY ME!
MARRY? UGH! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH BEING HAPPY?
CUR!
BLOW ME DOWN? I JUS' MEANS I IS HAPPY THE WAY I IS!
SPLAT
I YAM SORRY IF I INSULTID YOU! I AM SO BLASTID HAPPY I DOESN'T KNOW WHAT I AM SAYING!
HA!
EVERYTHING IS SO **SPINACHY** THAT I YAM ABOUT TO BUST WITH JOY!
?
I'M SO GAY I FEELS LIKE I COULD BLOW RIGHT UP IN THE AIR!
LOOK WHAT JUST CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW!
THERE IS A NAME PLATE ON IT!
?
IT SAYS..."**GENUINE WAFPOM BOMB**. THIS BOMB FOR EXTERMINATING PURPOSES ONLY"!
GENUINE WAFPON BOMB
IT'S PROBABLY SOME NEW KIND OF ADVERTISING STUNT!
OH!
?

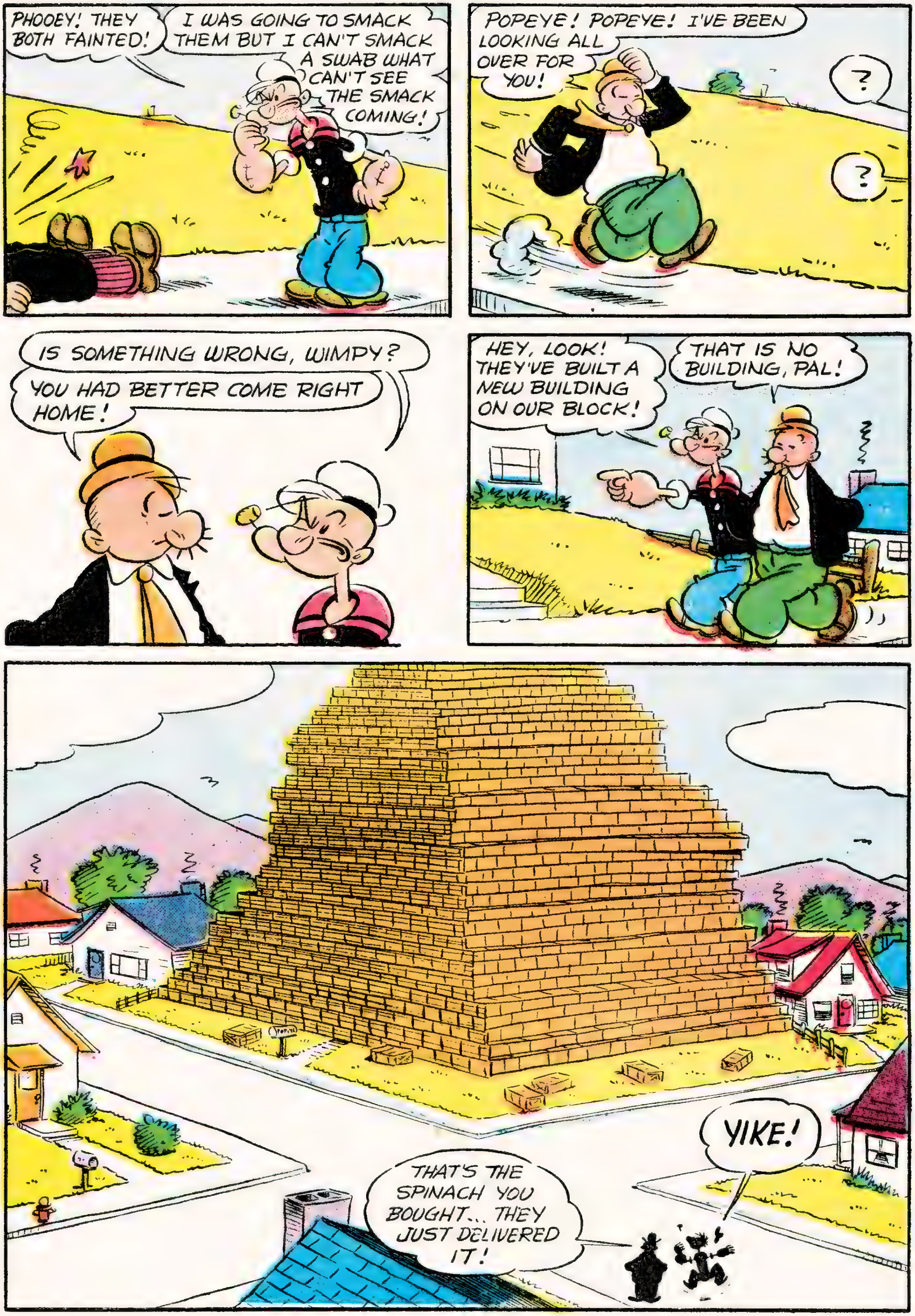

BOOM
WOW! THAT IS STRONG ADVERTISING!
?
?
WHA... TH-- ??
?
?
PHOOEY!
GR-R-R!! YOU HEEL!!! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO THROW A WAFPOM BOMB BACK! IT'S NOT NICE!
?
?
?
?
THE W.A.F.P.O.M. IS OUT TO GET YOU AND NEXT TIME WE WON'T MISS!
GR-R!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT WAS ALL OF THAT ABOUT?
ARF! ARF! I YAM SO SPINACHY HAPPY THAT I DOESN'T CARE!
BUT WHY ARE YOU SO HAPPY, POPEYE?
I JUST BOUGHT TWO MILLION TONS OF FRESH SPINACH!
BAH! WHAT WILL THEY SAY AT WAFPOM HEADQUARTERS?
DON'T WORRY.... THE WORLD ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF MUSCLES WILL FIND ANOTHER WAY TO STOP THAT SPINACH-CRAZY SAILOR..WE'VE GOT TO STOP MUSCLE GROWING!

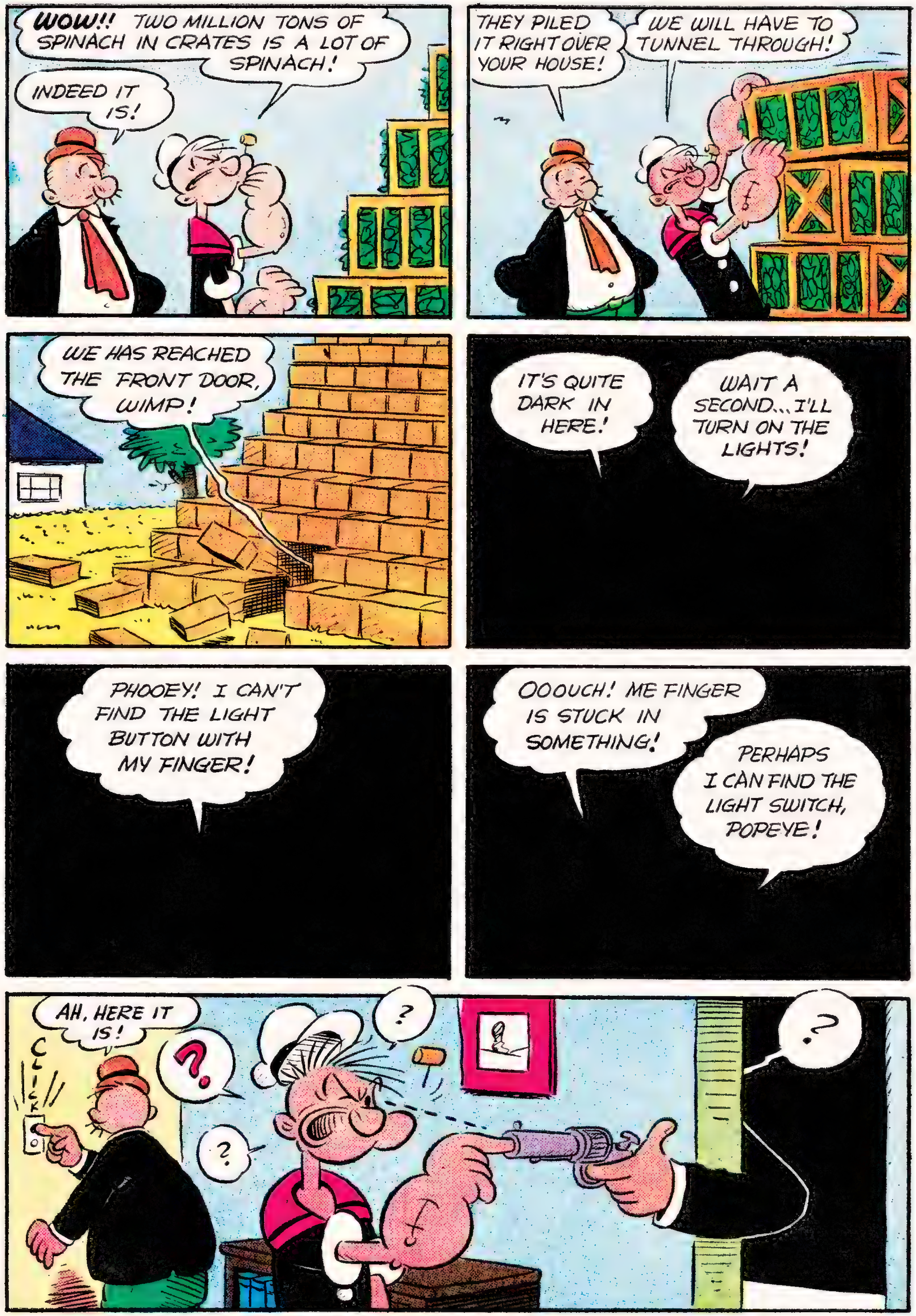

DID YOU SAY TWO MILLION TONS OF FRESH SPINACH?
YEAH! I BUYED THE WHOLE CROP!
I YAM THE SPINACH KING OF THE WORLD!!
BUT YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY EAT THAT MUCH OF THE GREEN STUFF!
OF COURSE NOT! DOES YA THINK I YAM A PIG?
I DID NOT BUY IT JUST FOR MESELF... I WANTS EVERY LITTLE KID TO HAVE BIG STRONG MUSKLES, SO I AM GOING TO GIVE FREE SPINACH TO EVERY KID IN THE WORLD!
I YAM A LARGE-HEARTED SWAB!
AND I LIKES KIDS!
AND WHAT IF THE CHILDREN DON'T LIKE SPINACH?
ARF! ARF!...ONLY A STUPID, DUMB AND EMPTY-HEADED KID WOULDN'T LIKE IT!
WELL, I DIDN'T LIKE IT WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL... AND I STILL DON'T LIKE THE STUFF!
GULP!
YES, OLIVE!
GR-R!
SURE, OLIVE!
WAFPOM HDQRS.
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT SPINACH-MAD MONSTER... WAFPOM CAN'T GAIN CONTROL OF THE WORLD IF HE INSISTS ON GIVING EVERYONE MUSCLES!
HOORAY!
I'LL FIGHT ANYONE THAT DOESN'T EAT SPINACH!
WORLD ASSOCIATION FOR PREVENTION OF MUSCLES.
SISSIES ARE FUN TO FIGHT!
DOWN WITH MUSCLES

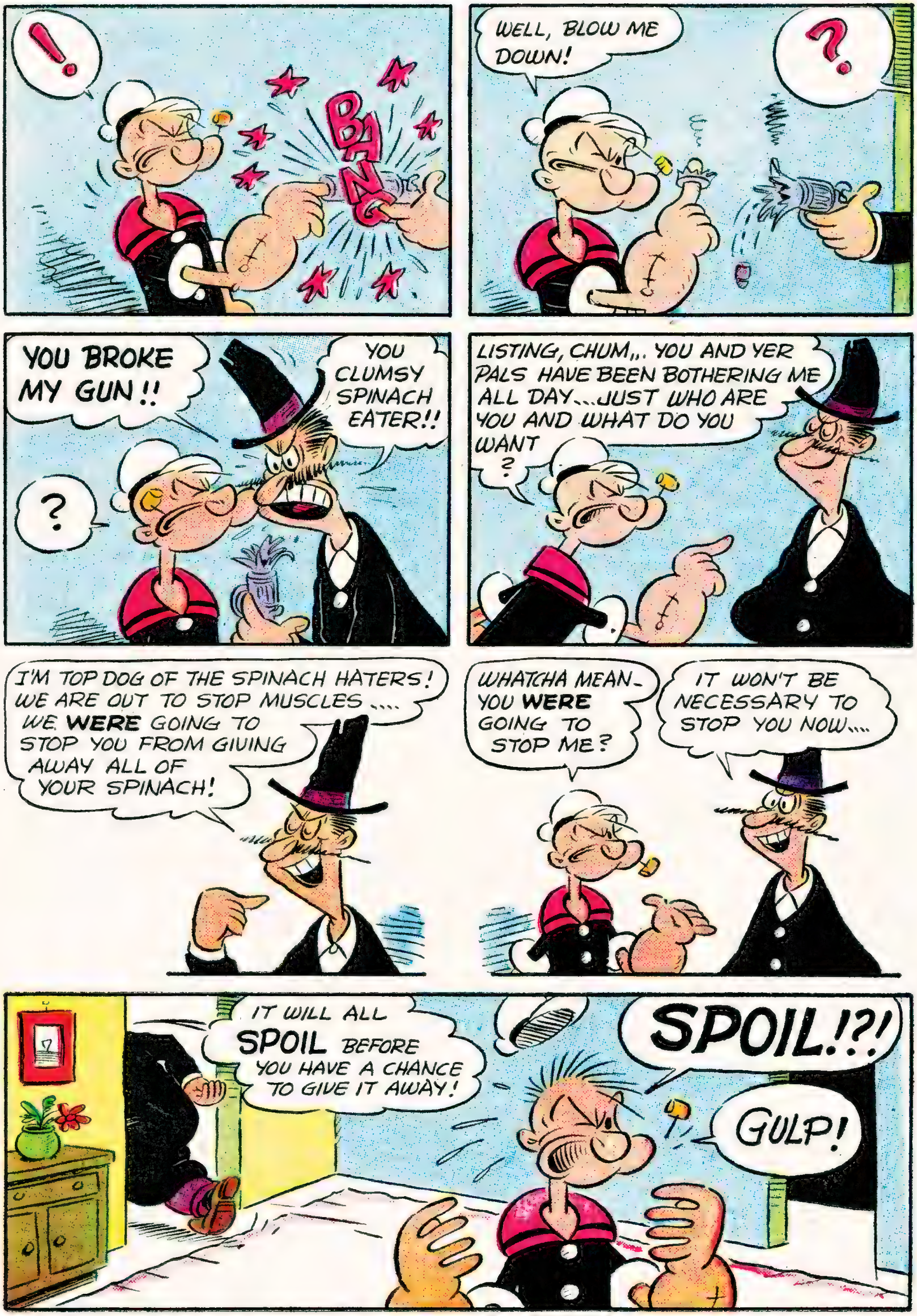


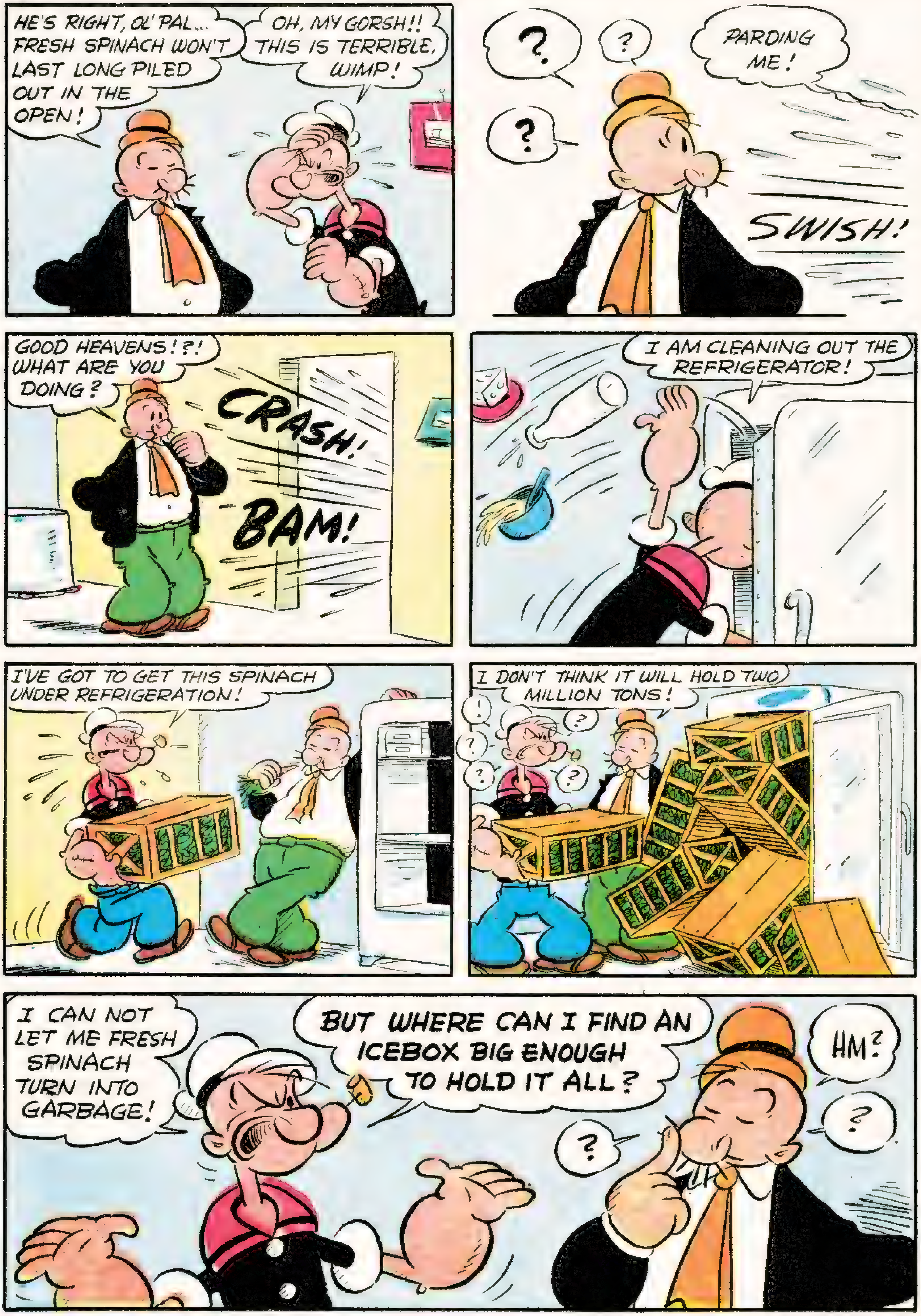
OUR PLAN TO RULE THE WORLD WILL BE FOILED IF CHILDREN GROW UP WITH BIG STRONG MUSCLES!
YEAH! WHO WANTS TO FIGHT PEOPLE WITH UGLY BULGING BICEPS?
IT'S UP TO YOU LOYAL WAFPOMS! GET OUT THERE AND STOP THAT SPINACH SPREADER!
DOWN WITH MUSCLES
WAFPOM
KEEP 'EM WEAK!
HEY! ARE YOU THE STUPID SAILOR THAT IS GOING TO GIVE SPINACH TO ALL OF THE KIDS?
YEAH! I YAM THAT STUPID GENEROUS GEN'LEMAN!
OKAY, PETE... IT'S HIM!
I BETS YOU WANTS TO CONGRATULAKE ME!
BAM

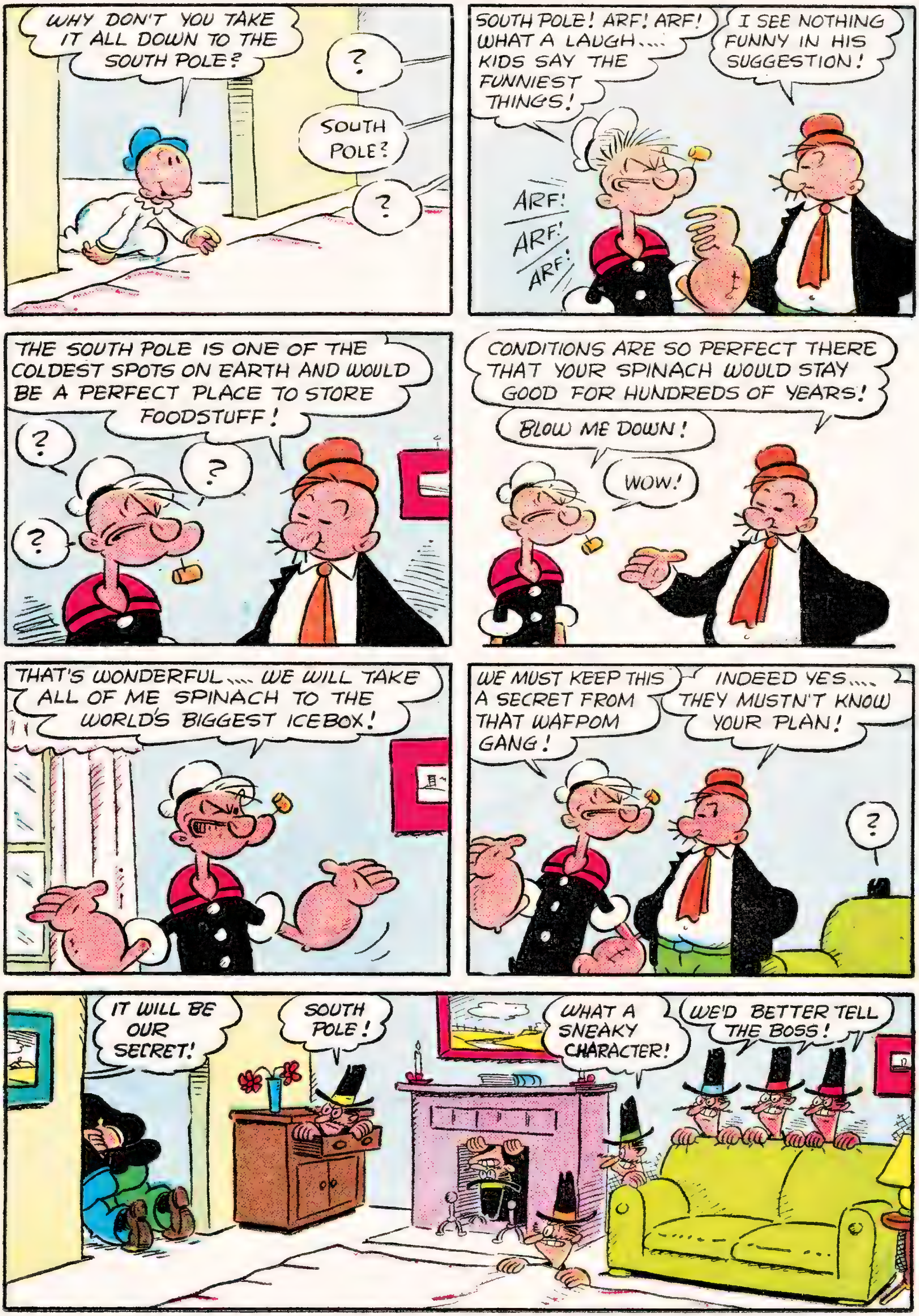

A SPLENDID BLOW, PETE!
THANKS.. I LIKED IT!
THE BOSS WILL BE PROUD OF US!
YEAH! WE SURE ELIMINATED THAT THREAT TO WAFPOM!
WHA'.. HAPPENED?
THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THOSE SWABS HAS TRIED TO DAMAGE ME!
AHOY, YA SWABS... I WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!
?
?
?
?
IT'S THE SAILOR!
HOW DARE YOU BE ALIVE? I JUST SMASHED YOU ON THE KONKUS... YOU'RE DEAD!
OF ALL THE NERVE!
DEAD?
?
?
ARF! ARF! DEAD! WHEeee! WHAT A LAUGH!! ARF! ARF!
?
ARF!
YA DOESN'T KNOW ME VERY WELL, DOES YA? ARF! ARF! DID YA THINK A LITTLE TAP LIKE THAT WOULD BOTHER POPEYE THE SAILOR? IT DIDN'T EVEN DENT ME HAIR!
ARF!
PLOP


PHOOEY! THEY BOTH FAINTED!
I WAS GOING TO SMACK THEM BUT I CAN'T SMACK A SWAB WHAT CAN'T SEE THE SMACK COMING!
POPEYE! POPEYE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!
?
?
IS SOMETHING WRONG, WIMPY?
YOU HAD BETTER COME RIGHT HOME!
HEY, LOOK! THEY'VE BUILT A NEW BUILDING ON OUR BLOCK!
THAT IS NO BUILDING, PAL!
THAT'S THE SPINACH YOU BOUGHT... THEY JUST DELIVERED IT!
YIKE!

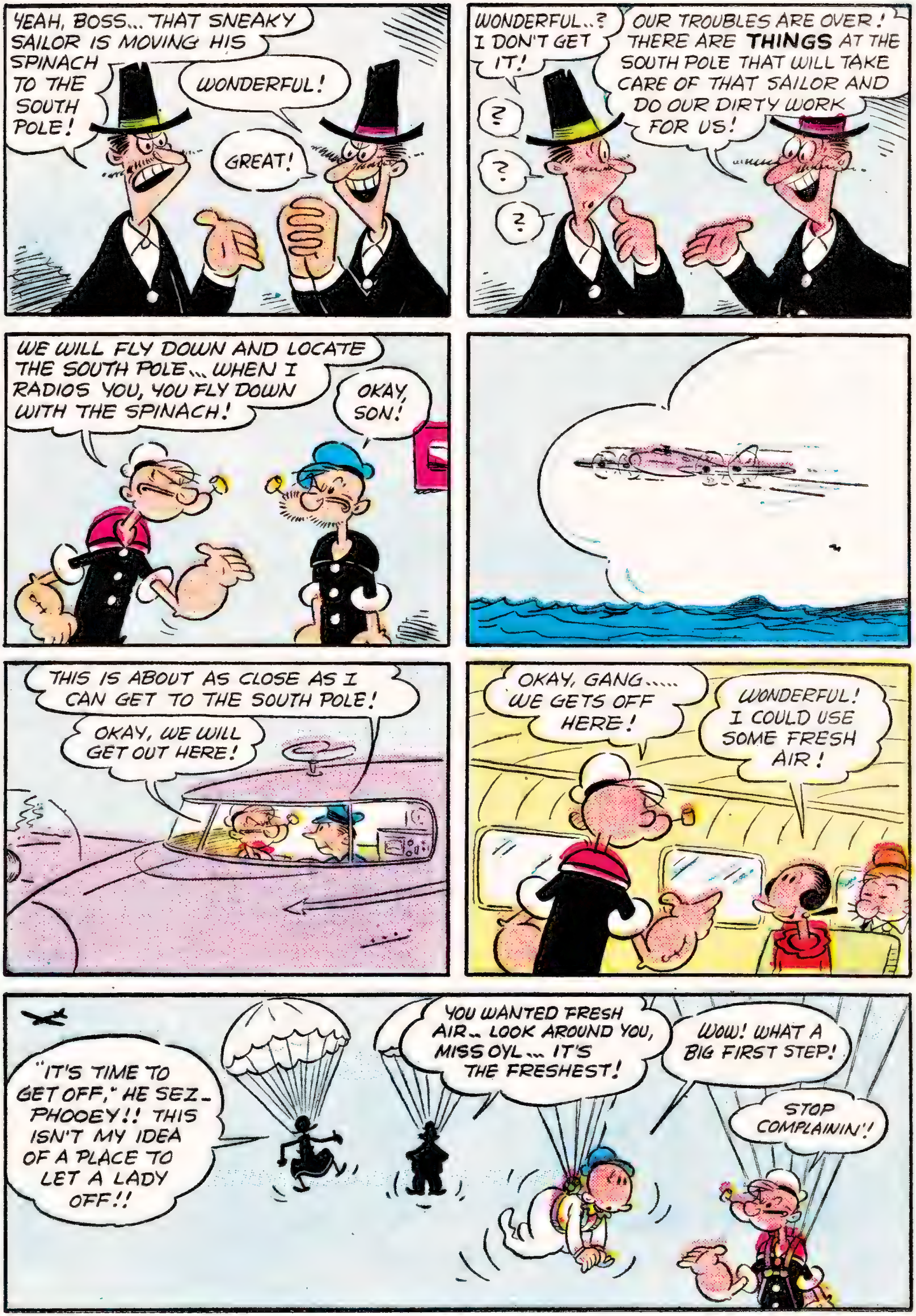

WOW!! TWO MILLION TONS OF SPINACH IN CRATES IS A LOT OF SPINACH!
INDEED IT IS!
THEY PILED IT RIGHT OVER YOUR HOUSE!
WE WILL HAVE TO TUNNEL THROUGH!
WE HAS REACHED THE FRONT DOOR, WIMP!
IT'S QUITE DARK IN HERE!
WAIT A SECOND... I'LL TURN ON THE LIGHTS!
PHOOEY! I CAN'T FIND THE LIGHT BUTTON WITH MY FINGER!
OOOUCH! ME FINGER IS STUCK IN SOMETHING!
PERHAPS I CAN FIND THE LIGHT SWITCH, POPEYE!
AH, HERE IT IS!
CLICK
?
?
?
?


!
BANG
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
?
YOU BROKE MY GUN!!
YOU CLUMSY SPINACH EATER!!
?
LISTING, CHUM,,.. YOU AND YER PALS HAVE BEEN BOTHERING ME ALL DAY....JUST WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT ?
I'M TOP DOG OF THE SPINACH HATERS! WE ARE OUT TO STOP MUSCLES .... WE **WERE** GOING TO STOP YOU FROM GIVING AWAY ALL OF YOUR SPINACH!
WHATCHA MEAN YOU **WERE** GOING TO STOP ME?
IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO STOP YOU NOW....
IT WILL ALL SPOIL BEFORE YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO GIVE IT AWAY!
SPOIL!?!
GULP!


HE'S RIGHT, OL' PAL... FRESH SPINACH WON'T LAST LONG PILED OUT IN THE OPEN!
OH, MY GORSH!! THIS IS TERRIBLE, WIMP!
?
?
?
PARDING ME!
SWISH!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CRASH!
BAM!
I AM CLEANING OUT THE REFRIGERATOR!
I'VE GOT TO GET THIS SPINACH UNDER REFRIGERATION!
I DON'T THINK IT WILL HOLD TWO MILLION TONS!
I CAN NOT LET ME FRESH SPINACH TURN INTO GARBAGE!
BUT WHERE CAN I FIND AN ICEBOX BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD IT ALL?
HM?
?
?



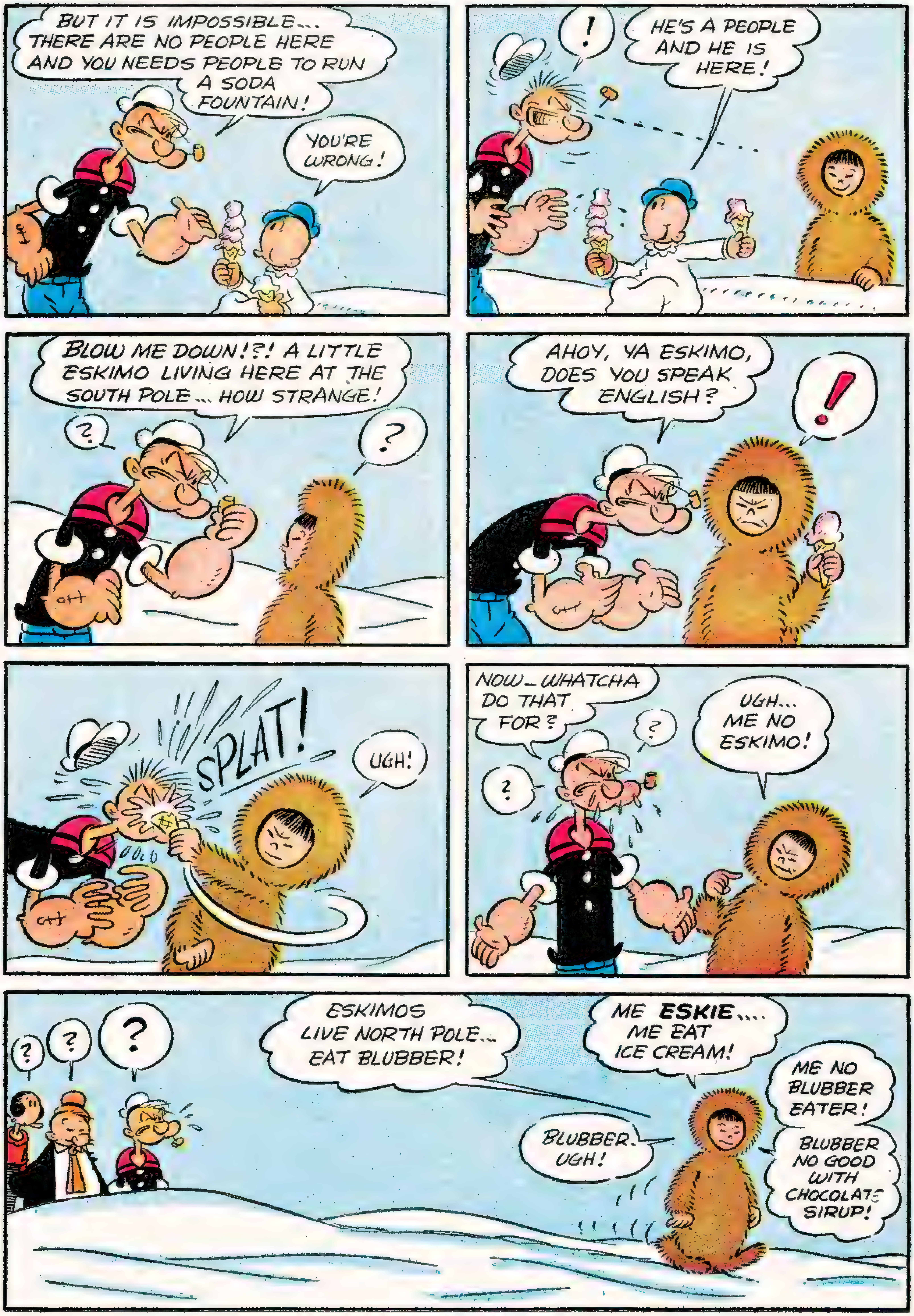
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT ALL DOWN TO THE SOUTH POLE?
?
SOUTH POLE?
?
SOUTH POLE! ARF! ARF! WHAT A LAUGH.... KIDS SAY THE FUNNIEST THINGS!
I SEE NOTHING FUNNY IN HIS SUGGESTION!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
THE SOUTH POLE IS ONE OF THE COLDEST SPOTS ON EARTH AND WOULD BE A PERFECT PLACE TO STORE FOODSTUFF!
?
?
?
CONDITIONS ARE SO PERFECT THERE THAT YOUR SPINACH WOULD STAY GOOD FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS!
BLOW ME DOWN!
WOW!
THAT'S WONDERFUL.... WE WILL TAKE ALL OF ME SPINACH TO THE WORLD'S BIGGEST ICEBOX!
WE MUST KEEP THIS A SECRET FROM THAT WAFPOM GANG!
INDEED YES.... THEY MUSTN'T KNOW YOUR PLAN!
?
IT WILL BE OUR SECRET!
SOUTH POLE!
WHAT A SNEAKY CHARACTER!
WE'D BETTER TELL THE BOSS!

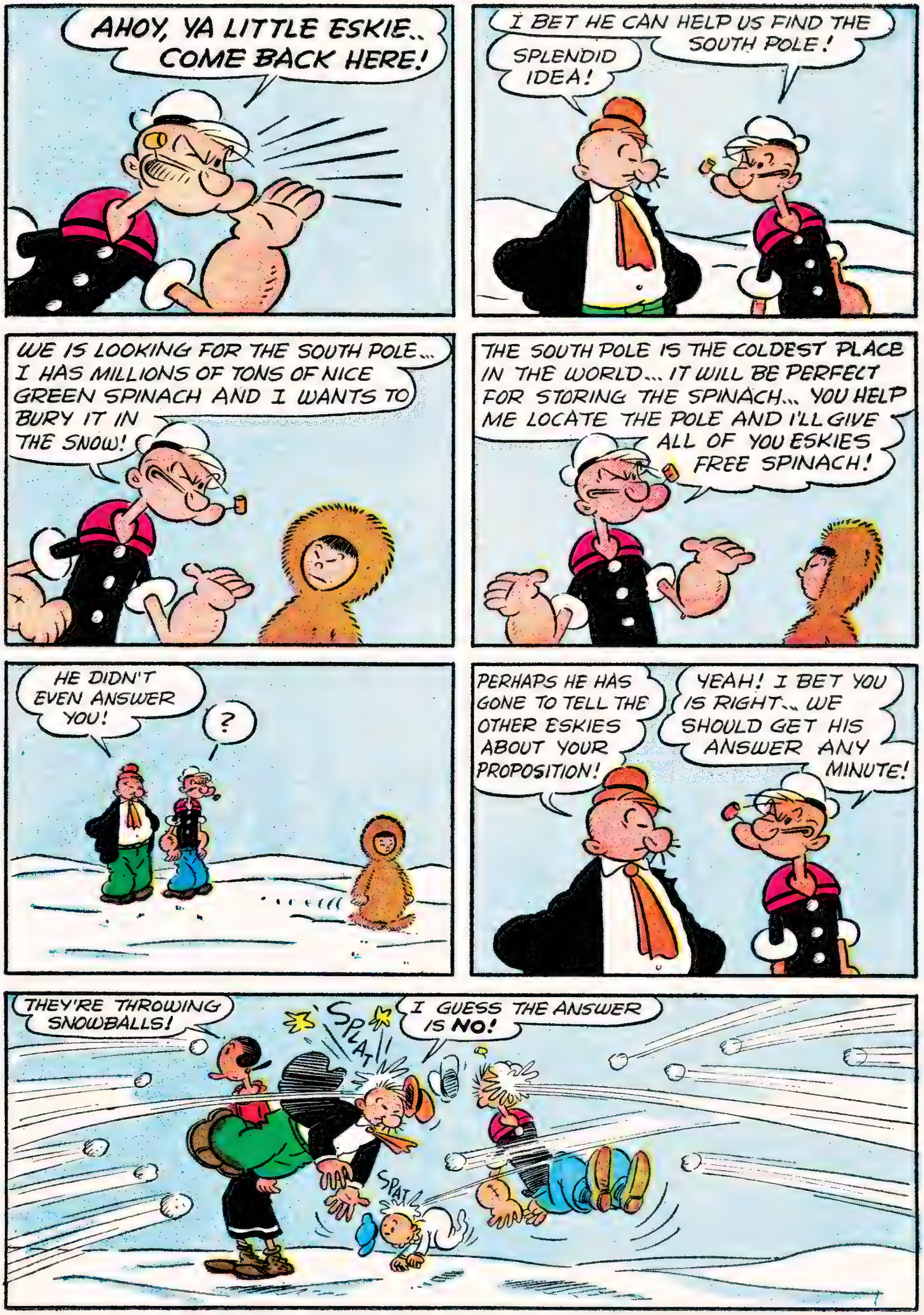

YEAH, BOSS... THAT SNEAKY SAILOR IS MOVING HIS SPINACH TO THE SOUTH POLE!
WONDERFUL!
GREAT!
WONDERFUL..? I DON'T GET IT!
?
?
?
OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! THERE ARE THINGS AT THE SOUTH POLE THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT SAILOR AND DO OUR DIRTY WORK FOR US!
WE WILL FLY DOWN AND LOCATE THE SOUTH POLE... WHEN I RADIOS YOU, YOU FLY DOWN WITH THE SPINACH!
OKAY, SON!
THIS IS ABOUT AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET TO THE SOUTH POLE!
OKAY, WE WILL GET OUT HERE!
OKAY, GANG..... WE GETS OFF HERE!
WONDERFUL! I COULD USE SOME FRESH AIR!
"IT'S TIME TO GET OFF," HE SEZ– PHOOEY!! THIS ISN'T MY IDEA OF A PLACE TO LET A LADY OFF!!
YOU WANTED FRESH AIR.. LOOK AROUND YOU, MISS OYL... IT'S THE FRESHEST!
WOW! WHAT A BIG FIRST STEP!
STOP COMPLAININ'!

WE IS HERE! WELCOME TO THE BIG ICEBOX!
NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE SOUTH POLE AND THEN RADIO PAPPY TO START THE SPINACH COMING!
THAT SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG!
?
?
?
HOW WILL WE KNOW THE SOUTH POLE?
WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN WHEN YOU'RE IN SCHOOL... IT LOOKS LIKE A BARBER POLE!
MY, WHAT A DESOLATE PLACE!
NOTHING BUT SNOW AND ICE!
THAT'S AN INTERESTING ICE FORMATION OVER THERE!
IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A SODA FOUNTAIN!
ONE VANILLA SODA, PLEASE!

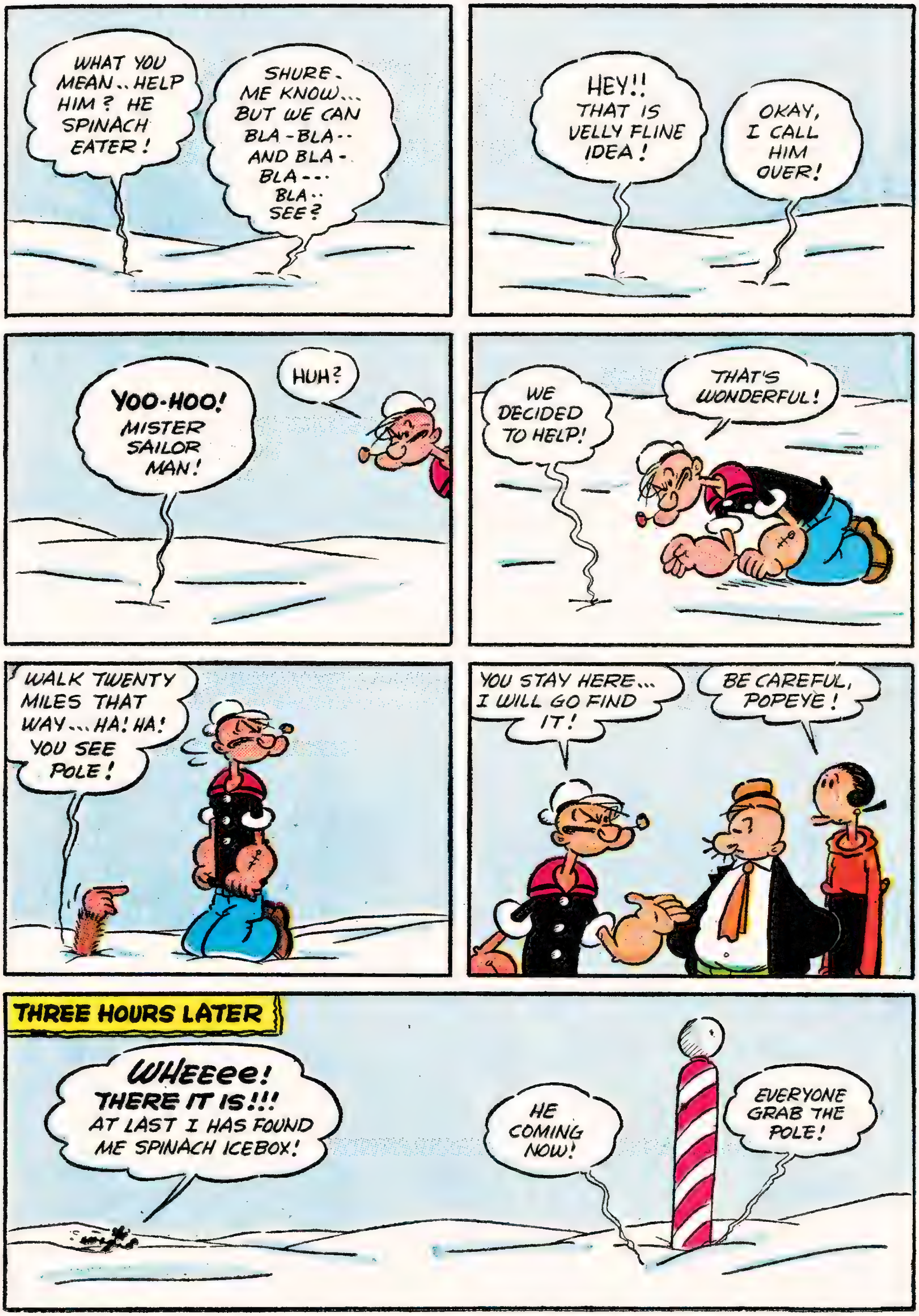
AHOY, OLIVE... WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M RIGHT OVER HERE, POPEYE!
!
?
?
?
UGH!
PHOOEY
WHY, YOU... YOU... OF ALL THE MISERABLE -- I'LL SMASH THIS PLACE!
AHOY, OLIVE... WHAT IS WRONG?
GR-R-R
THE NERVE
I ORDERED A VANILLA SODA AND THE CRUMB SERVED ME A PINEAPPLE SODA... **I HATE PINEAPPLE!!**
?
HUH?
?
GR-R-R

AHOY, WIMPY... COME HERE! OLIVE HAS COMED DOWN WITH ICE MADNESS!
I'LL TAKE MY BUSINESS SOME PLACE ELSE!
IS SHE IMAGINING THINGS?
YEAH... POOR GIRL THINKS SHE HAD AN ICED-CREAM SODA!
GR-R!
GR-R-R!
JUST TAKE IT EASY.... YOU WILL BE OKAY IN A MINUTE!
?
HERE YOU ARE, POPEYE ... HERE'S A SODA FOR YOU!
HEY, THANKS, WIMPY... THAT LOOKS REAL GOOD!
POOR OLIVE... I AM WORRIED ABOUT HER... THERE IS NO SODA FOUNTAINS FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES!
AND SHE WAS SUCH A NICE GIRL!
WHA-- TH--?
GULP!!
?
?
YIKE! I HAS GOT ICED MADNESS MESELF!!
THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU... THIS IS A REAL SODA FOUNTAIN... YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT!
HUH?

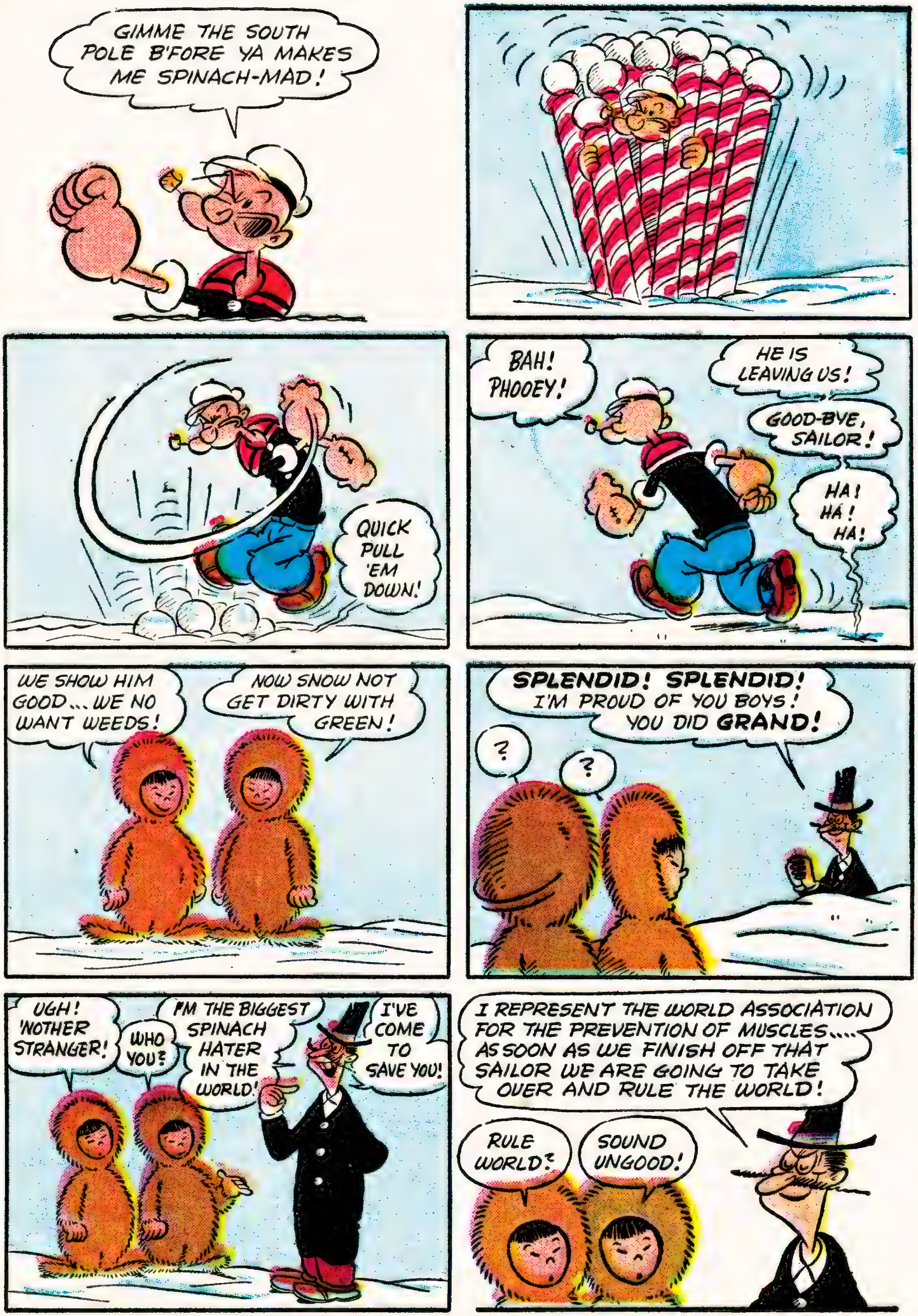

BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE... THERE ARE NO PEOPLE HERE AND YOU NEEDS PEOPLE TO RUN A SODA FOUNTAIN!
YOU'RE WRONG!
!
HE'S A PEOPLE AND HE IS HERE!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! A LITTLE ESKIMO LIVING HERE AT THE SOUTH POLE... HOW STRANGE!
?
?
AHOY, YA ESKIMO, DOES YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
!
SPLAT!
UGH!
NOW–WHATCHA DO THAT FOR?
?
?
UGH... ME NO ESKIMO!
?
?
?
ESKIMOS LIVE NORTH POLE... EAT BLUBBER!
ME ESKIE.... ME EAT ICE CREAM!
ME NO BLUBBER EATER!
BLUBBER. UGH!
BLUBBER NO GOOD WITH CHOCOLATE SIRUP!

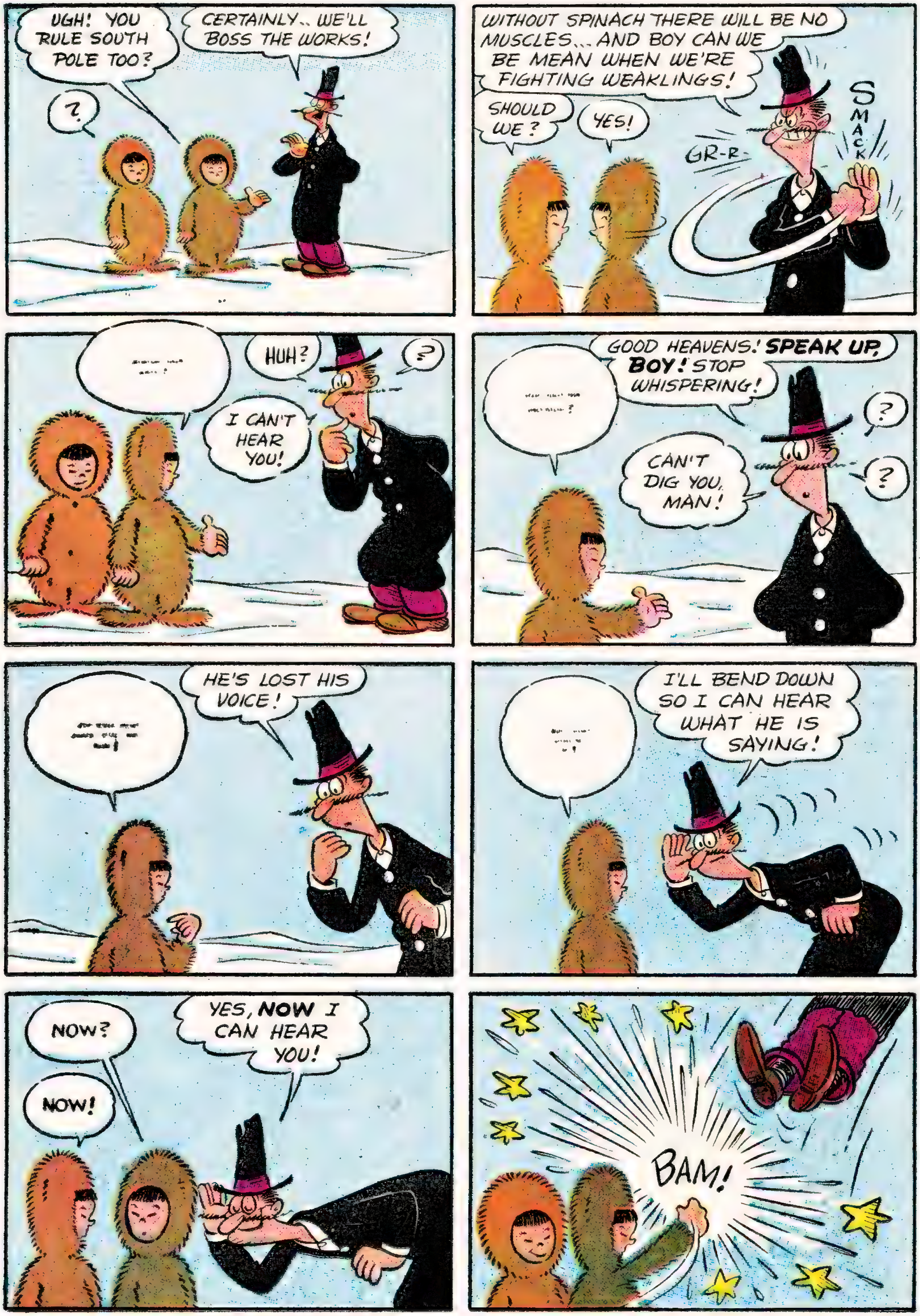

AHOY, YA LITTLE ESKIE.. COME BACK HERE!
I BET HE CAN HELP US FIND THE SOUTH POLE!
SPLENDID IDEA!
WE IS LOOKING FOR THE SOUTH POLE... I HAS MILLIONS OF TONS OF NICE GREEN SPINACH AND I WANTS TO BURY IT IN THE SNOW!
THE SOUTH POLE IS THE COLDEST PLACE IN THE WORLD... IT WILL BE PERFECT FOR STORING THE SPINACH... YOU HELP ME LOCATE THE POLE AND I'LL GIVE ALL OF YOU ESKIES FREE SPINACH!
HE DIDN'T EVEN ANSWER YOU!
?
PERHAPS HE HAS GONE TO TELL THE OTHER ESKIES ABOUT YOUR PROPOSITION!
YEAH! I BET YOU IS RIGHT... WE SHOULD GET HIS ANSWER ANY MINUTE!
THEY'RE THROWING SNOWBALLS!
SPLAT!
I GUESS THE ANSWER IS NO!
SPAT!

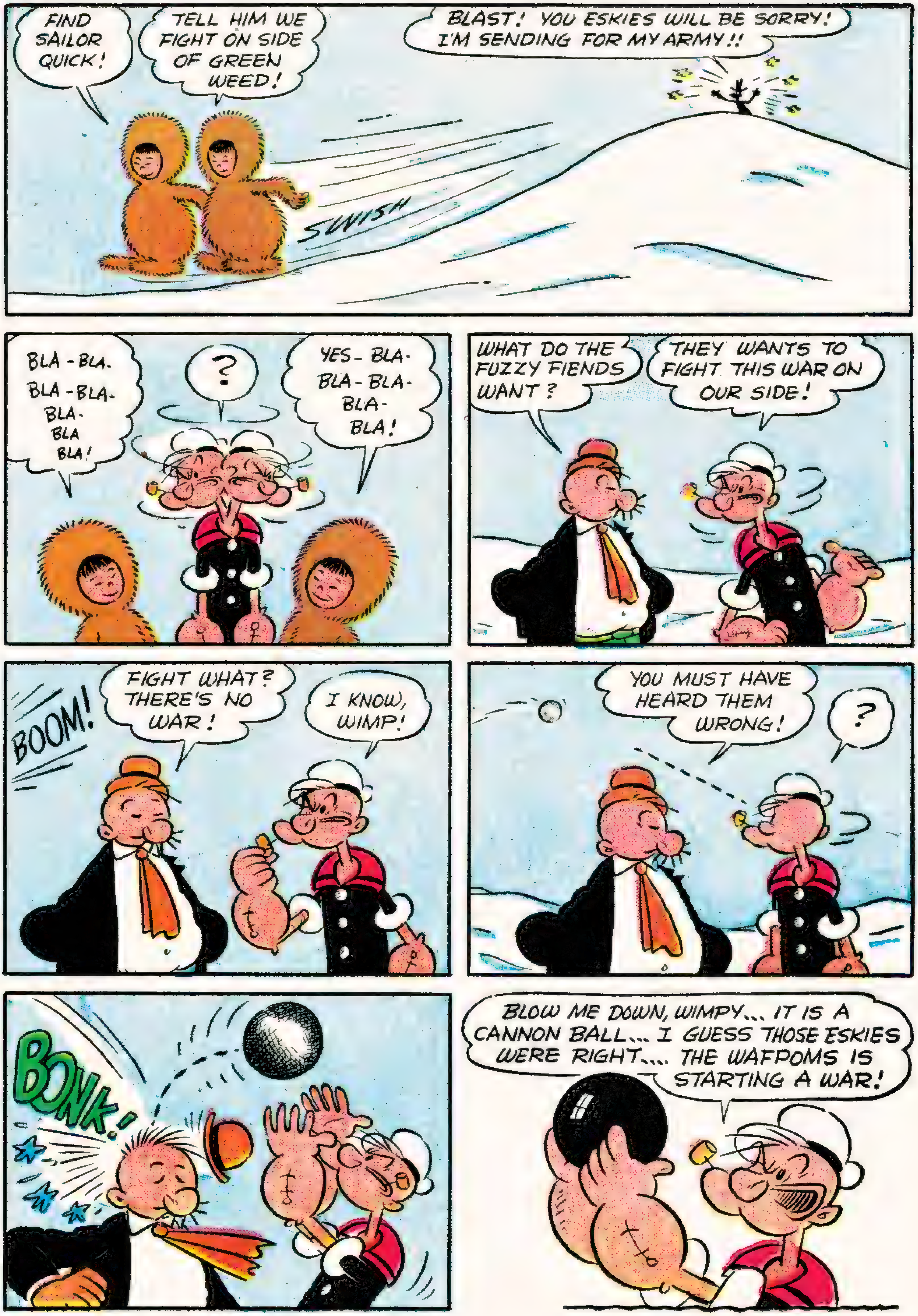
THEY'RE NOT VERY FRIENDLY!
OH-OH! HERE HE COMES BACK!
DID YOU COME BACK TO APOLOGIZE ?
NO! ME COME BACK TO GIVE ADVICE..... SCRAM! PICK UP FEET, GO HOME... WE NO WANT GREEN SPINACH CLUTTERING UP WHITE SNOW!
GOOD-BYE!
WEED!?
SPINACH IS DIRTY WEED... WE NO WANT WEEDS AT OUR SOUTH POLE!
YA KIN INSULT ME BUT DON'T EVER SAY THINGS LIKE THAT ABOUT SPINACH!
SWISH
YOU MISSED HIM!
WHERE..WHERE DID HE GO?
WHEN YOU SWUNG HE JUST SANK DOWN INTO THE SNOW!
?
UGH! SILLY SPINACH EATER TRY TO HIT ESKIE! HA! HA!
PLENTY NERVE..... TRYING TO LOAD POLE UP WITH WEEDS!
OUR BEAUTIFUL SNOW FULL OF GREEN WEEDS... UGH!
SAY!! MAYBE WE SHOULD HELP HIM FIND POLE!
HUH?


WHAT YOU MEAN.. HELP HIM? HE SPINACH EATER!
SHURE-ME KNOW... BUT WE CAN BLA-BLA-- AND BLA-BLA--- BLA.. SEE?
HEY!! THAT IS VELLY FLINE IDEA!
OKAY, I CALL HIM OVER!
YOO-HOO! MISTER SAILOR MAN!
HUH?
WE DECIDED TO HELP!
THAT'S WONDERFUL!
WALK TWENTY MILES THAT WAY... HA! HA! YOU SEE POLE!
YOU STAY HERE... I WILL GO FIND IT!
BE CAREFUL, POPEYE!
THREE HOURS LATER
WHEEEee! THERE IT IS!!! AT LAST I HAS FOUND ME SPINACH ICEBOX!
HE COMING NOW!
EVERYONE GRAB THE POLE!

NOW ME SPINACH WILL BE SAFE!
I WON'T BELIEVE IT UNTIL I FEELS IT IN ME HANDS!
OKAY... ONE-TWO-THREE-PULL!
?
?
?
HA! HA! LOOK AT HE... WHEEEe!
AHOY, YA BLASTID ESKIES.... STICK THAT POLE BACK UP HERE!
OKAY! HERE IT IS!
HE WANTS POLES... GIVE HIM SOME, GANG!
?
?
?
BROKEN POLE
LAMP POLE
BEAN POLE
FISH POLE
TELEGRAPH POLE
CLOTHES POLE
SHORT POLE
BOAT POLE
BENT POLE

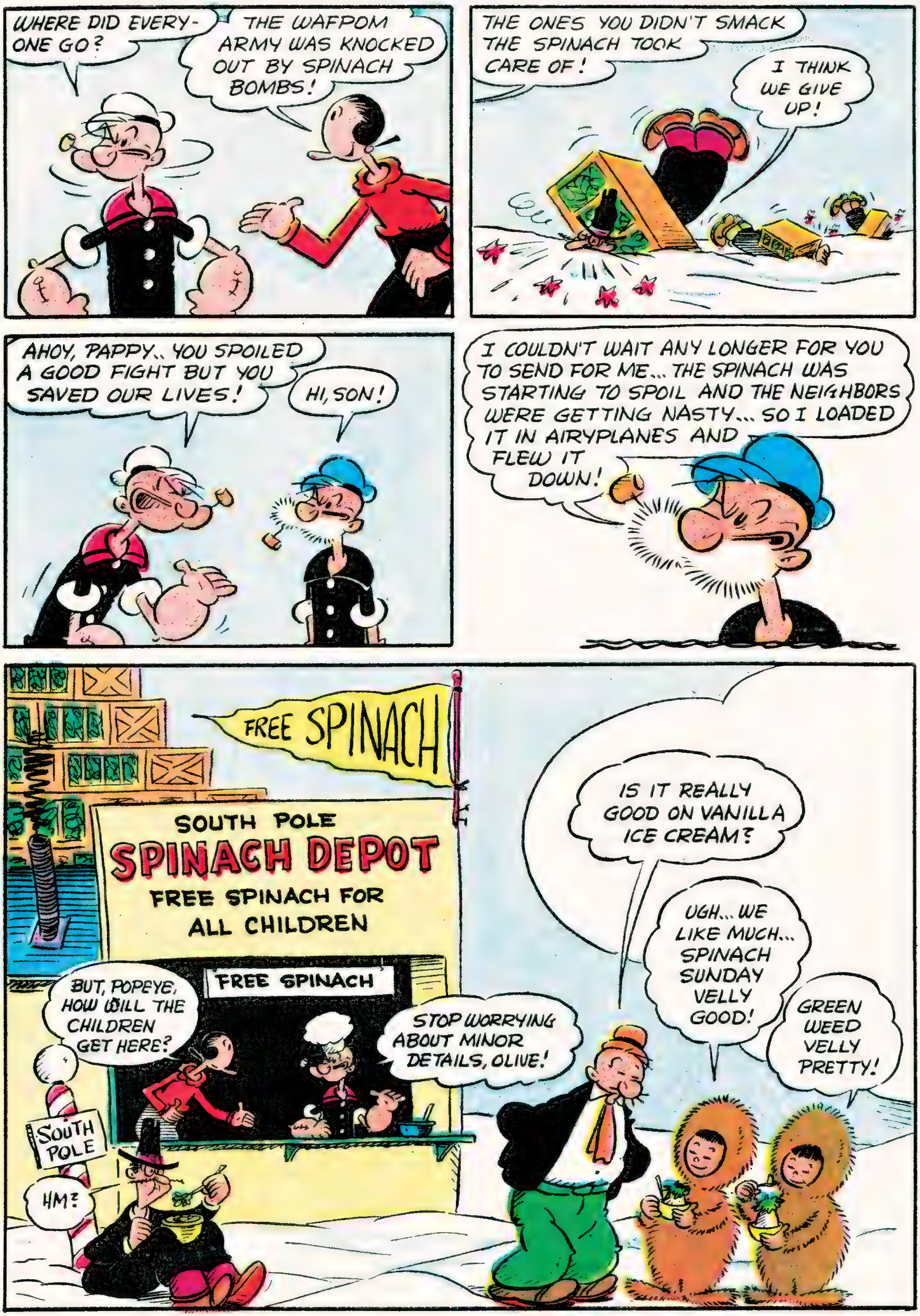

GIMME THE SOUTH POLE B'FORE YA MAKES ME SPINACH-MAD!
BAH! PHOOEY!
HE IS LEAVING US!
GOOD-BYE, SAILOR!
HA! HA! HA!
QUICK PULL 'EM DOWN!
WE SHOW HIM GOOD... WE NO WANT WEEDS!
NOW SNOW NOT GET DIRTY WITH GREEN!
SPLENDID! SPLENDID! I'M PROUD OF YOU BOYS! YOU DID GRAND!
?
?
UGH! 'NOTHER STRANGER!
WHO YOU?
I'M THE BIGGEST SPINACH HATER IN THE WORLD!
I'VE COME TO SAVE YOU!
I REPRESENT THE WORLD ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF MUSCLES..... AS SOON AS WE FINISH OFF THAT SAILOR WE ARE GOING TO TAKE OVER AND RULE THE WORLD!
RULE WORLD?
SOUND UNGOOD!


UGH! YOU RULE SOUTH POLE TOO?
CERTAINLY.. WE'LL BOSS THE WORKS!
?
WITHOUT SPINACH THERE WILL BE NO MUSCLES... AND BOY CAN WE BE MEAN WHEN WE'RE FIGHTING WEAKLINGS!
SHOULD WE?
YES!
GR-R
SMACK
HUH?
?
I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
GOOD HEAVENS! SPEAK UP, BOY! STOP WHISPERING!
?
CAN'T DIG YOU, MAN!
?
HE'S LOST HIS VOICE!
I'LL BEND DOWN SO I CAN HEAR WHAT HE IS SAYING!
NOW?
NOW!
YES, NOW I CAN HEAR YOU!
BAM!

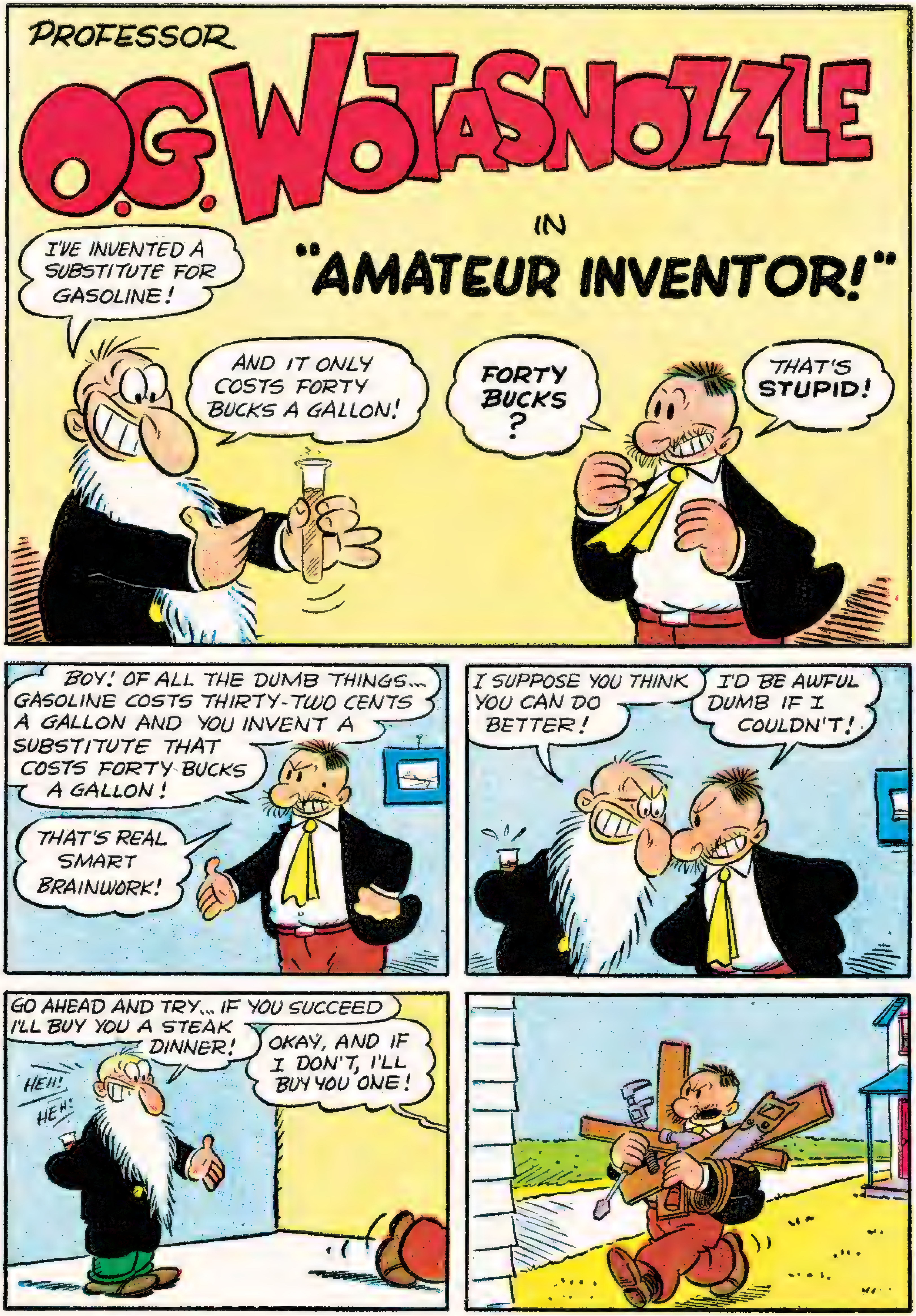

FIND SAILOR QUICK!
TELL HIM WE FIGHT ON SIDE OF GREEN WEED!
BLAST! YOU ESKIES WILL BE SORRY! I'M SENDING FOR MY ARMY!!
SWISH
BLA-BLA. BLA-BLA. BLA. BLA BLA!
?
YES-BLA-BLA-BLA-BLA. BLA-BLA!
WHAT DO THE FUZZY FIENDS WANT?
THEY WANTS TO FIGHT THIS WAR ON OUR SIDE!
BOOM!
FIGHT WHAT? THERE'S NO WAR!
I KNOW, WIMP!
YOU MUST HAVE HEARD THEM WRONG!
?
BONK!
BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY... IT IS A CANNON BALL... I GUESS THOSE ESKIES WERE RIGHT.... THE WAFPOMS IS STARTING A WAR!

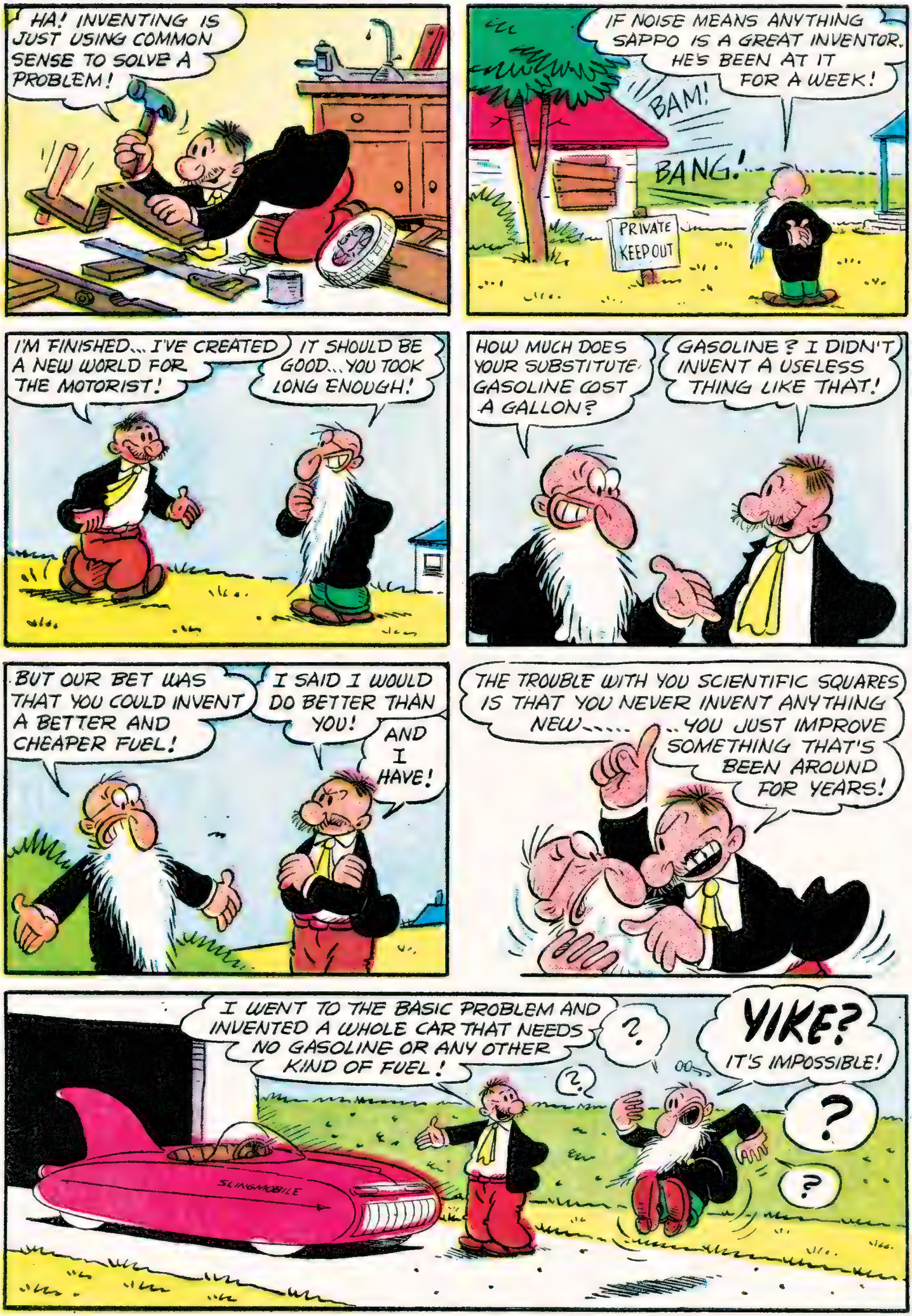
I AM PLEASED TO HAVE YOU FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF SPINACH!
YOU FIGHT... WE WATCH!
POPEYE... THE WAFPOMS ARE COMING!
OH, MY GORSH!
THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM!
SHALL WE GIVE UP NOW AND NOT RISK THE LIFE OF J. WELLINGTON WIMPY?
DON'T BE SILLY.... THIS MIGHT WORK INTO A GOOD FIGHT!
SPINACH
OH, DEAR... EVEN POPEYE CAN'T GO ON FOR-EVER!
I'D GIVE HIM A HAND BUT IT MIGHT SPOIL HIS FUN!
SPLAT
LET ME AT HIM!
THE WAFPOM STRIKES AGAIN!
GR-R
DOWN WITH SPINACH!
HURRY UP! I WANT MY TURN!

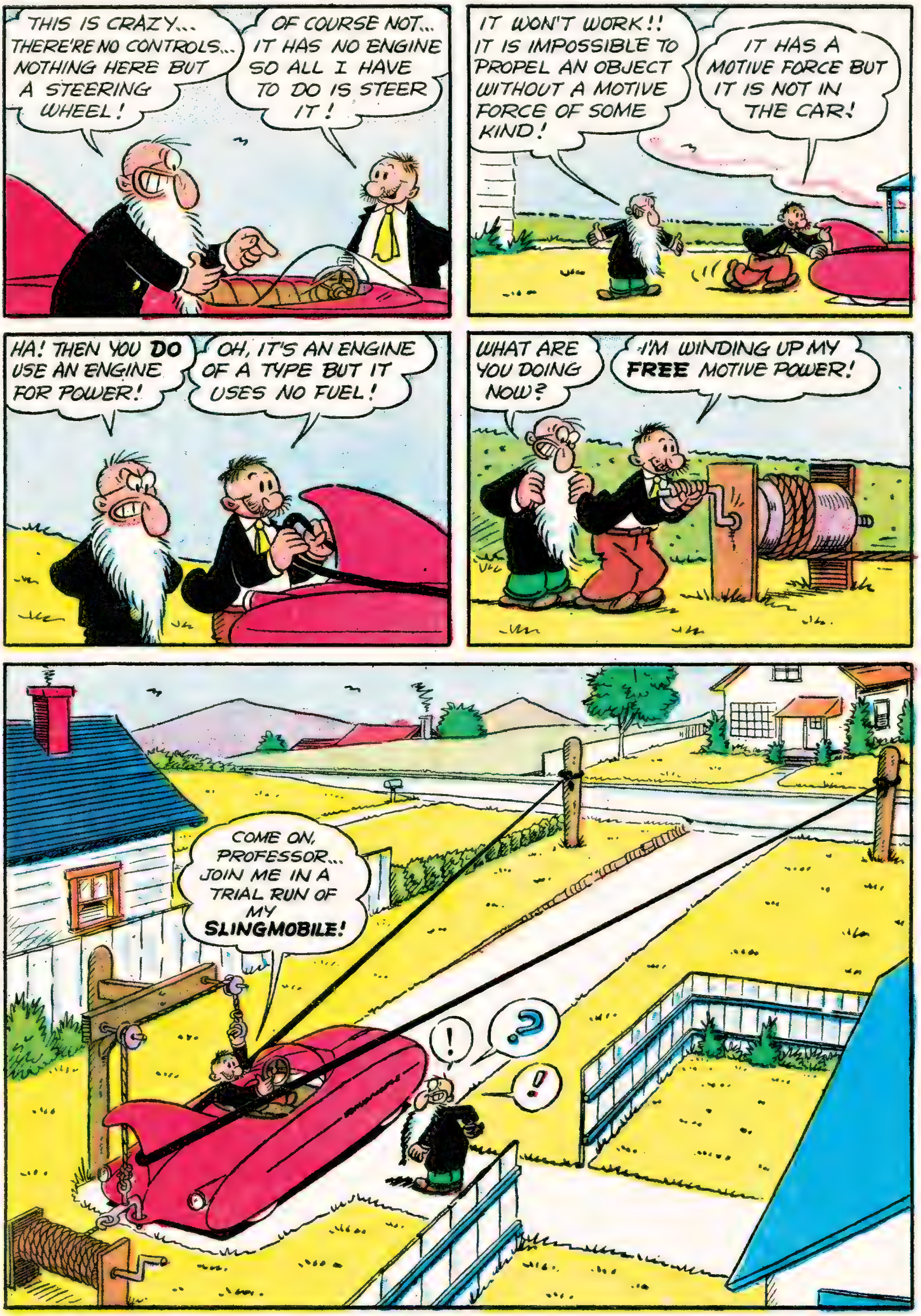
SPLAT! SMACK! BAM!
IT IS JUST AS I FEARED, MISS OYL.... POPEYE IS TIRING... HE ONLY SMACKED THIS ONE TWENTY-SEVEN FEET!
OH DEAR!
SMACK! POP! BAM!
I FEAR HE IS GOING TO LOSE THIS WAR FOR US!
OH! I WISH HE HAD SOME MORE SPINACH!
THERE ARE NO STORES AROUND HERE!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! I WISHED AND NOW IT'S RAINING SPINACH!
NEXT TIME DON'T WISH FOR SUCH ACCURACY!
BAM!



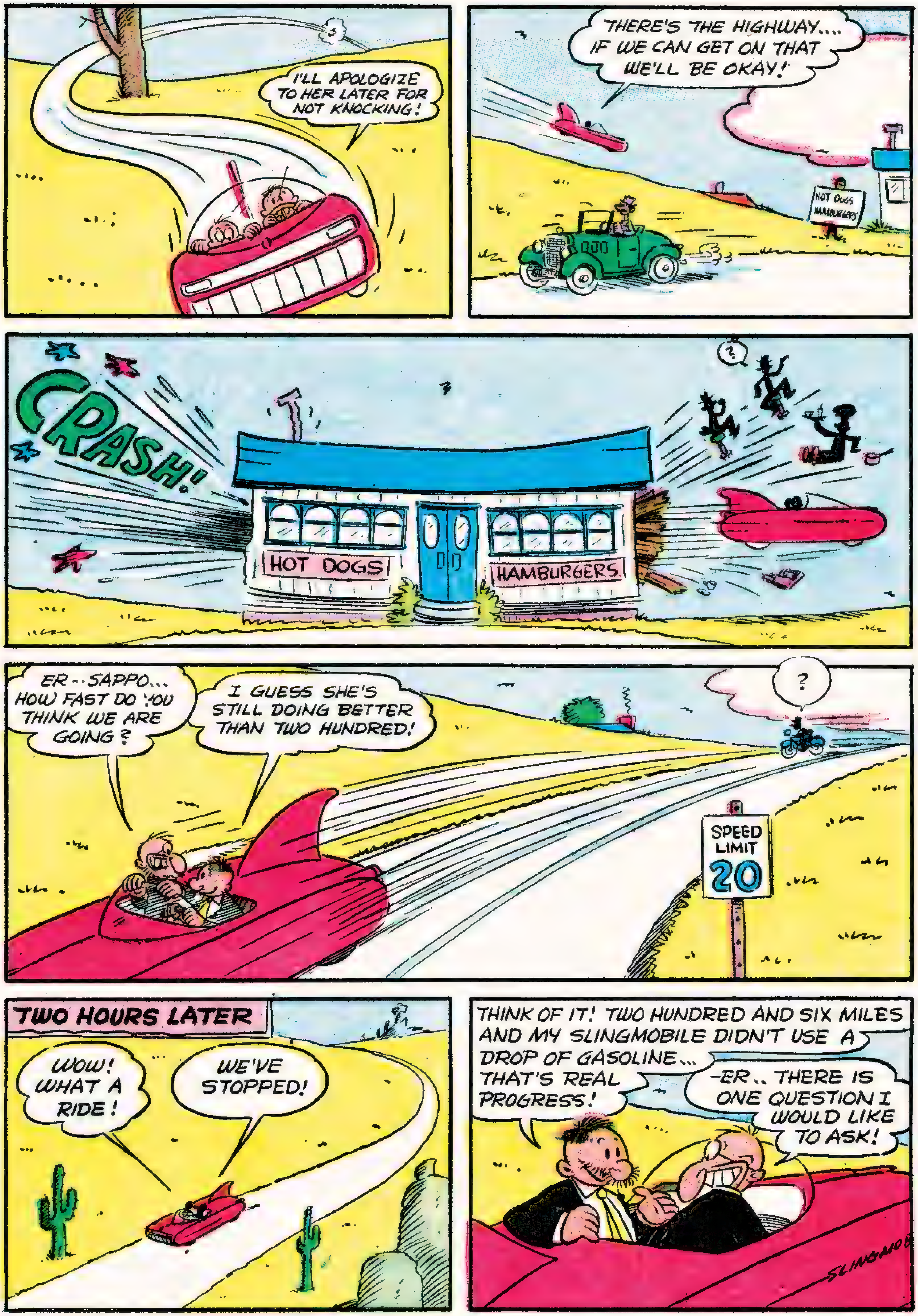
WHERE DID EVERY-ONE GO?
THE WAFPOM ARMY WAS KNOCKED OUT BY SPINACH BOMBS!
THE ONES YOU DIDN'T SMACK THE SPINACH TOOK CARE OF!
I THINK WE GIVE UP!
AHOY, PAPPY.. YOU SPOILED A GOOD FIGHT BUT YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!
HI, SON!
I COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER FOR YOU TO SEND FOR ME... THE SPINACH WAS STARTING TO SPOIL AND THE NEIGHBORS WERE GETTING NASTY... SO I LOADED IT IN AIRYPLANES AND FLEW IT DOWN!
FREE SPINACH
SOUTH POLE
SPINACH DEPOT
FREE SPINACH FOR ALL CHILDREN
FREE SPINACH
BUT, POPEYE, HOW WILL THE CHILDREN GET HERE?
STOP WORRYING ABOUT MINOR DETAILS, OLIVE!
SOUTH POLE
HM?
IS IT REALLY GOOD ON VANILLA ICE CREAM?
UGH... WE LIKE MUCH... SPINACH SUNDAY VELLY GOOD!
GREEN WEED VELLY PRETTY!

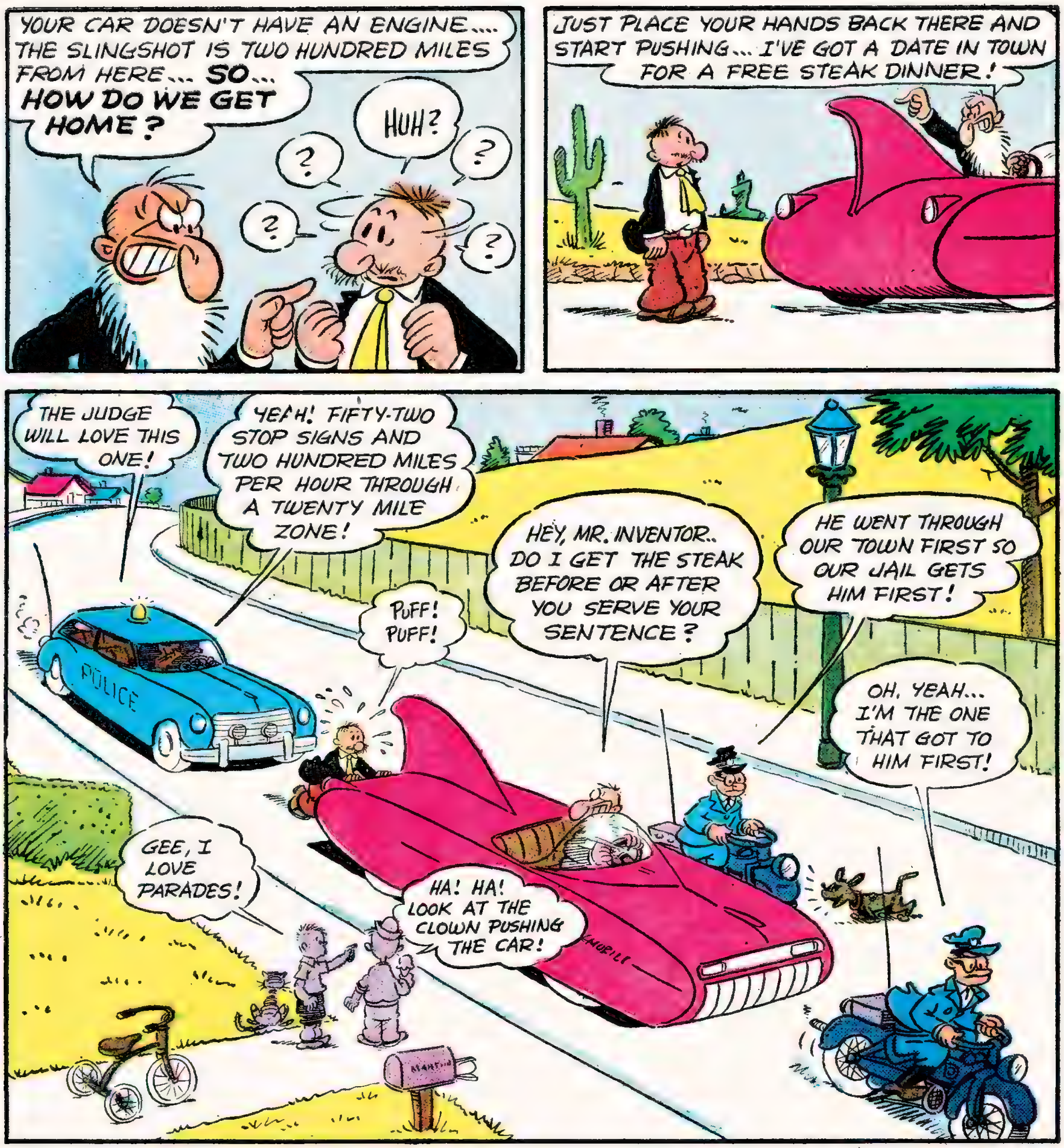

PROFESSOR
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
IN
"AMATEUR INVENTOR!"
I'VE INVENTED A SUBSTITUTE FOR GASOLINE!
AND IT ONLY COSTS FORTY BUCKS A GALLON!
FORTY BUCKS ?
THAT'S STUPID!
BOY! OF ALL THE DUMB THINGS... GASOLINE COSTS THIRTY-TWO CENTS A GALLON AND YOU INVENT A SUBSTITUTE THAT COSTS FORTY BUCKS A GALLON!
THAT'S REAL SMART BRAINWORK!
I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER!
I'D BE AWFUL DUMB IF I COULDN'T!
GO AHEAD AND TRY... IF YOU SUCCEED I'LL BUY YOU A STEAK DINNER!
OKAY, AND IF I DON'T, I'LL BUY YOU ONE!
HEH! HEH!

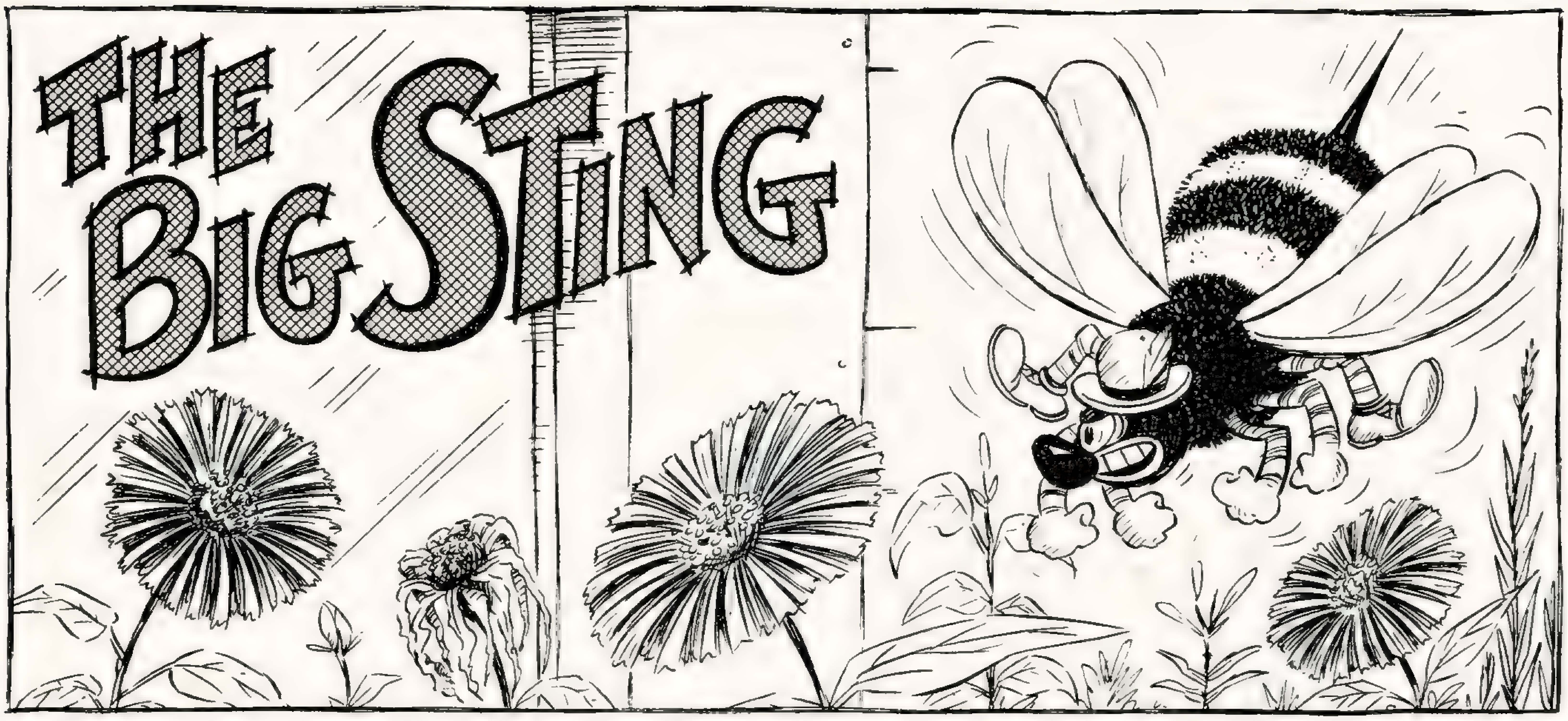

HA! INVENTING IS JUST USING COMMON SENSE TO SOLVE A PROBLEM!
IF NOISE MEANS ANYTHING SAPPO IS A GREAT INVENTOR. HE'S BEEN AT IT FOR A WEEK!
BAM!
BANG!
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
I'M FINISHED... I'VE CREATED A NEW WORLD FOR THE MOTORIST!
IT SHOULD BE GOOD... YOU TOOK LONG ENOUGH!
HOW MUCH DOES YOUR SUBSTITUTE GASOLINE COST A GALLON?
GASOLINE? I DIDN'T INVENT A USELESS THING LIKE THAT!
BUT OUR BET WAS THAT YOU COULD INVENT A BETTER AND CHEAPER FUEL!
I SAID I WOULD DO BETTER THAN YOU!
AND I HAVE!
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU SCIENTIFIC SQUARES IS THAT YOU NEVER INVENT ANYTHING NEW..... ..YOU JUST IMPROVE SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN AROUND FOR YEARS!
I WENT TO THE BASIC PROBLEM AND INVENTED A WHOLE CAR THAT NEEDS NO GASOLINE OR ANY OTHER KIND OF FUEL!
SLINGMOBILE
YIKE? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
?
?
?
?


THIS IS CRAZY... THERE'RE NO CONTROLS... NOTHING HERE BUT A STEERING WHEEL!
OF COURSE NOT... IT HAS NO ENGINE SO ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STEER IT!
IT WON'T WORK!! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PROPEL AN OBJECT WITHOUT A MOTIVE FORCE OF SOME KIND!
IT HAS A MOTIVE FORCE BUT IT IS NOT IN THE CAR!
HA! THEN YOU **DO** USE AN ENGINE FOR POWER!
OH, IT'S AN ENGINE OF A TYPE BUT IT USES NO FUEL!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?
I'M WINDING UP MY **FREE** MOTIVE POWER!
COME ON, PROFESSOR... JOIN ME IN A TRIAL RUN OF MY **SLINGMOBILE!**
!
?
!

WHEN I PULL THIS RING IT WILL RELEASE THE CAR AND THE GIANT SLINGSHOT WILL THROW US FORWARD!
WATCH OUT FOR THAT FIRST TURN ONTO THE STREET!
HOLD ON... HERE WE GO!
SWOOSH
TURN, SAPPO!!! TURN!
CRASH!
YOU DIDN'T TURN!


I'LL APOLOGIZE TO HER LATER FOR NOT KNOCKING!
THERE'S THE HIGHWAY.... IF WE CAN GET ON THAT WE'LL BE OKAY!
HOT DOGS HAMBURGERS
CRASH!
?
HOT DOGS
HAMBURGERS
ER--SAPPO... HOW FAST DO YOU THINK WE ARE GOING?
I GUESS SHE'S STILL DOING BETTER THAN TWO HUNDRED!
?
SPEED LIMIT 20
TWO HOURS LATER
WOW! WHAT A RIDE!
WE'VE STOPPED!
THINK OF IT! TWO HUNDRED AND SIX MILES AND MY SLINGMOBILE DIDN'T USE A DROP OF GASOLINE... THAT'S REAL PROGRESS!
-ER.. THERE IS ONE QUESTION I WOULD LIKE TO ASK!


YOUR CAR DOESN'T HAVE AN ENGINE.... THE SLINGSHOT IS TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE... SO... HOW DO WE GET HOME?
HUH?
?
?
?
?
JUST PLACE YOUR HANDS BACK THERE AND START PUSHING... I'VE GOT A DATE IN TOWN FOR A FREE STEAK DINNER!
THE JUDGE WILL LOVE THIS ONE!
YEAH! FIFTY-TWO STOP SIGNS AND TWO HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR THROUGH A TWENTY MILE ZONE!
POLICE
PUFF! PUFF!
HEY, MR. INVENTOR.. DO I GET THE STEAK BEFORE OR AFTER YOU SERVE YOUR SENTENCE?
HE WENT THROUGH OUR TOWN FIRST SO OUR JAIL GETS HIM FIRST!
OH, YEAH... I'M THE ONE THAT GOT TO HIM FIRST!
GEE, I LOVE PARADES!
HA! HA! LOOK AT THE CLOWN PUSHING THE CAR!



As with towns and villages, flower gardens can and do have their bullies. This story is about one of the most quarrelsome, swaggering bullies that ever walked around on six legs.

This nasty bully was a big black and yellow bumblebee, the kind that buzzes around the flower garden in summer and likes to zoom past your ear to let you know that he has no fear of people or anything else.

Buzzy was a bully and he LIKED to sting. He even called himself THE BIG STING and he ruled the garden of the neighborhood with a vengeance. Nothing was too big or too small to escape the needle-sharp barb that he carried around with him.

Things became so bad in the garden that even the people who had planted it were afraid to enter Buzzy's territory. THE BIG STING was the kingpin and anything that moved was the target for his vicious barb.

But, as happens with all bullies, Buzzy eventually met his doom. And as with most bullies, his doom was himself. It all happened on a warm summer day.

Buzzy felt the need of a midday snack so he flew over to his favorite flowers which grew alongside of the garage. He was about to dive into the center of a large flower, that he had been saving for a day like this, when, suddenly, out of the corner of his eye he caught a motion in the air a short distance away.

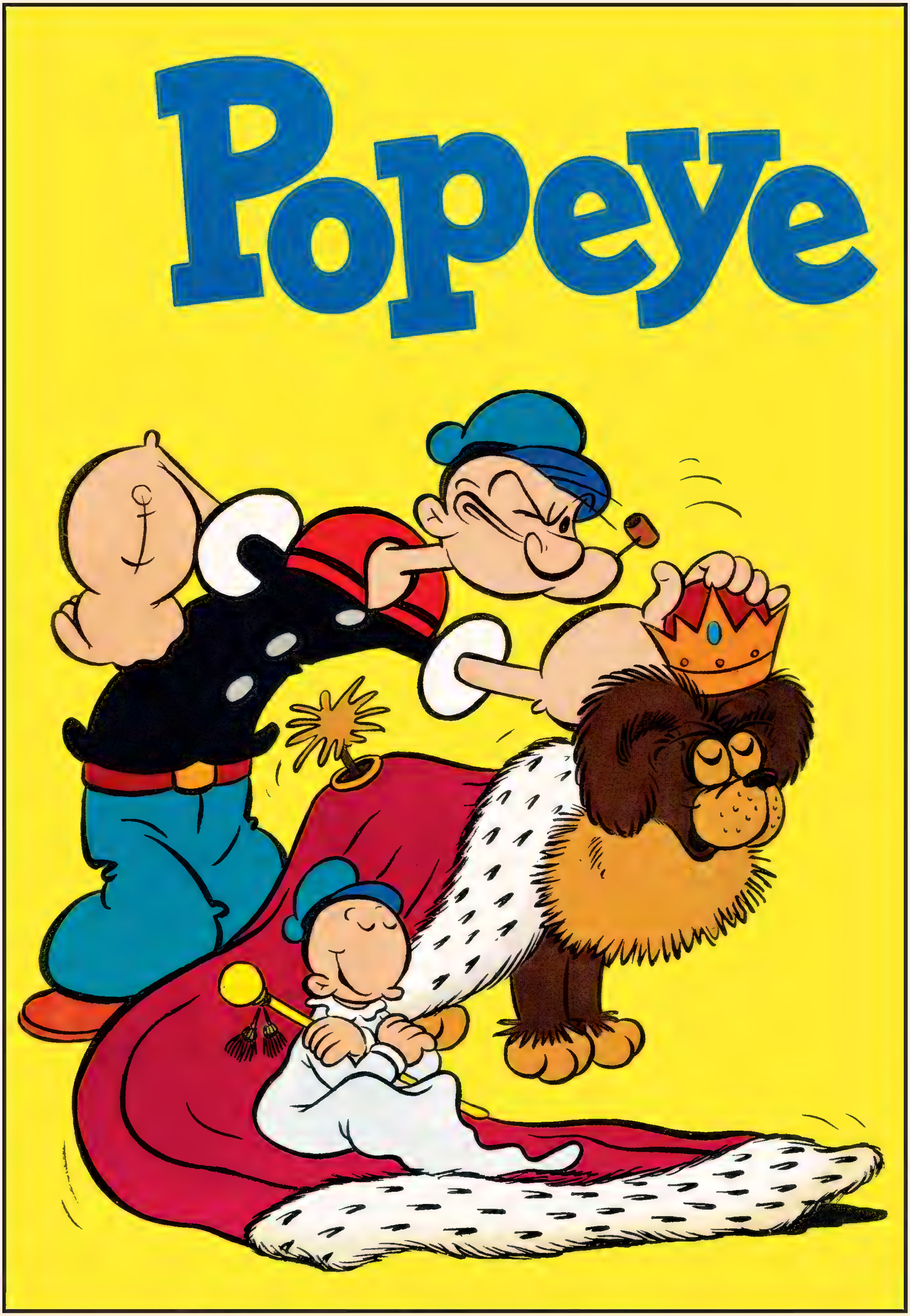
"YIKE!" he yelped as he saw it was a large bumblebee almost as big as himself.

This was unheard of! Another bumblebee in his territory! He wouldn't stand for it! He tried a quick dash in the direction of the stranger to test his bravery.

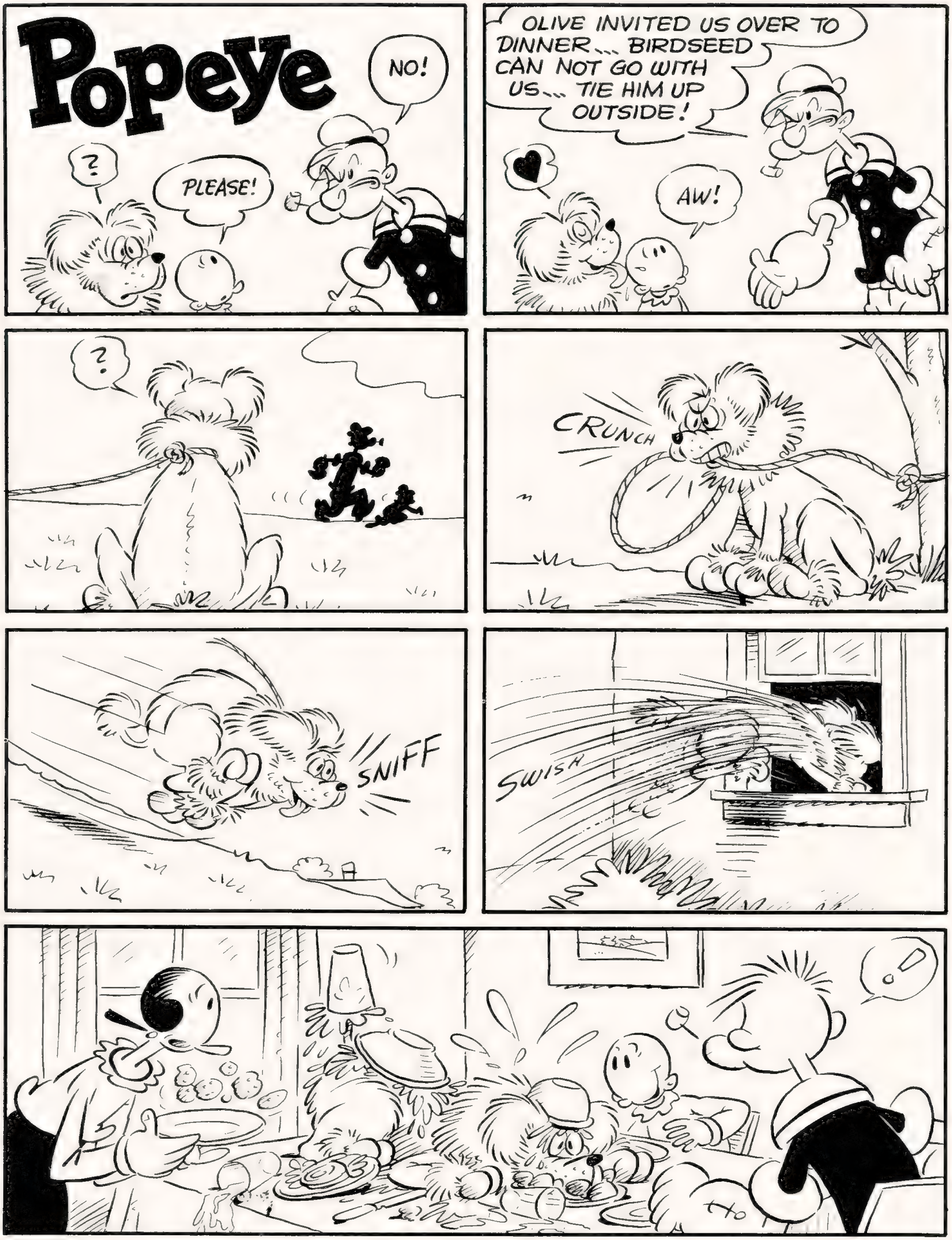
This bumblebee didn't seem to fear Buzzy at all. When Buzzy dashed in his direction the stranger came halfway to meet him. Face to face with a foe who showed no fear was something that Buzzy had never known before and he didn't like it. He stopped his dash before he got too close to the stranger and pulled back to think things over.

When a bully is faced up to and is forced to pull back, he is finished. Buzzy was finished as THE BIG STING. The stranger was always on his mind and it worried him so much that he didn't have time to bother the other residents of the garden. He spent all day sulking, near the side of the garage, keeping an eye on what the stranger was doing.

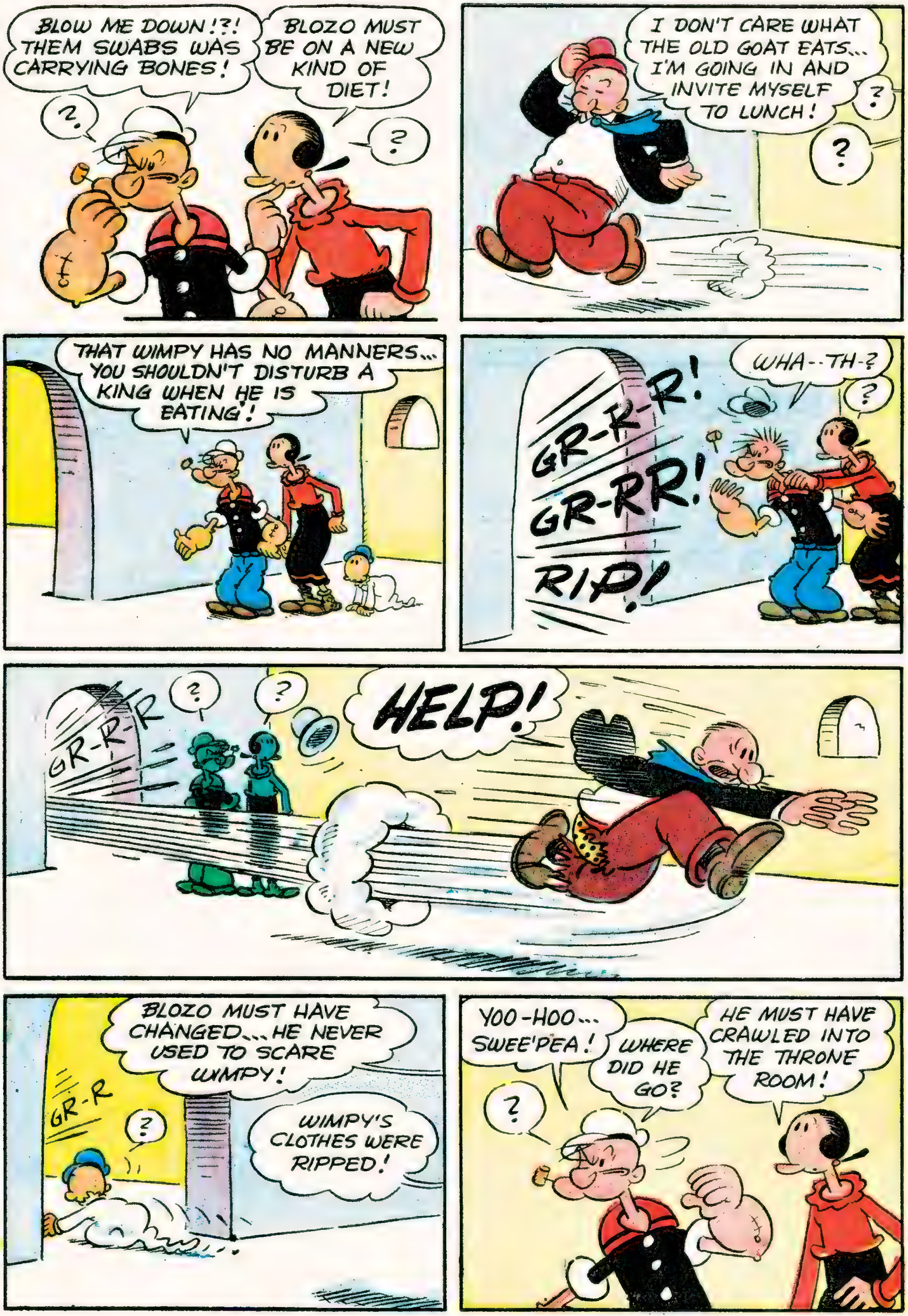
Of course, none of the other insects told Buzzy that there was no other bumblebee. The flowers had grown up in front of the garage window and the big bee that was bothering Buzzy was nothing but his reflection in the window glass. So it was, that peace came again to the garden and another big bully was licked.

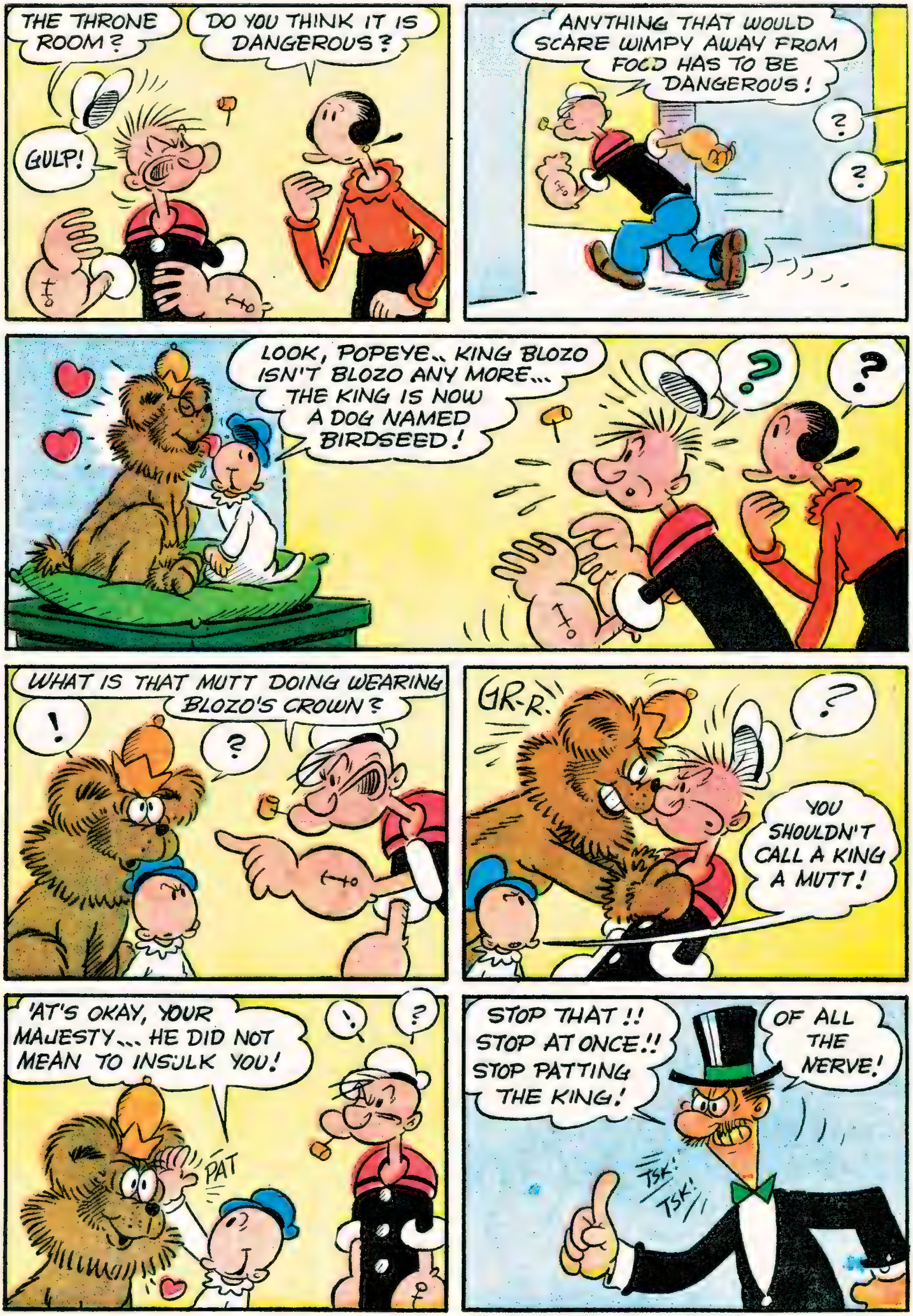


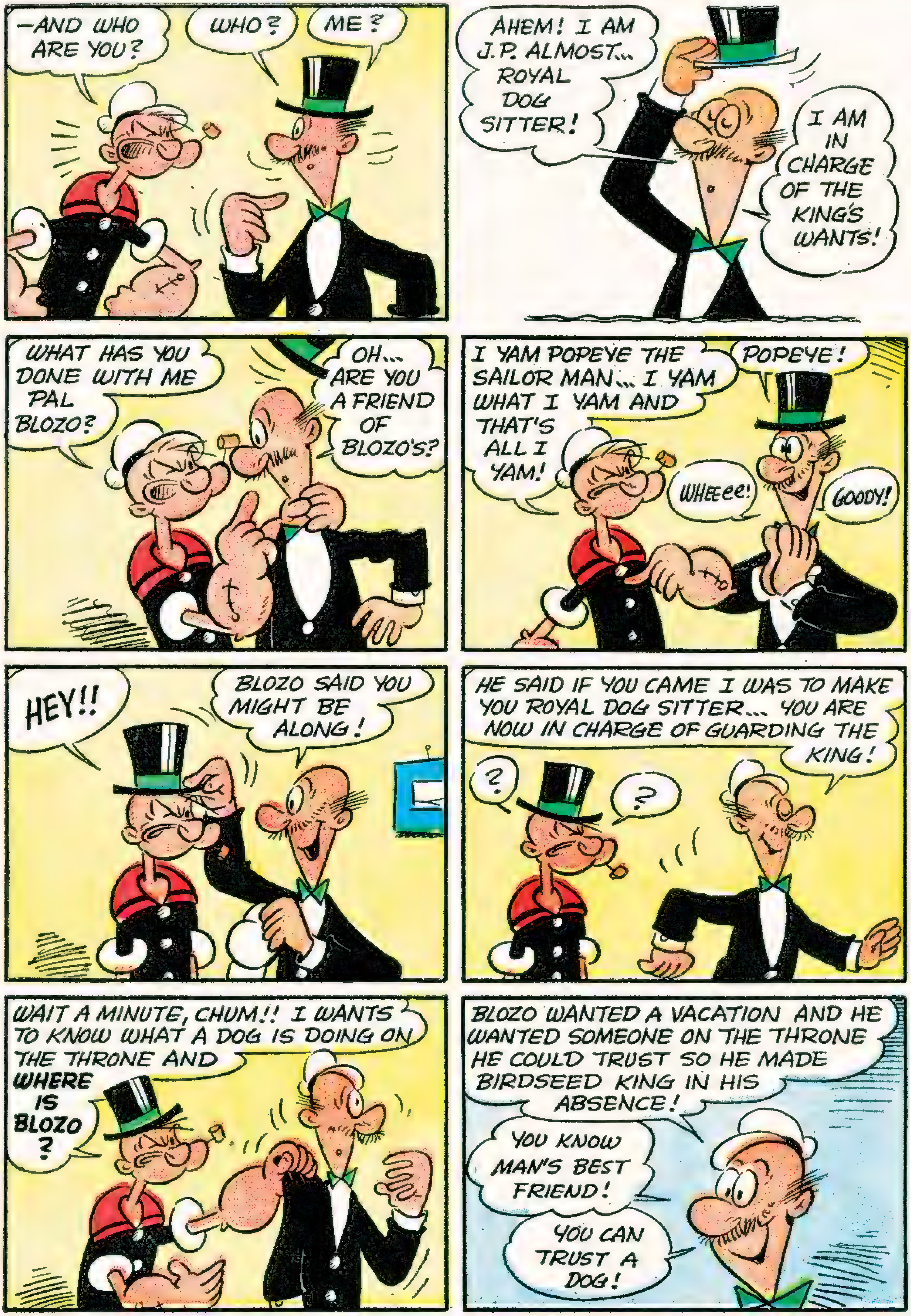
Popeye #38, October-December 1956


Popeye
?
PLEASE!
NO!
OLIVE INVITED US OVER TO DINNER... BIRDSEED CAN NOT GO WITH US... TIE HIM UP OUTSIDE!
AW!
?
CRUNCH
SNIFF
SWISH
!

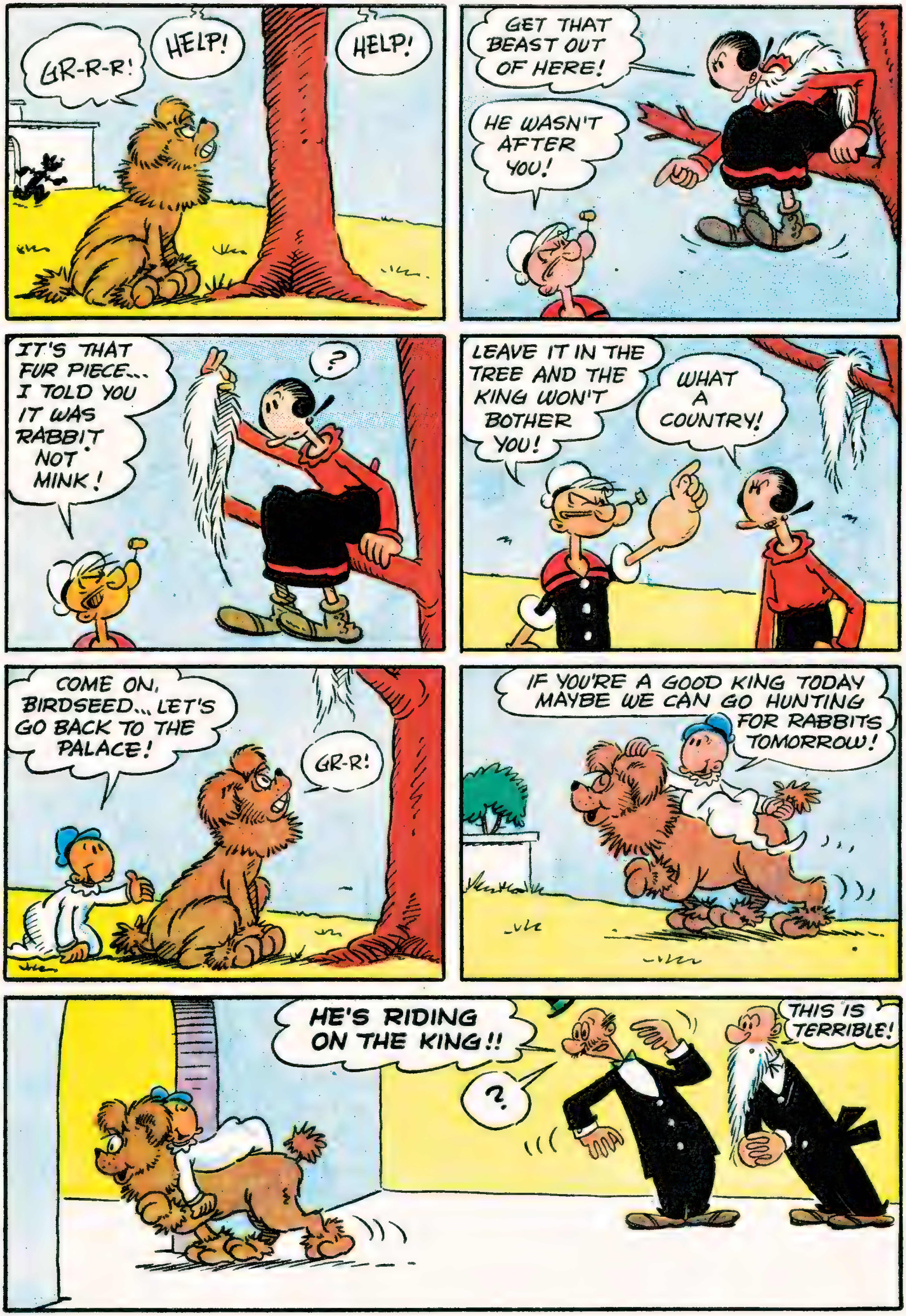
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
Popeye
AND THE GANG
IN
"THE DOG WHO WORE A CROWN!"
OR
"GOING TO THE DOGS!"
IT WILL BE NICE TO SEE BLOZO AGAIN!
HE HAS SUCH A NICE QUIET LITTLE COUNTRY!
ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM A LONG VOYAGE THE GANG STOPS OFF TO SAY HELLO TO KING BLOZO—
IF WE HURRY WE CAN HAVE LUNCH WITH THE KING!
LET US RUN!
YOO-HOO! BLOZO!
I WONDER WHAT'S FOR LUNCH?
MAKE WAY FOR THE ROYAL LUNCH!
?
?
?
POPEYE #38-5610

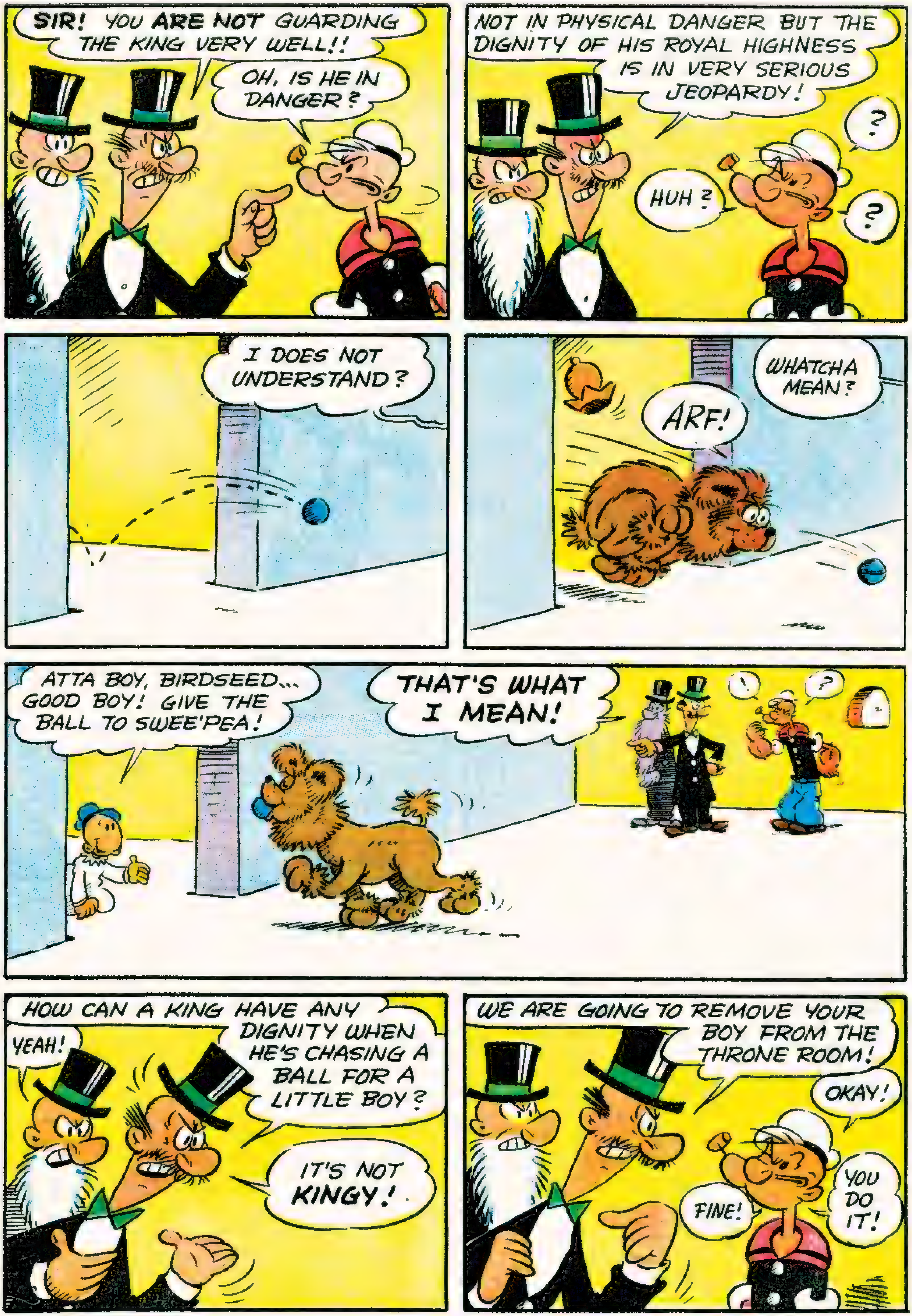

BLOW ME DOWN!?! THEM SWABS WAS CARRYING BONES!
BLOZO MUST BE ON A NEW KIND OF DIET!
?
?
I DON'T CARE WHAT THE OLD GOAT EATS... I'M GOING IN AND INVITE MYSELF TO LUNCH!
?
?
THAT WIMPY HAS NO MANNERS... YOU SHOULDN'T DISTURB A KING WHEN HE IS EATING!
GR-R-R!
GR-RR!
RIP!
WHA--TH-?
?
GR-R-R
?
?
HELP!
BLOZO MUST HAVE CHANGED... HE NEVER USED TO SCARE WIMPY!
GR-R
?
WIMPY'S CLOTHES WERE RIPPED!
YOO-HOO... SWEE'PEA!
WHERE DID HE GO?
HE MUST HAVE CRAWLED INTO THE THRONE ROOM!
?

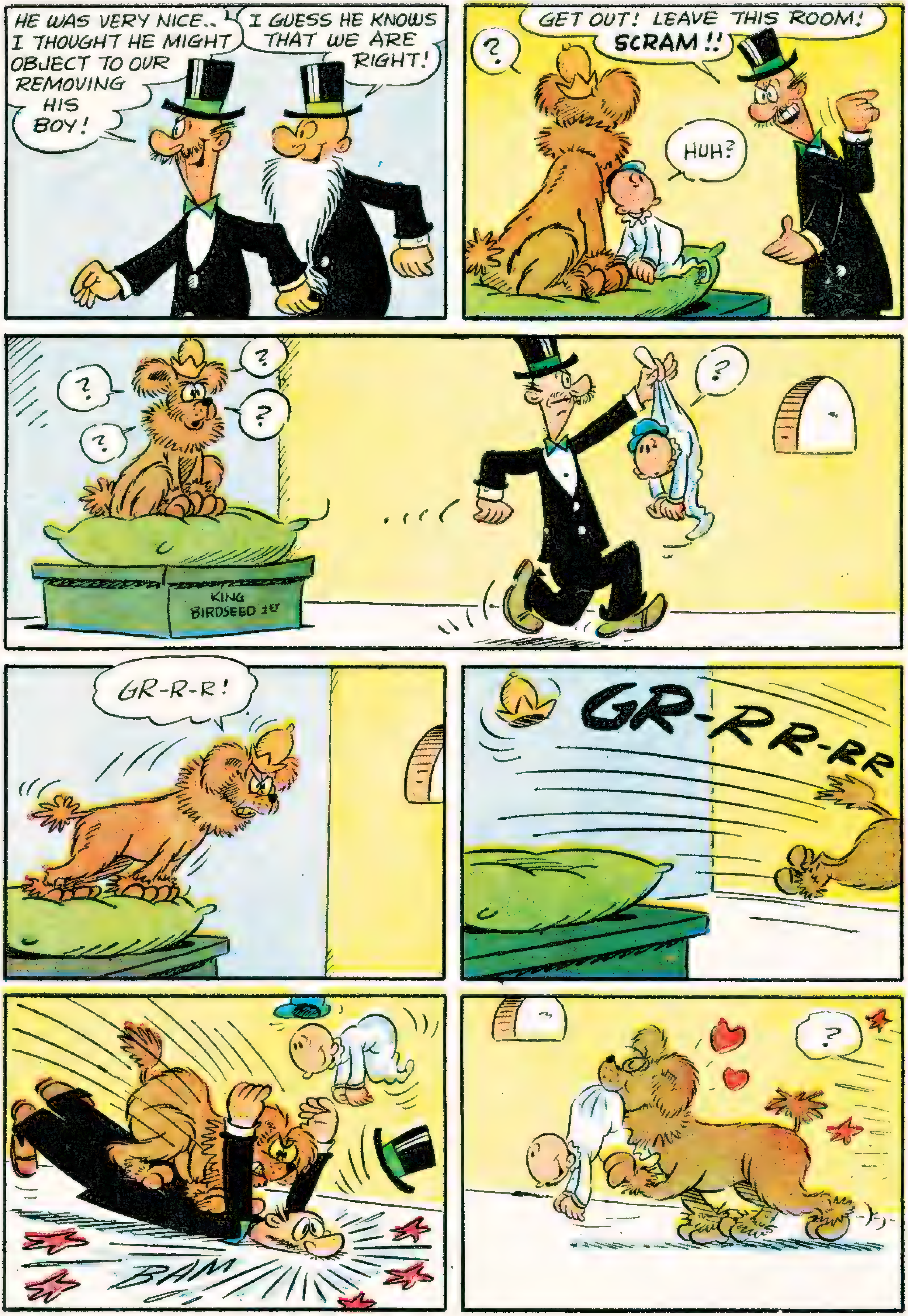

THE THRONE ROOM?
DO YOU THINK IT IS DANGEROUS?
GULP!
ANYTHING THAT WOULD SCARE WIMPY AWAY FROM FOOD HAS TO BE DANGEROUS!
?
?
LOOK, POPEYE.. KING BLOZO ISN'T BLOZO ANY MORE... THE KING IS NOW A DOG NAMED BIRDSEED!
?
?
WHAT IS THAT MUTT DOING WEARING BLOZO'S CROWN?
!
?
GR-R
?
YOU SHOULDN'T CALL A KING A MUTT!
'AT'S OKAY, YOUR MAJESTY... HE DID NOT MEAN TO INSULK YOU!
!
?
PAT
STOP THAT!! STOP AT ONCE!! STOP PATTING THE KING!
OF ALL THE NERVE!
TSK!
TSK!


—AND WHO ARE YOU?
WHO?
ME?
AHEM! I AM J.P. ALMOST... ROYAL DOG SITTER!
I AM IN CHARGE OF THE KING'S WANTS!
WHAT HAS YOU DONE WITH ME PAL BLOZO?
OH... ARE YOU A FRIEND OF BLOZO'S?
I YAM POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN... I YAM WHAT I YAM AND THAT'S ALL I YAM!
POPEYE!
WHEEee!
GOODY!
HEY!!
BLOZO SAID YOU MIGHT BE ALONG!
HE SAID IF YOU CAME I WAS TO MAKE YOU ROYAL DOG SITTER... YOU ARE NOW IN CHARGE OF GUARDING THE KING!
?
?
WAIT A MINUTE, CHUM!! I WANTS TO KNOW WHAT A DOG IS DOING ON THE THRONE AND WHERE IS BLOZO?
BLOZO WANTED A VACATION AND HE WANTED SOMEONE ON THE THRONE HE COULD TRUST SO HE MADE BIRDSEED KING IN HIS ABSENCE!
YOU KNOW MAN'S BEST FRIEND!
YOU CAN TRUST A DOG!

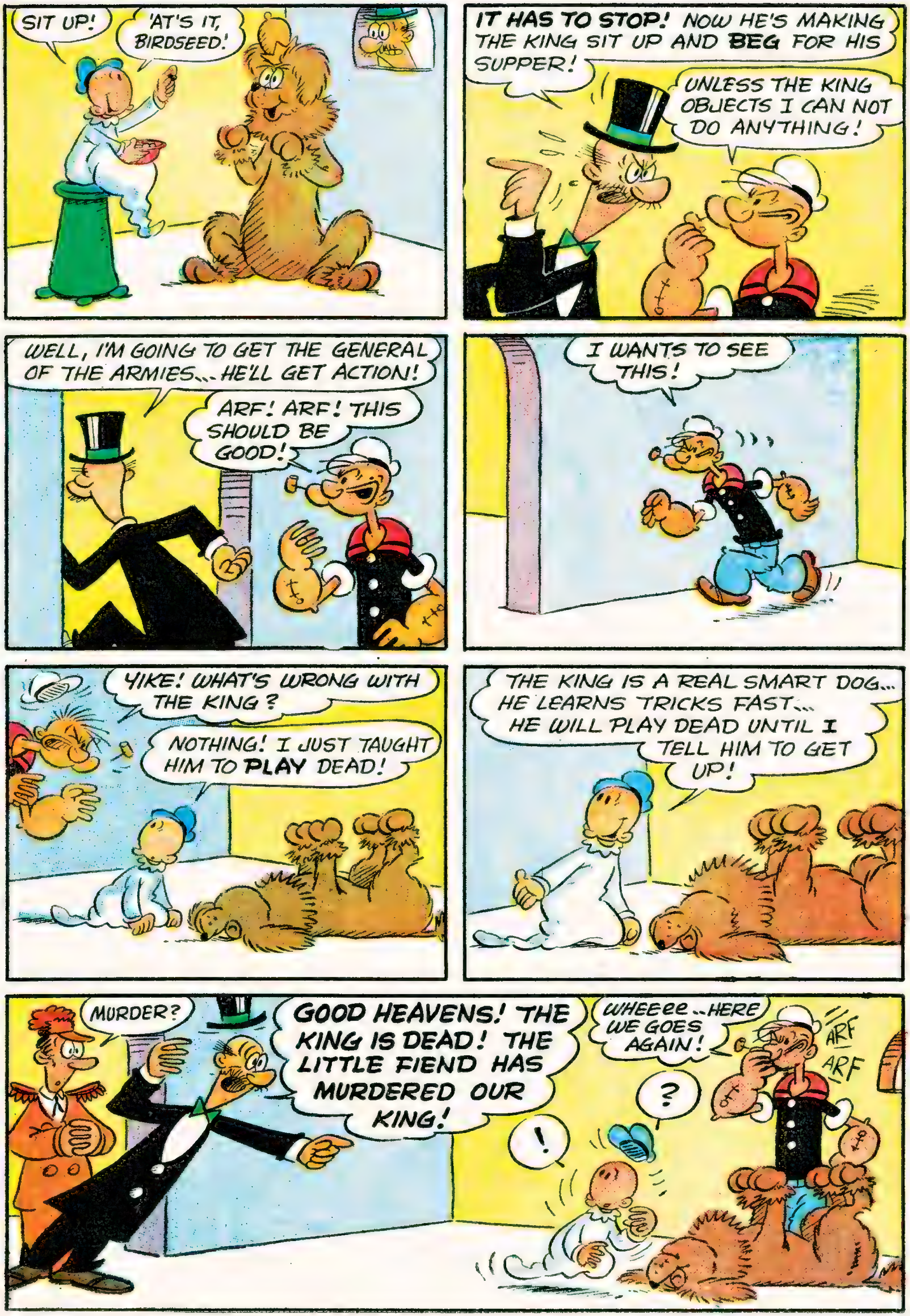
GIMME BACK ME HAT!
BUT-BUT--
I WILL BE A ROYAL GUARD BUT I WILL WEAR ME OWN HAT!
THAT CRAZY BLOZO DOES THE STRANGEST THINGS!
I'M GOING TO SHOW THE KING MY MINK FUR PIECE!
MINK?
YES, MINK!
DO YOU THINK HE WILL LIKE IT?
I YAM SURE HE WILL!
ARF!
YOO-HOO.. MISTER KING!
ARF! ARF!
HELLO, KING... DO YOU LIKE MY NEW-- (GULP)..ER.. WHA'--?
WHEEEe!
?
HE SURE LIKES IT!
?
HELP!
GR-R-R

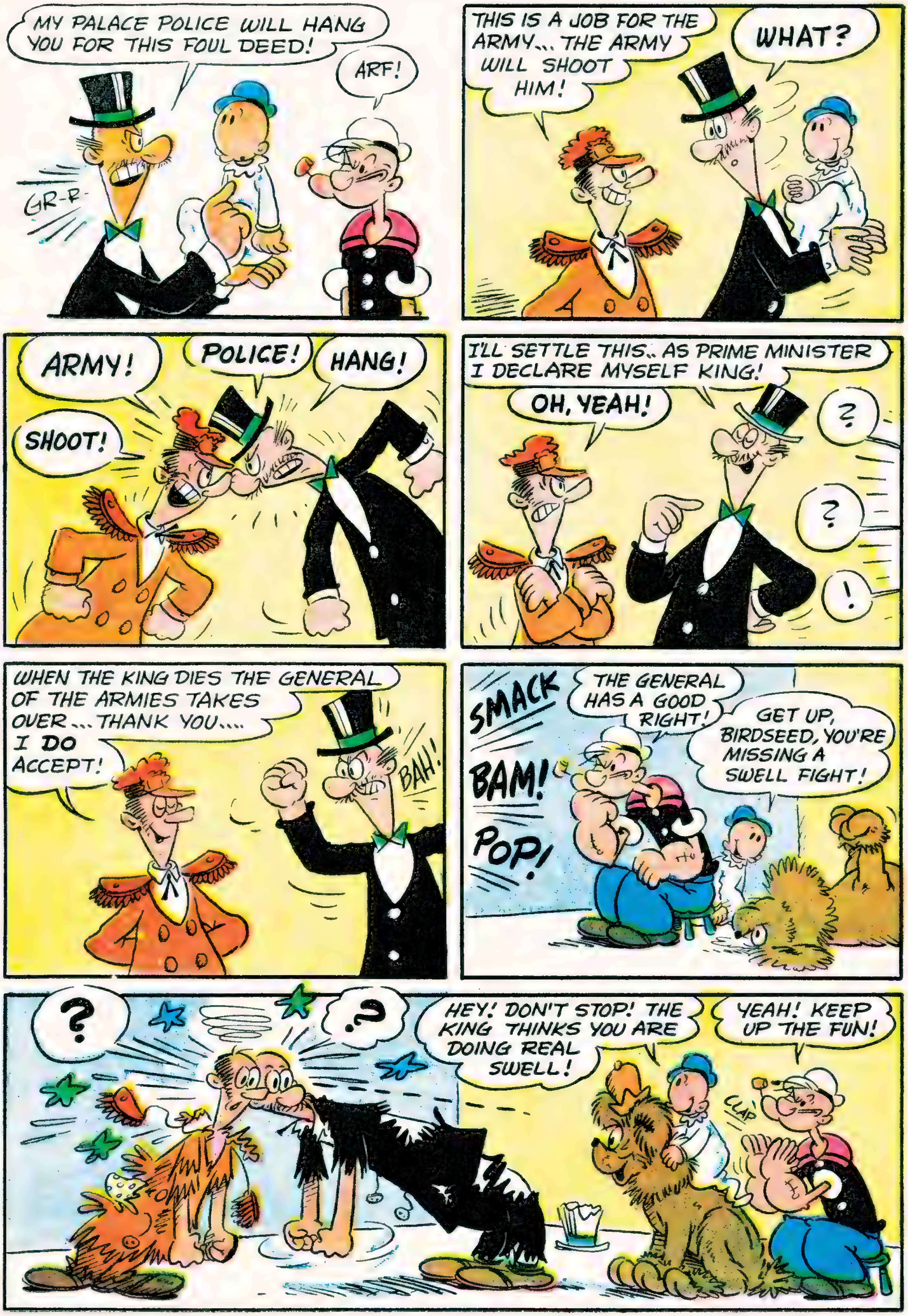

GR-R-R!
HELP!
HELP!
GET THAT BEAST OUT OF HERE!
HE WASN'T AFTER YOU!
IT'S THAT FUR PIECE... I TOLD YOU IT WAS RABBIT NOT MINK!
?
LEAVE IT IN THE TREE AND THE KING WON'T BOTHER YOU!
WHAT A COUNTRY!
COME ON, BIRDSEED... LET'S GO BACK TO THE PALACE!
GR-R!
IF YOU'RE A GOOD KING TODAY MAYBE WE CAN GO HUNTING FOR RABBITS TOMORROW!
HE'S RIDING ON THE KING!!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
?


SIR! YOU ARE NOT GUARDING THE KING VERY WELL!!
OH, IS HE IN DANGER?
NOT IN PHYSICAL DANGER BUT THE DIGNITY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IS IN VERY SERIOUS JEOPARDY!
?
HUH?
?
I DOES NOT UNDERSTAND?
WHATCHA MEAN?
ARF!
ATTA BOY, BIRDSEED... GOOD BOY! GIVE THE BALL TO SWEE'PEA!
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN!
!
?
HOW CAN A KING HAVE ANY DIGNITY WHEN HE'S CHASING A BALL FOR A LITTLE BOY?
YEAH!
IT'S NOT KINGY!
WE ARE GOING TO REMOVE YOUR BOY FROM THE THRONE ROOM!
OKAY!
FINE!
YOU DO IT!



HE WAS VERY NICE.. I THOUGHT HE MIGHT OBJECT TO OUR REMOVING HIS BOY!
I GUESS HE KNOWS THAT WE ARE RIGHT!
?
GET OUT! LEAVE THIS ROOM! SCRAM!!
HUH?
?
?
?
?
?
KING BIRDSEED 1ST
GR-R-R!
GR-R-R-RR
BAM
?

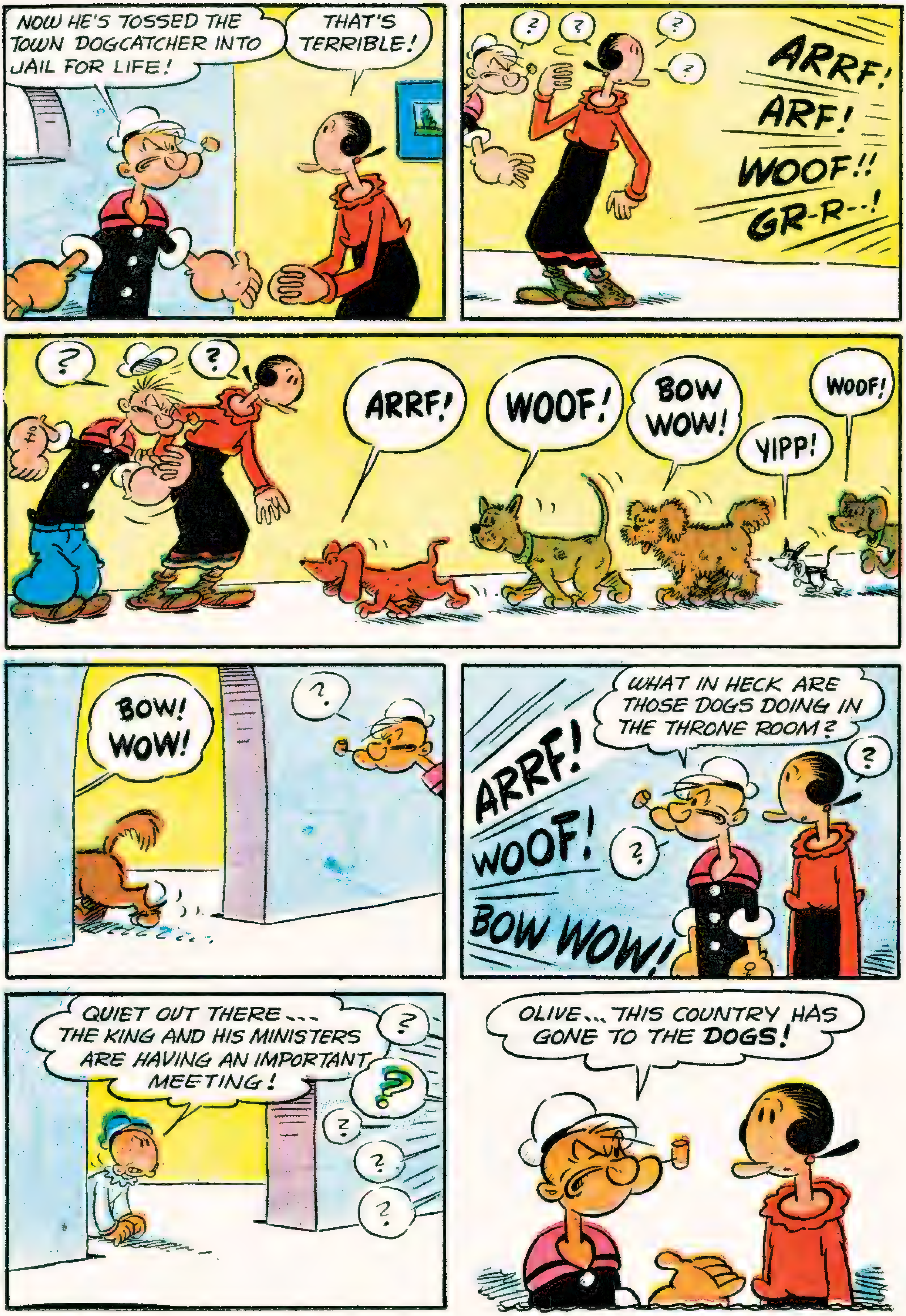

SIT UP!
'AT'S IT, BIRDSEED!
IT HAS TO STOP! NOW HE'S MAKING THE KING SIT UP AND BEG FOR HIS SUPPER!
UNLESS THE KING OBJECTS I CAN NOT DO ANYTHING!
WELL, I'M GOING TO GET THE GENERAL OF THE ARMIES... HE'LL GET ACTION!
ARF! ARF! THIS SHOULD BE GOOD!
I WANTS TO SEE THIS!
YIKE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE KING?
NOTHING! I JUST TAUGHT HIM TO PLAY DEAD!
THE KING IS A REAL SMART DOG... HE LEARNS TRICKS FAST... HE WILL PLAY DEAD UNTIL I TELL HIM TO GET UP!
MURDER?
GOOD HEAVENS! THE KING IS DEAD! THE LITTLE FIEND HAS MURDERED OUR KING!
WHEEEee...HERE WE GOES AGAIN!
ARF ARF
?
!

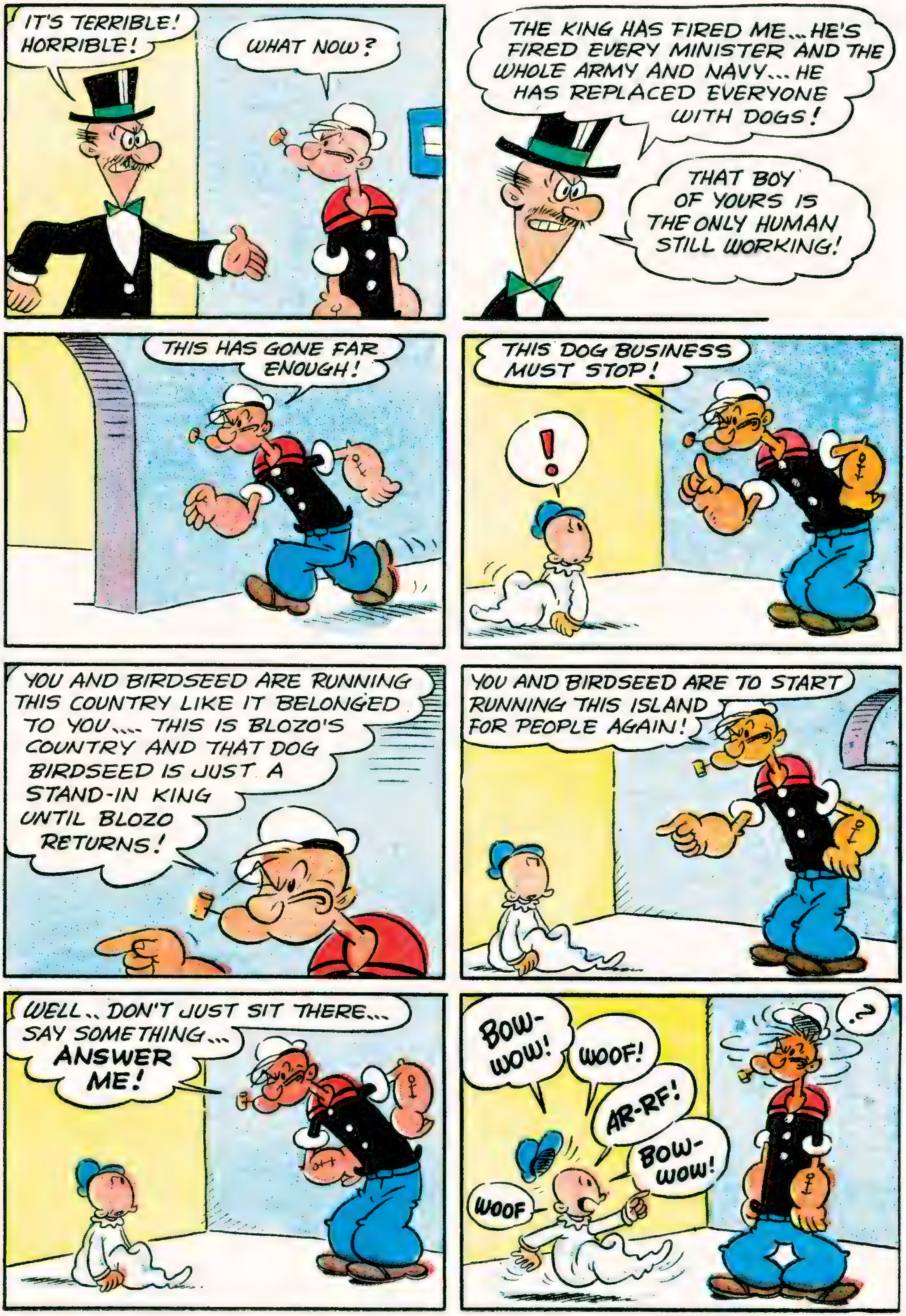

MY PALACE POLICE WILL HANG YOU FOR THIS FOUL DEED!
GR-R
ARF!
THIS IS A JOB FOR THE ARMY... THE ARMY WILL SHOOT HIM!
WHAT?
ARMY!
POLICE!
HANG!
SHOOT!
I'LL SETTLE THIS.. AS PRIME MINISTER I DECLARE MYSELF KING!
OH, YEAH!
?
?
!
WHEN THE KING DIES THE GENERAL OF THE ARMIES TAKES OVER ... THANK YOU.... I DO ACCEPT!
BAH!
SMACK
BAM!
POP!
THE GENERAL HAS A GOOD RIGHT!
GET UP, BIRDSEED, YOU'RE MISSING A SWELL FIGHT!
?
?
HEY! DON'T STOP! THE KING THINKS YOU ARE DOING REAL SWELL!
YEAH! KEEP UP THE FUN!
CLAP

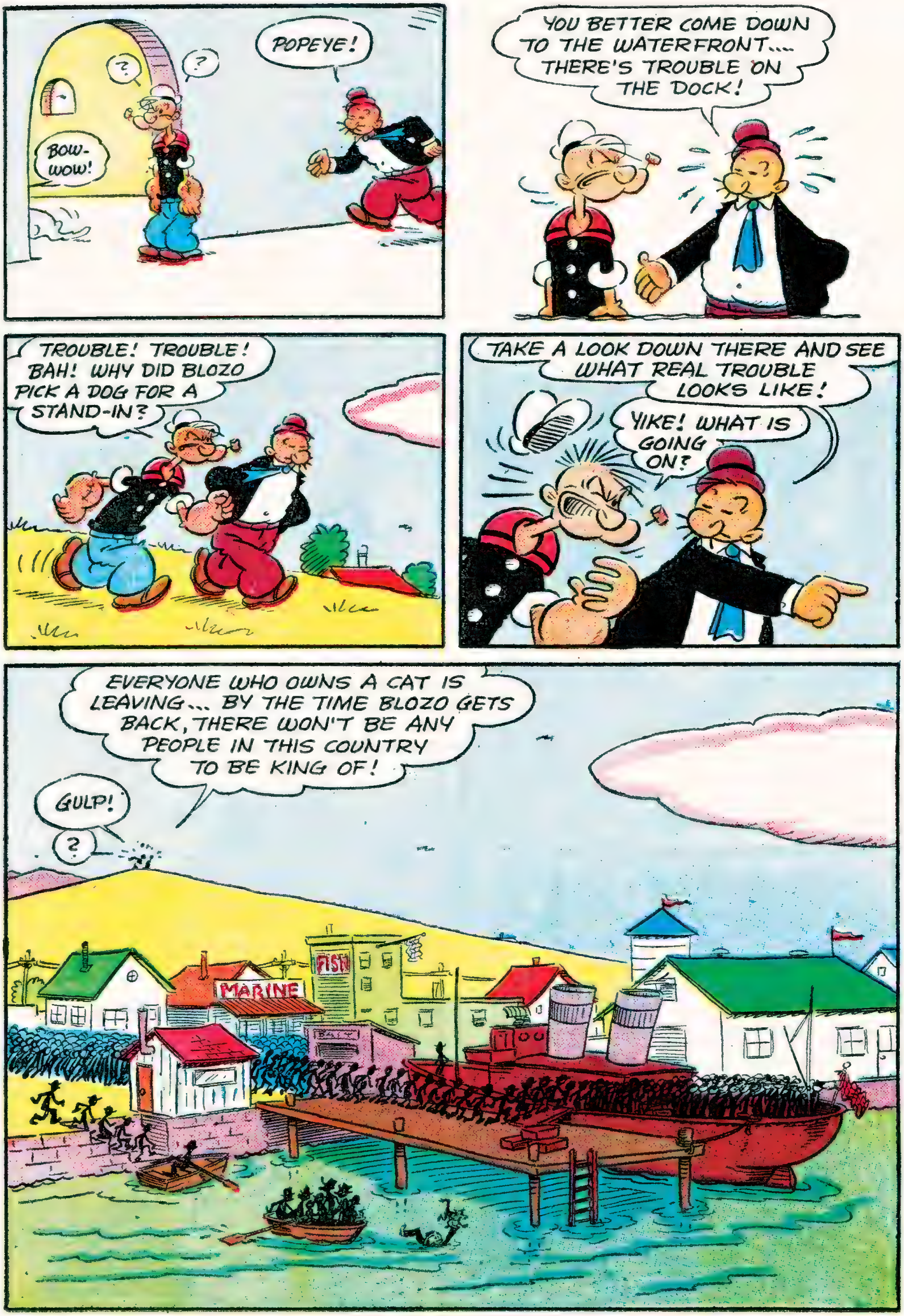
POPEYE, CAN I SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE?
SURE, OLIVE
THE ROYAL COOK IS HAVING TROUBLE... KING BIRDSEED WON'T SIGN ANY ORDERS FOR FOOD!
WHY TELL ME ABOUT IT?
BECAUSE BIRDSEED WON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT SWEE'PEA'S OKAY!
AHOY, SWEE'PEA... I HAS SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO!
HAVE THE KING PUT HIS PAW PRINT ON THIS FOOD ORDER!
BEANS - SPINACH - TOMATOES - CORN - BREAD - SOUP - FLOUR --ETC -- ETC --
UGH!
?
AH! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
SPLAT

BAH!
PHOOEY!
OF ALL THE--
POPEYE!
?
?
WHAT IS WRONG, OLIVE?
READ THIS FOOD ORDER!
BEANS
FLOUR
SPINACH
POTATOES
SOUP
TOMATOES
100 LBS
100 LBS
1000 CANS
400 LBS
500 CANS
50 BUSH.
100 GALONS iced CREAM
5 TONS Dog candy
The KING
ARF!
ARF!
IT ISN'T FUNNY!
I THINKS IT IS!
SPLAT
WHEEEee!
ARF!
JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU WANT SOME SPINACH AND THERE'S NOTHING BUT ICE CREAM!
HUH!
?
?
?
?
I'M GOING TO HAVE WORDS WITH SWEE'PEA!
HA! HA!
GR-R-R-R!
-ER-UH--ER--- I GUESS I DOESN'T WANT NOTHIN'!
DID YOU WANT SOMETHING, POPEYE?
CHOCO
VANILLA
DOG CANDY
DOG CANDY
DOG CANDY

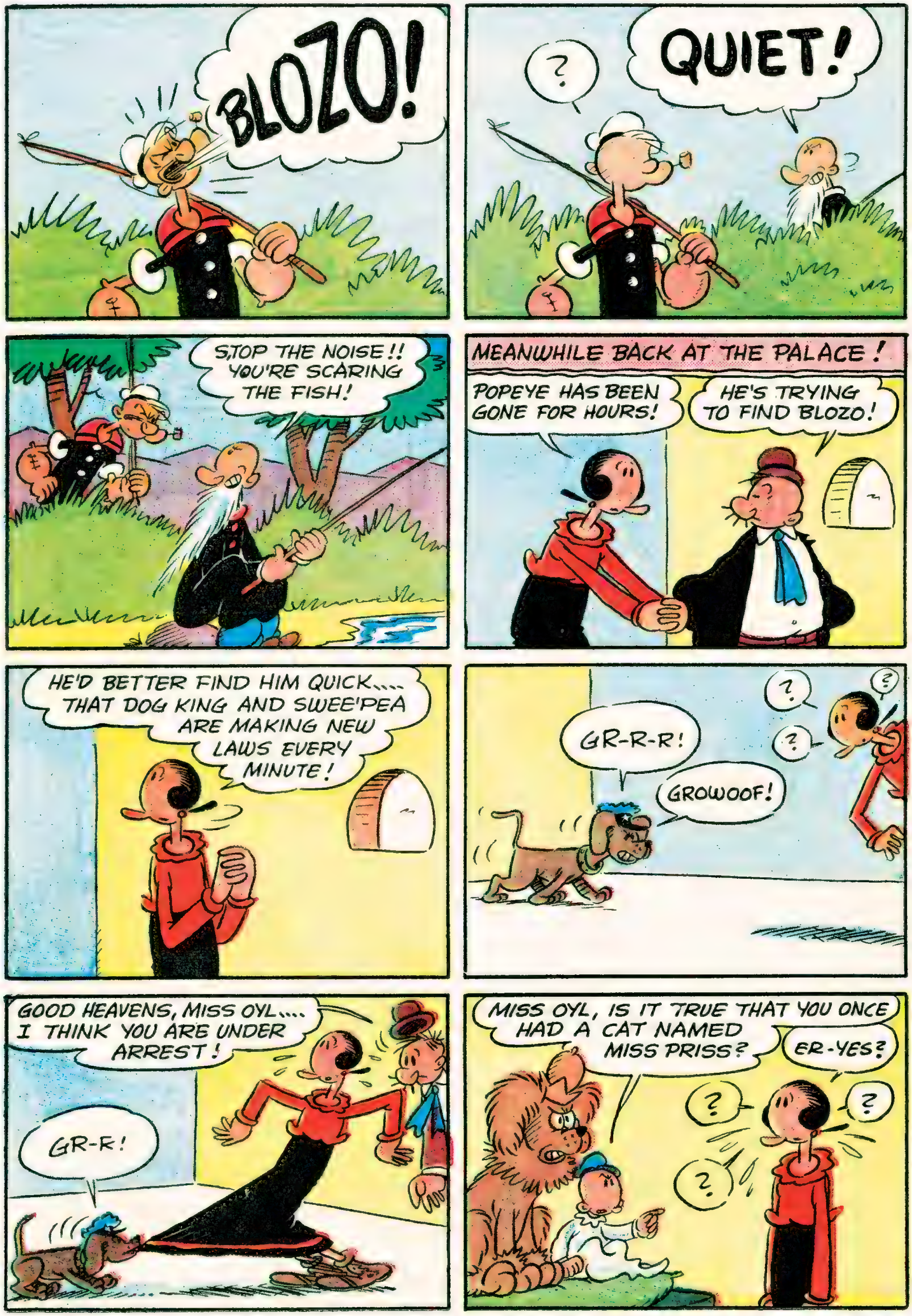
THIS IS GETTIN' SERIOUS!
BLOZO BETTER GIT BACK SOON OR HE WON'T HAVE ANY COUNTRY LEFT!
IT'S TERRIBLE!
GET GOING!
SOB!
WHA--TH--?
?
?
-AND SEE THAT THE VICIOUS CRIMINAL IS PUT IN THE DEEPEST DUNGEON!
?
?
WHO WAS THAT?
HE'S PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!
HE DIDN'T LOOK VERY BAD!
OH, HE'S A HORRIBLE VILLAIN... THE KING HAS SENT HIM TO PRISON FOR LIFE!
LIFE! WOW!! HE MUST BE BAD!
WE'LL HAVE NO MORE OF HIS KIND AROUND HERE!
HE'S THE LAST DOGCATCHER THIS ISLAND WILL HAVE!
DOGCATCHER!
?
?
?


NOW HE'S TOSSED THE TOWN DOGCATCHER INTO JAIL FOR LIFE!
THAT'S TERRIBLE!
?
?
?
?
ARRF!
ARF!
WOOF!!
GR-R--!
?
?
ARRF!
WOOF!
BOW WOW!
YIPP!
WOOF!
BOW! WOW!
?
WHAT IN HECK ARE THOSE DOGS DOING IN THE THRONE ROOM?
?
ARRF!
WOOF!
?
BOW WOW!
QUIET OUT THERE... THE KING AND HIS MINISTERS ARE HAVING AN IMPORTANT MEETING!
?
?
?
?
?
OLIVE... THIS COUNTRY HAS GONE TO THE DOGS!

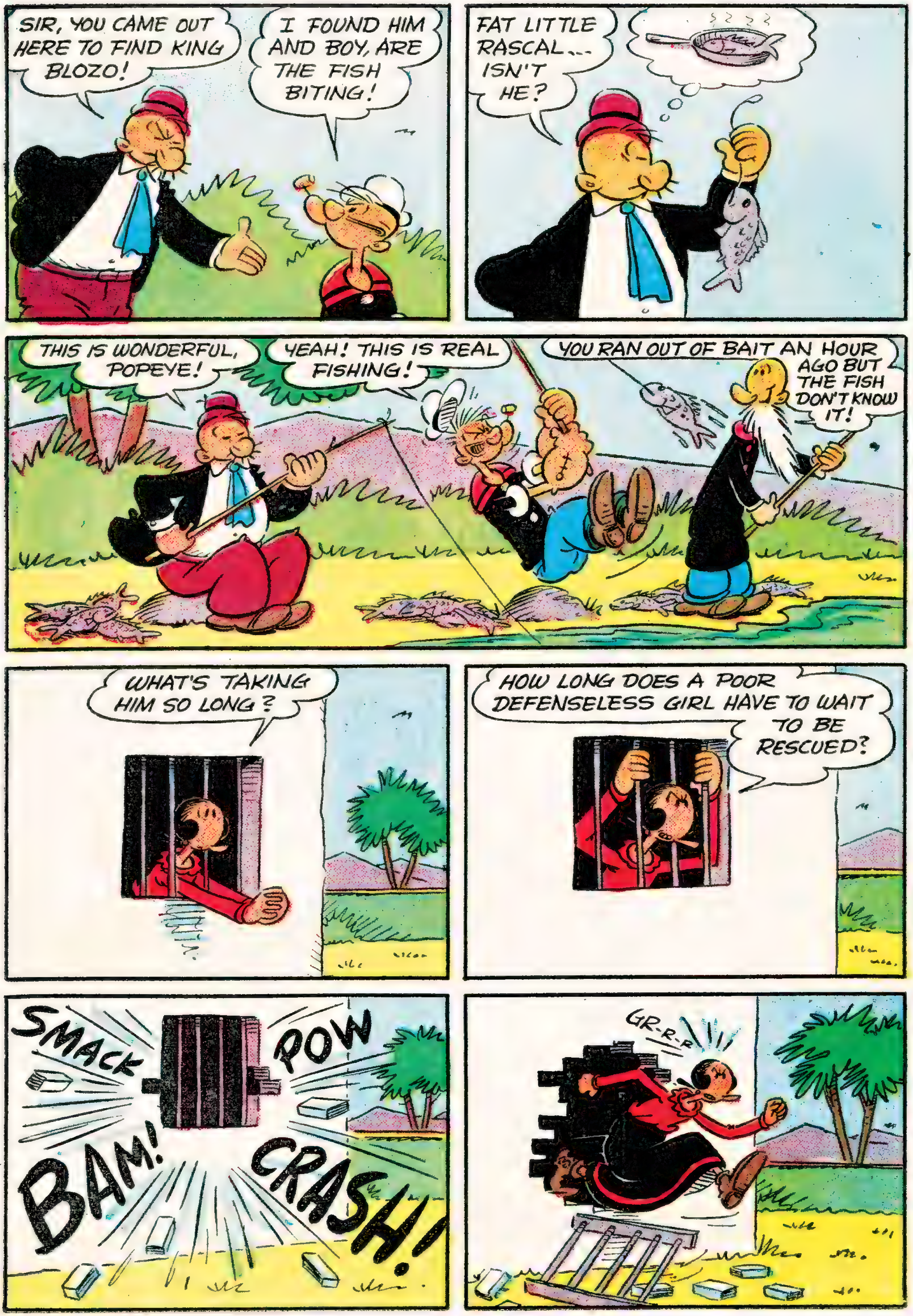

IT'S TERRIBLE! HORRIBLE!
WHAT NOW?
THE KING HAS FIRED ME... HE'S FIRED EVERY MINISTER AND THE WHOLE ARMY AND NAVY... HE HAS REPLACED EVERYONE WITH DOGS!
THAT BOY OF YOURS IS THE ONLY HUMAN STILL WORKING!
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
THIS DOG BUSINESS MUST STOP!
!
YOU AND BIRDSEED ARE RUNNING THIS COUNTRY LIKE IT BELONGED TO YOU.... THIS IS BLOZO'S COUNTRY AND THAT DOG BIRDSEED IS JUST A STAND-IN KING UNTIL BLOZO RETURNS!
YOU AND BIRDSEED ARE TO START RUNNING THIS ISLAND FOR PEOPLE AGAIN!
WELL.. DON'T JUST SIT THERE... SAY SOMETHING... ANSWER ME!
BOW-WOW!
WOOF!
AR-RF!
BOW-WOW!
WOOF
?


POPEYE!
?
?
BOW-WOW!
YOU BETTER COME DOWN TO THE WATERFRONT.... THERE'S TROUBLE ON THE DOCK!
TROUBLE! TROUBLE! BAH! WHY DID BLOZO PICK A DOG FOR A STAND-IN?
TAKE A LOOK DOWN THERE AND SEE WHAT REAL TROUBLE LOOKS LIKE!
YIKE! WHAT IS GOING ON?
EVERYONE WHO OWNS A CAT IS LEAVING... BY THE TIME BLOZO GETS BACK, THERE WON'T BE ANY PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY TO BE KING OF!
GULP!
?
FISH
MARINE

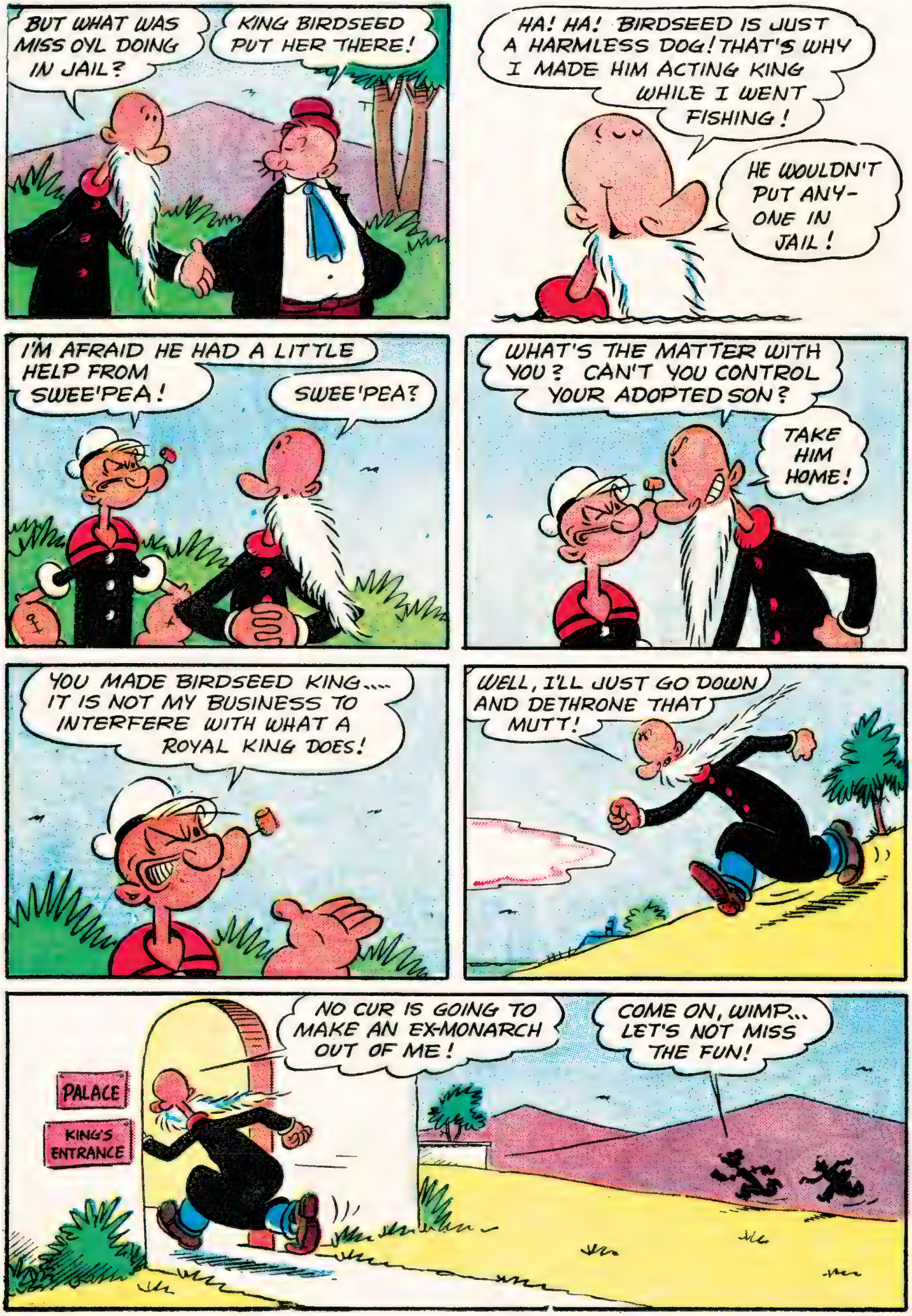
BUT WHY PEOPLE WHO OWN CATS?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE!
THAT DOG KING HAS DECLARED WAR ON ALL CATS!
WOW!
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO ..... I WILL HAVE TO FIND BLOZO AND BRING HIM BACK!
SOMEONE MUST KNOW WHERE BLOZO WENT FOR HIS VACATION!
ALL HE SAID WAS THAT HE WAS GOING FISHING!
FISHING! HM?
YOO-HOO, BLOZO!

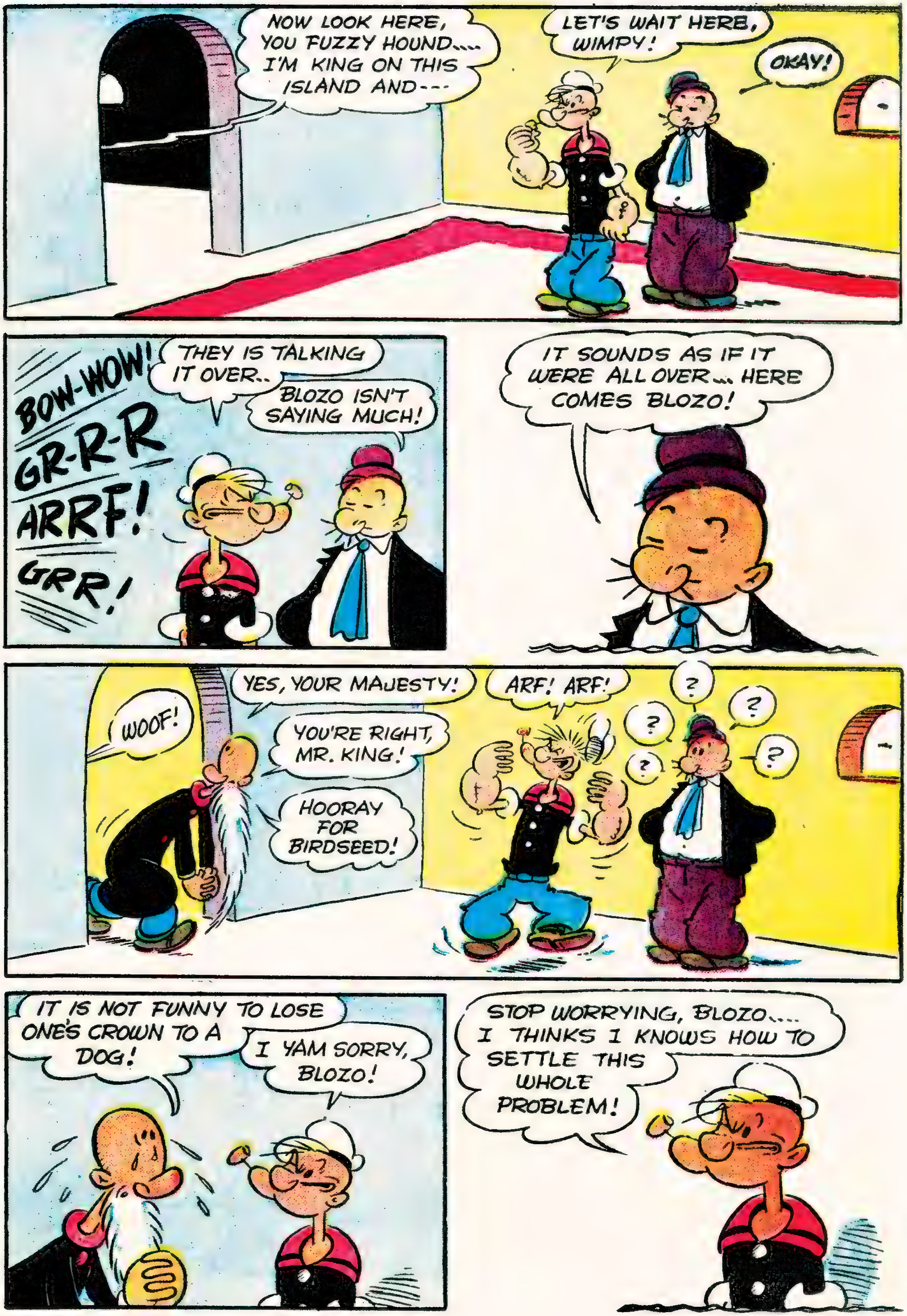

BLOZO!
?
QUIET!
STOP THE NOISE!! YOU'RE SCARING THE FISH!
MEANWHILE BACK AT THE PALACE!
POPEYE HAS BEEN GONE FOR HOURS!
HE'S TRYING TO FIND BLOZO!
HE'D BETTER FIND HIM QUICK.... THAT DOG KING AND SWEE'PEA ARE MAKING NEW LAWS EVERY MINUTE!
?
?
?
GR-R-R!
GROWOOF!
GOOD HEAVENS, MISS OYL.... I THINK YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!
GR-R!
MISS OYL, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU ONCE HAD A CAT NAMED MISS PRISS?
ER-YES?
?
?
?

AND ISN'T IT TRUE THAT THE SAME CAT ONCE SCRATCHED THE NOSE OF A POOR DEFENSELESS DOG?
GR-R!
BUT... BUT THE DOG---
?
?
?
BZZ-BZZ- AND BZZ- BZZ- BZZ-
?
?
?
?
?
GR-WOOF !!
THE KING FINDS YOU GUILTY OF HARBORING AND ABETTING A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL-- YOU ARE SENTENCED TO LIFE IN PRISON!
?
?
WIMPY, FIND POPEYE AND TELL HIM TO COME SAVE ME!
YOO-HOO.. POPEYE!
?
THIS IS THE BEST FISHING I HAS HAD IN YEARS!
THIS IS THE MOST!

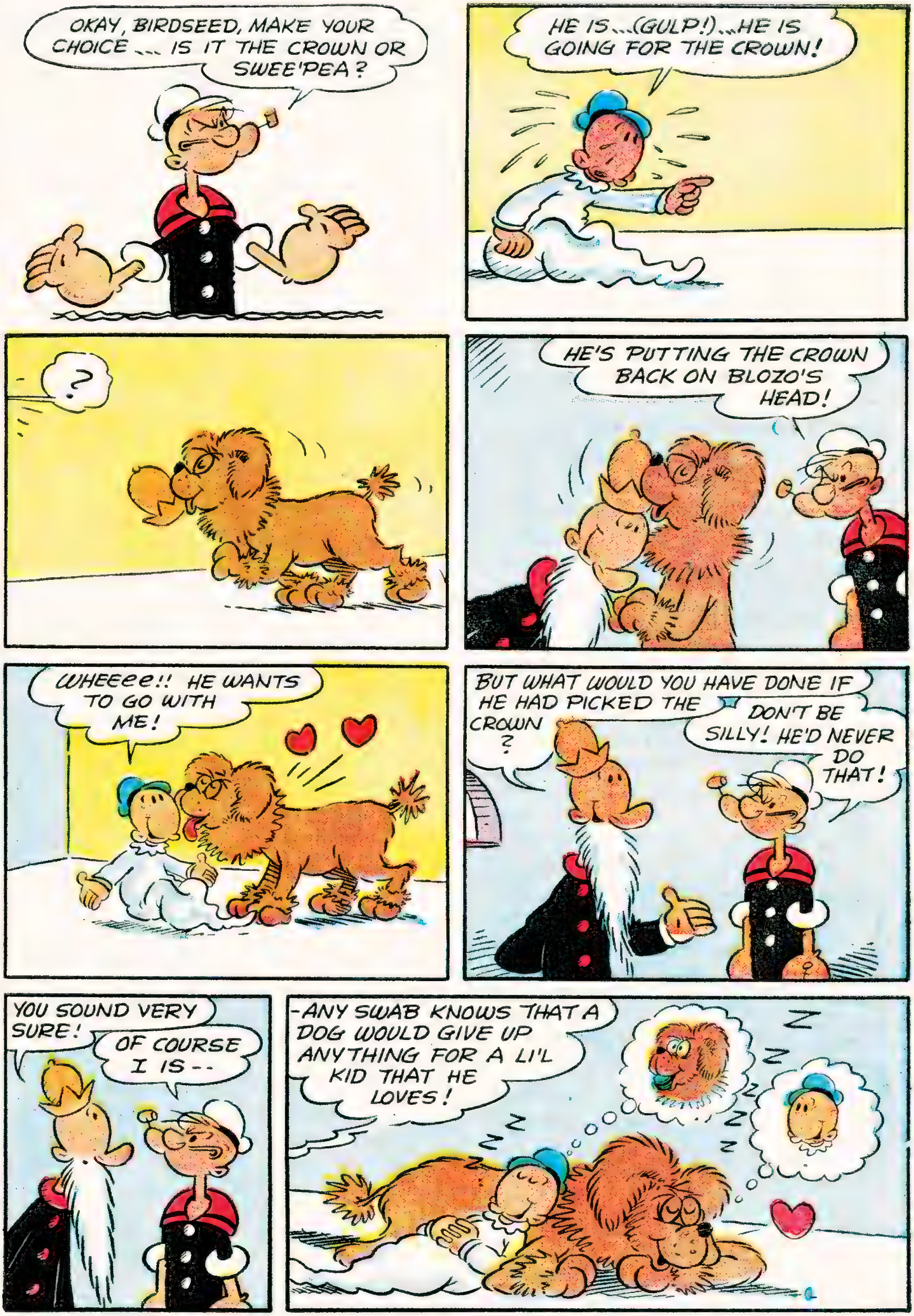

SIR, YOU CAME OUT HERE TO FIND KING BLOZO!
I FOUND HIM AND BOY, ARE THE FISH BITING!
FAT LITTLE RASCAL... ISN'T HE?
THIS IS WONDERFUL, POPEYE!
YEAH! THIS IS REAL FISHING!
YOU RAN OUT OF BAIT AN HOUR AGO BUT THE FISH DON'T KNOW IT!
WHAT'S TAKING HIM SO LONG?
HOW LONG DOES A POOR DEFENSELESS GIRL HAVE TO WAIT TO BE RESCUED?
SMACK
POW
BAM!
CRASH!
GR-R-R

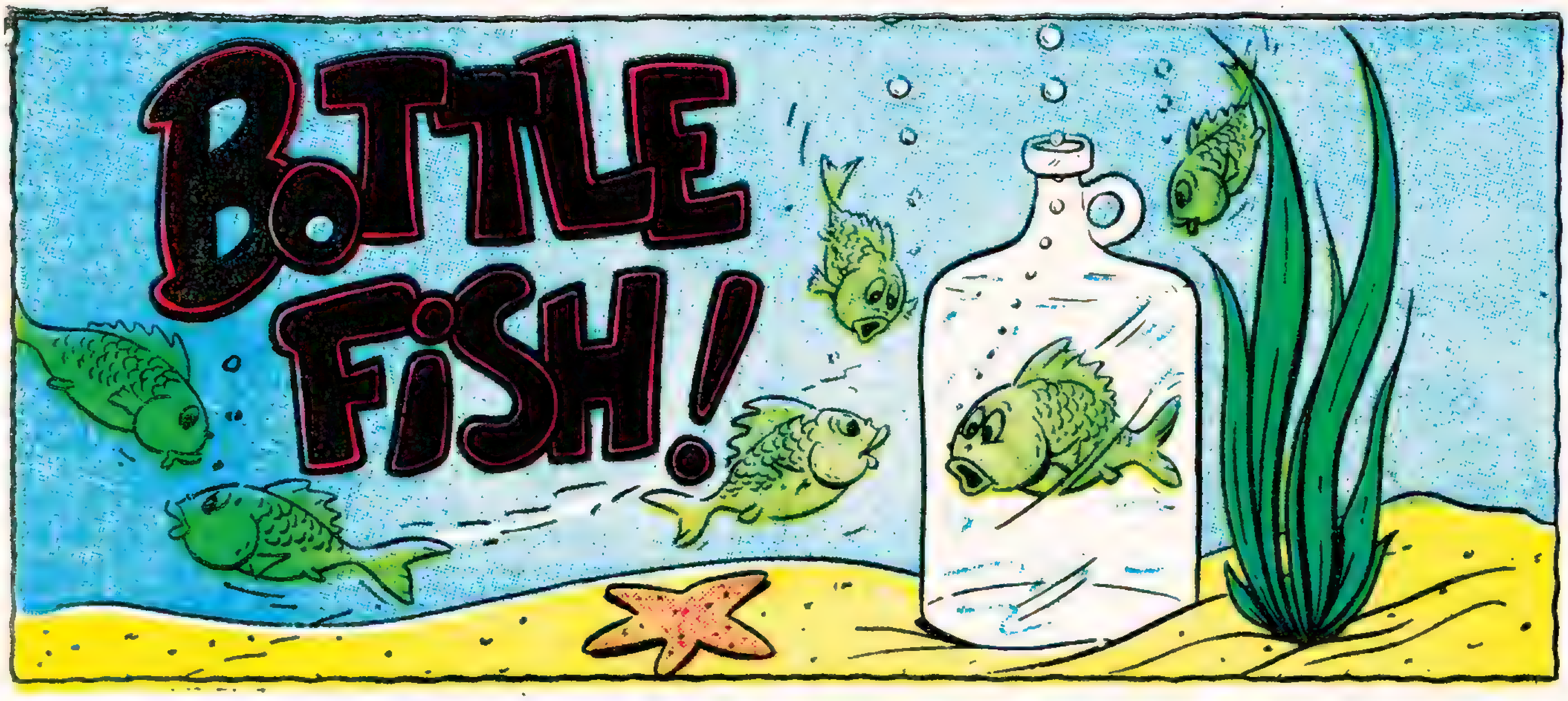
?
?
?
WHEEEE! I'VE GOT ANOTHER WHOPPER!
THE HUNGRIEST FISH I'VE EVER SEEN!
!
IT'S TOO BAD OLIVE ISN'T HERE, SHE LOVES TO FISH!
THAT REMINDS ME, OL' PAL...
SMACK!
BAM!
I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, POPEYE... MISS OYL IS IN JAIL AND WISHES TO BE RESCUED!
BAH!
I BET HENRY THE EIGHTH WAS NEVER TREATED LIKE THIS!
?
!


BUT WHAT WAS MISS OYL DOING IN JAIL?
KING BIRDSEED PUT HER THERE!
HA! HA! BIRDSEED IS JUST A HARMLESS DOG! THAT'S WHY I MADE HIM ACTING KING WHILE I WENT FISHING!
HE WOULDN'T PUT ANY-ONE IN JAIL!
I'M AFRAID HE HAD A LITTLE HELP FROM SWEE'PEA!
SWEE'PEA?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? CAN'T YOU CONTROL YOUR ADOPTED SON?
TAKE HIM HOME!
YOU MADE BIRDSEED KING.... IT IS NOT MY BUSINESS TO INTERFERE WITH WHAT A ROYAL KING DOES!
WELL, I'LL JUST GO DOWN AND DETHRONE THAT MUTT!
PALACE
KING'S ENTRANCE
NO CUR IS GOING TO MAKE AN EX-MONARCH OUT OF ME!
COME ON, WIMP... LET'S NOT MISS THE FUN!


NOW LOOK HERE, YOU FUZZY HOUND.... I'M KING ON THIS ISLAND AND---
LET'S WAIT HERE, WIMPY!
OKAY!
BOW-WOW!
GR-R-R
ARRF!
GRR!
THEY IS TALKING IT OVER..
BLOZO ISN'T SAYING MUCH!
IT SOUNDS AS IF IT WERE ALL OVER... HERE COMES BLOZO!
WOOF!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. KING!
HOORAY FOR BIRDSEED!
ARF! ARF!
?
IT IS NOT FUNNY TO LOSE ONE'S CROWN TO A DOG!
I YAM SORRY, BLOZO!
STOP WORRYING, BLOZO.... I THINKS I KNOWS HOW TO SETTLE THIS WHOLE PROBLEM!

COME INTO THE THRONE ROOM!
GO PACK YOUR THINGS! WE'RE SAILING FOR HOME!
?
HUH?
?
?
?
I DOES NOT WANT LEAVE BIRDSEED!
BIRDSEED CAN GO WITH US BUT IT WILL HAVE TO BE **HIS** DECISION AS TO WHAT HE DOES!
?
!
I WILL TAKE THE CROWN AND ---
-PUT IT OVER HERE!
NOW YOU SIT HERE!
?
?


OKAY, BIRDSEED, MAKE YOUR CHOICE ... IS IT THE CROWN OR SWEE'PEA?
HE IS...(GULP!)...HE IS GOING FOR THE CROWN!
?
HE'S PUTTING THE CROWN BACK ON BLOZO'S HEAD!
WHEEEEE!! HE WANTS TO GO WITH ME!
BUT WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF HE HAD PICKED THE CROWN ?
DON'T BE SILLY! HE'D NEVER DO THAT!
YOU SOUND VERY SURE!
OF COURSE I IS--
-ANY SWAB KNOWS THAT A DOG WOULD GIVE UP ANYTHING FOR A LI'L KID THAT HE LOVES!
Z Z Z
Z Z Z



This is a sad story about a fish that had the very unfishy name of Horse Fly. Now this may seem like an odd name for a fish but his mother and father had quite a problem when all of their children were hatched. It isn't easy to find good names for fifteen thousand children even if they are fish. By the time the naming had gotten to Horse Fly, all of the standard fish names had been used up and they had to start using any old names they could think of

Now, with fifteen thousand brothers and sisters, it is hard to be outstanding, but Horse Fly didn't have a bit of trouble this way. He became outstanding ten minutes after he fought his way out of his egg. With no trouble at all, he quickly became known as the fish with the big appetite. He was always hungry and was always first to show up at mealtime. He would grab the biggest and best piece of food and dash off to eat it by himself.

Wanting to eat by oneself isn't such a bad thing if one just likes to eat alone, but with Horse Fly it was much more than a desire for solitude. He was a very selfish fish and ran off because he might have to share his food with one of his brothers or sisters. This fear of sharing food with someone else, drove him to hide inside a large glass jug which some fisherman had tossed into the pond.

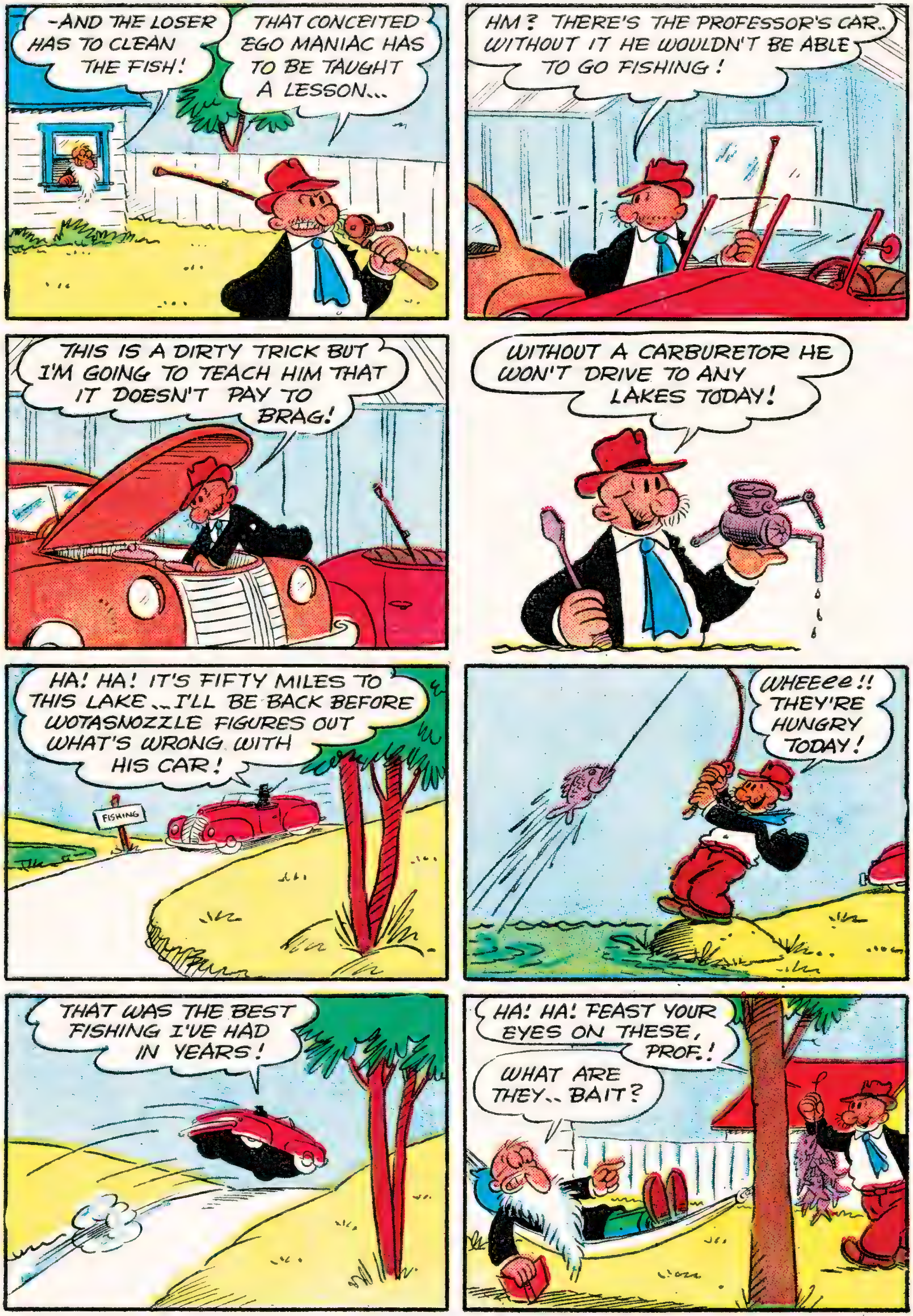
The jug which Horse Fly hid in had a very small neck. As Horse Fly grew, he had trouble squeezing into the opening. He was growing so big from his grabbing the biggest piece of food that there came a day when he got into the bottle but couldn't get out. Though he squeezed as hard as he could, he couldn't force his fat body through the narrow neck of the bottle.

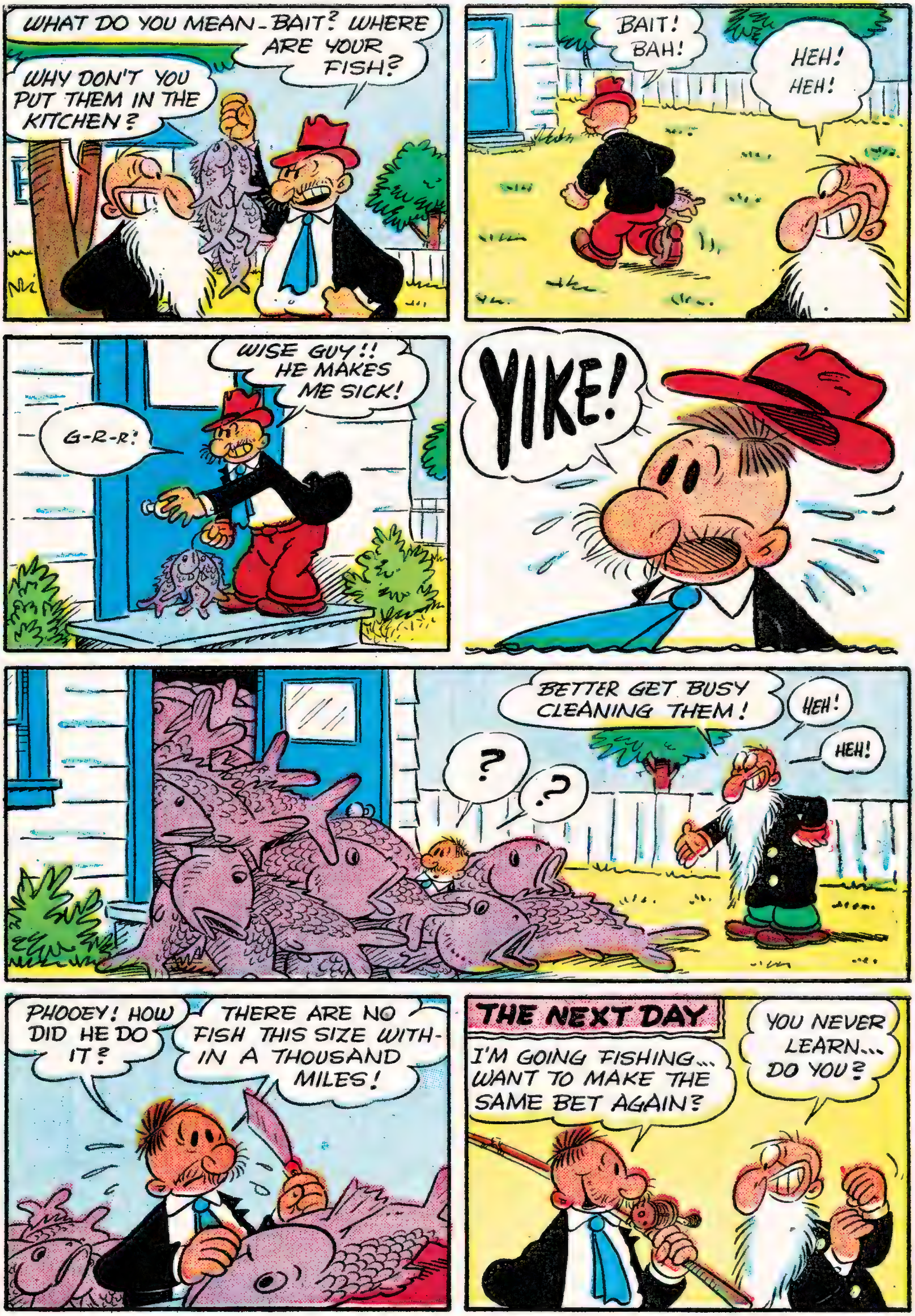
It was some time before his brothers and sisters missed Horse Fly, but when they did, everyone went looking for him. It was just pure luck that one of his brothers spotted him in the jug and rushed back to tell the rest where he was. Mom, Pop and all the children swam to where poor Horse Fly was imprisoned and tried to figure a way out for the greedy little fish. But Horse Fly was in the bottle for good! His brothers and sisters fed him through the neck of the jug because they couldn't let him starve. As they fed him, he grew and grew until he got so big that everyone knew he would never be able to escape.

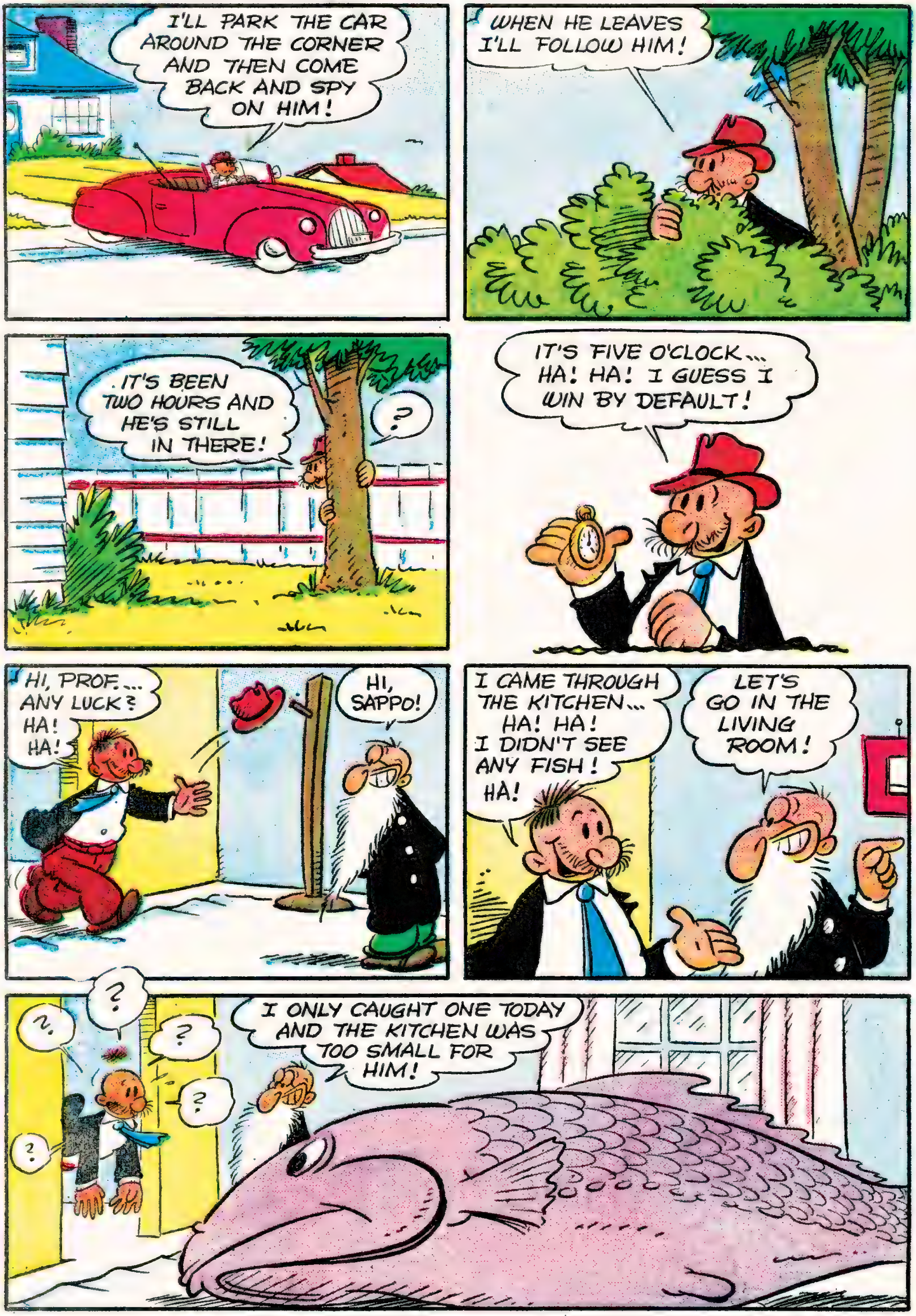
This story should teach everyone that it doesn't pay to take more than his share. Being greedy is a bad policy and will always lead to trouble.

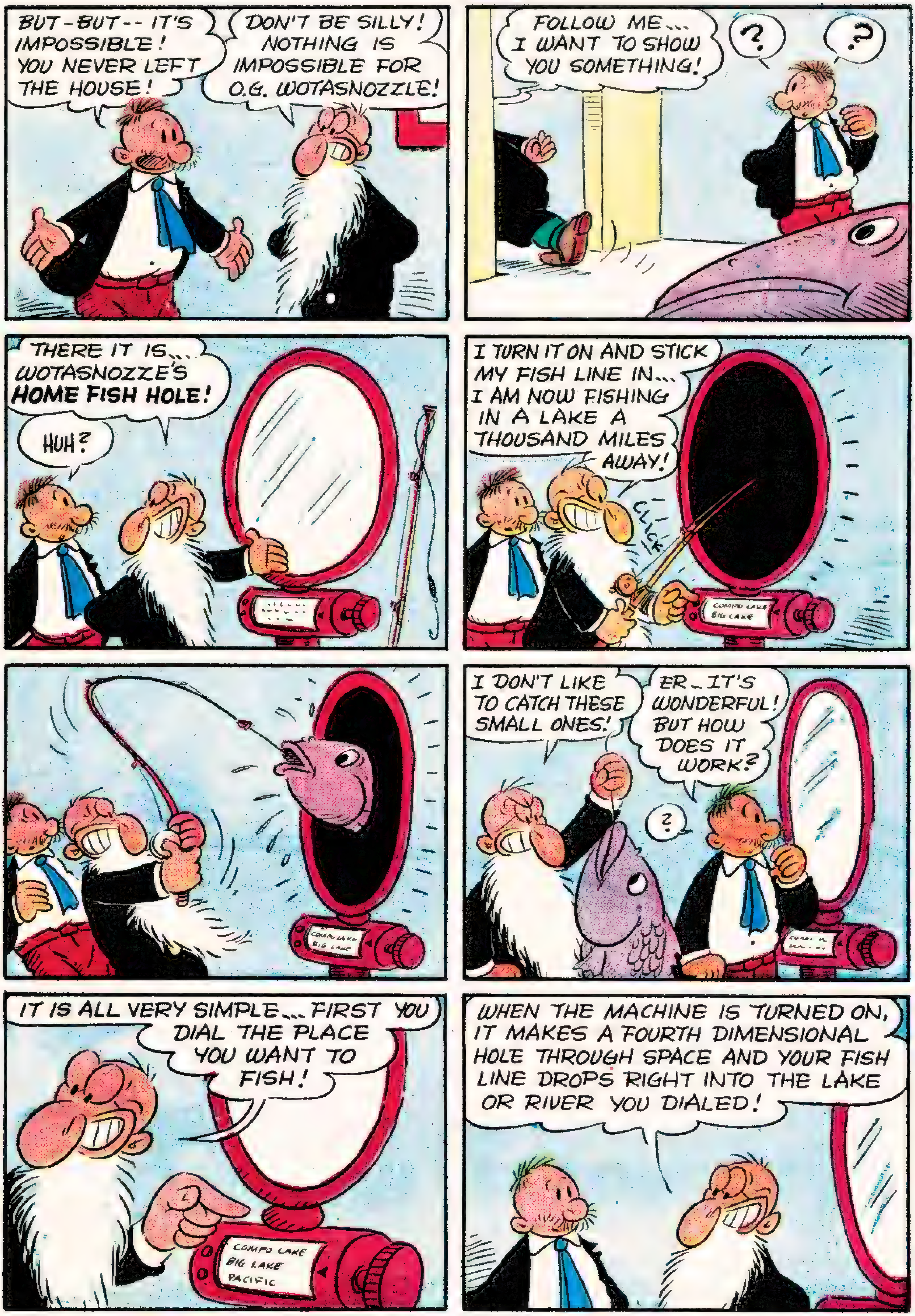
Horse Fly? Oh, he got out of the bottle. Lucky for him a little boy threw a rock into the pond and it broke the bottle and Horse Fly went back to his brothers and sisters.

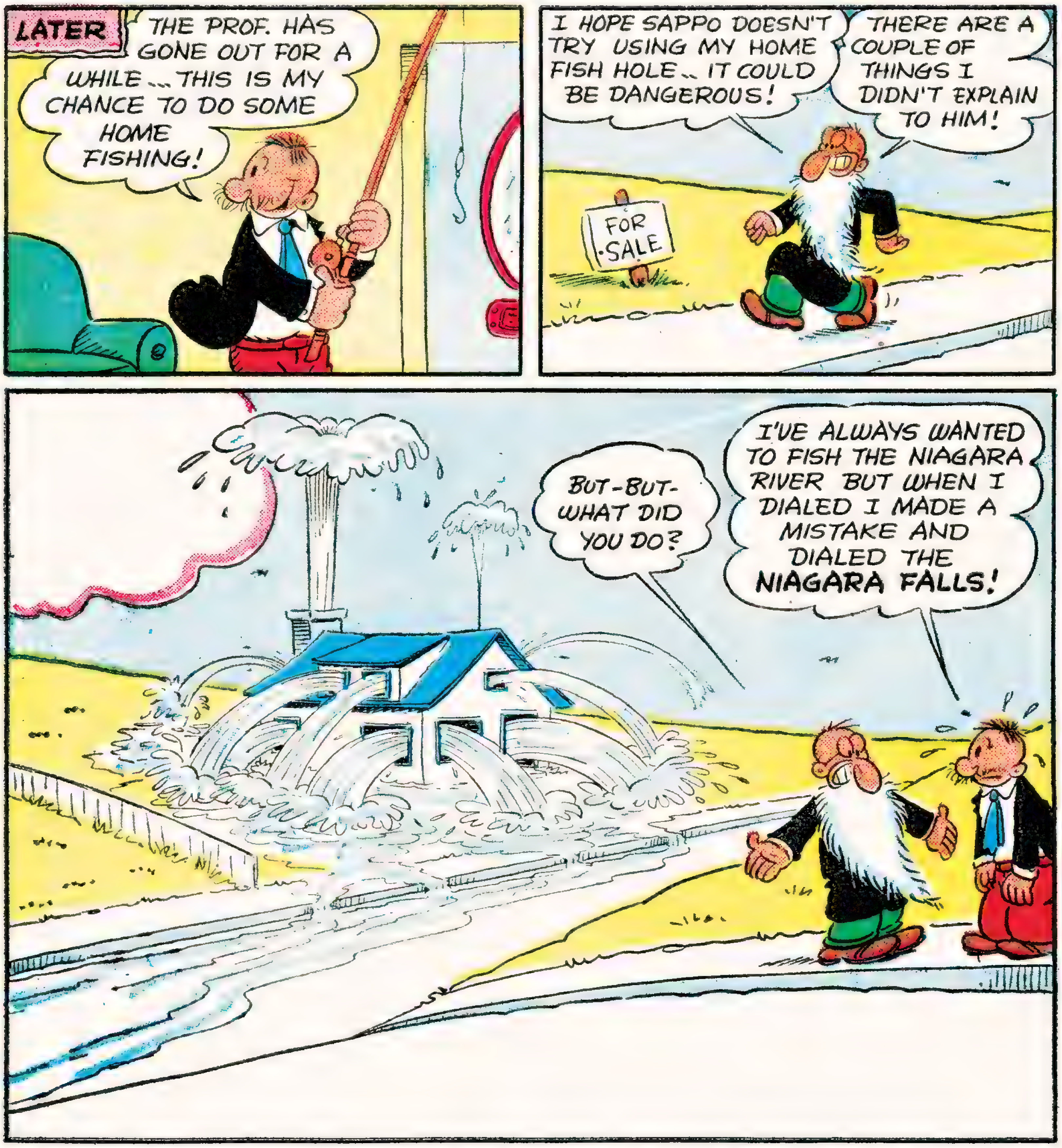
PRESENTING -
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
THE PROFESSOR WITH THE ATOMIC BRAIN!
HOORAY FOR WOTASNOZZLE!
THANK YOU!
THANK YOU!
NOTICE!
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE IS THE SMARTEST HOMO SAPIEN IN THE WORLD!
SWORN TO BY O.G. Wotasnozzle
HA! HA! WASTING TIME AGAIN!
?
?
YOU'RE ALWAYS GOING FISHING BUT YOU NEVER CATCH ANY-THING!
OH, YEAH! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FISHING?
I KNOW THAT I AM SMARTER THAN YOU!
BAH!
I BET I CATCH MORE FISH BY FIVE O'CLOCK THAN YOU DO!
THAT'S A BET!

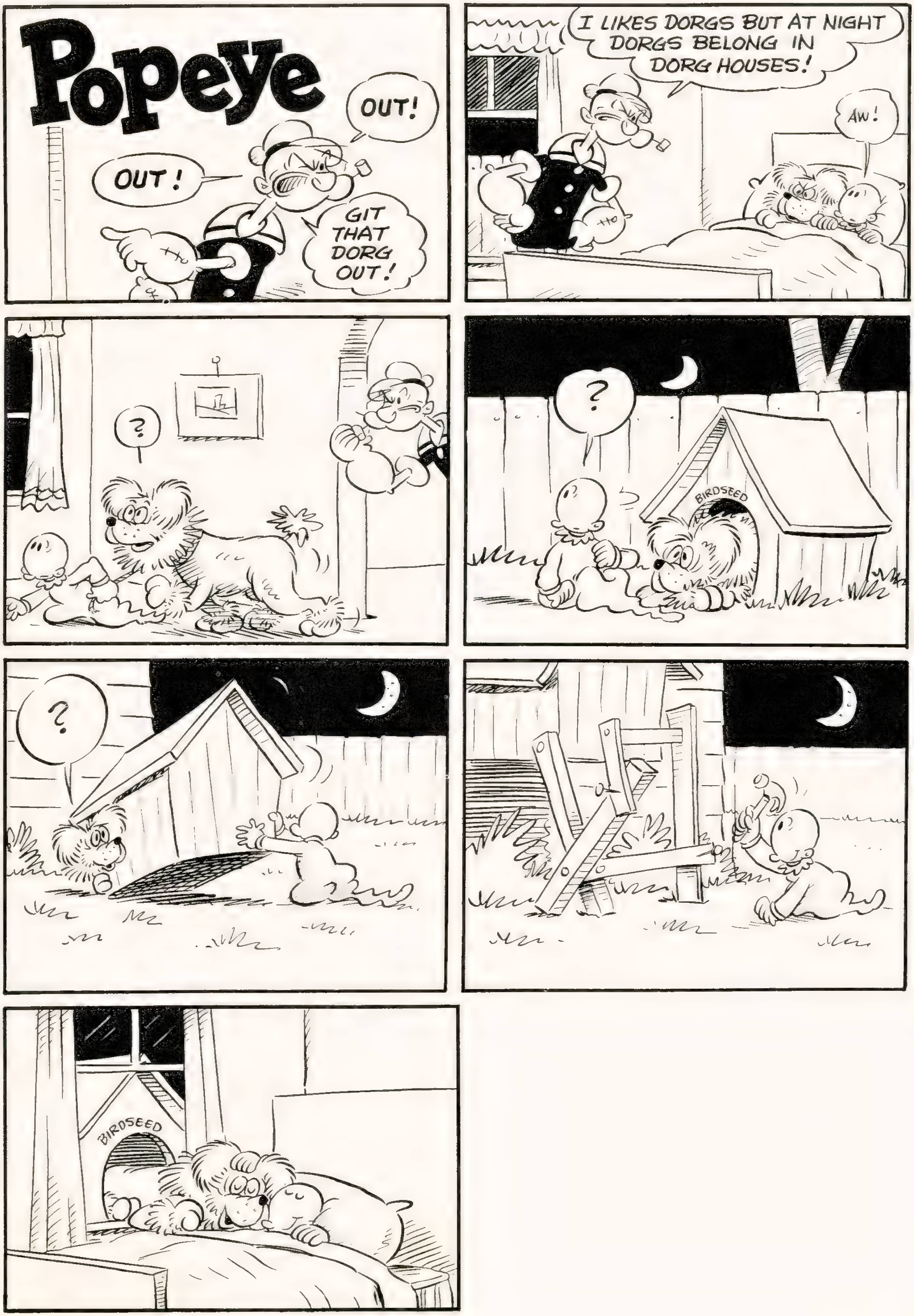

-AND THE LOSER HAS TO CLEAN THE FISH!
THAT CONCEITED EGO MANIAC HAS TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON...
HM? THERE'S THE PROFESSOR'S CAR.. WITHOUT IT HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GO FISHING!
THIS IS A DIRTY TRICK BUT I'M GOING TO TEACH HIM THAT IT DOESN'T PAY TO BRAG!
WITHOUT A CARBURETOR HE WON'T DRIVE TO ANY LAKES TODAY!
HA! HA! IT'S FIFTY MILES TO THIS LAKE...I'LL BE BACK BEFORE WOTASNOZZLE FIGURES OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIS CAR!
FISHING
WHEEeee!! THEY'RE HUNGRY TODAY!
THAT WAS THE BEST FISHING I'VE HAD IN YEARS!
HA! HA! FEAST YOUR EYES ON THESE, PROF.!
WHAT ARE THEY.. BAIT?

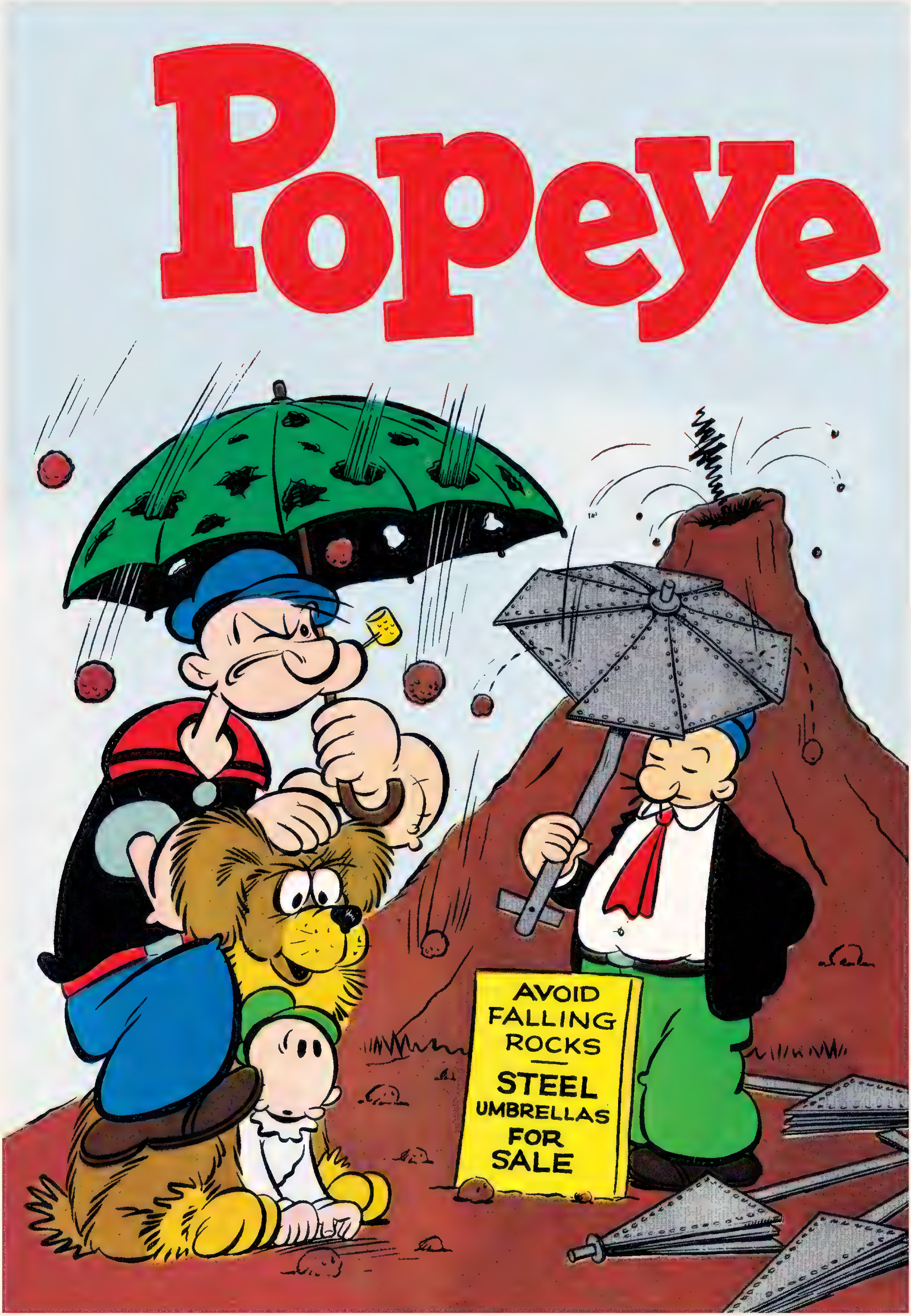

WHAT DO YOU MEAN-BAIT? WHERE ARE YOUR FISH?
WHY DON'T YOU PUT THEM IN THE KITCHEN?
BAIT! BAH!
HEH! HEH!
WISE GUY!! HE MAKES ME SICK!
G-R-R!
YIKE!
BETTER GET BUSY CLEANING THEM!
HEH!
HEH!
?
?
PHOOEY! HOW DID HE DO IT?
THERE ARE NO FISH THIS SIZE WITH-IN A THOUSAND MILES!
THE NEXT DAY
I'M GOING FISHING... WANT TO MAKE THE SAME BET AGAIN?
YOU NEVER LEARN... DO YOU?


I'LL PARK THE CAR AROUND THE CORNER AND THEN COME BACK AND SPY ON HIM!
WHEN HE LEAVES I'LL FOLLOW HIM!
IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS AND HE'S STILL IN THERE!
?
IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK... HA! HA! I GUESS I WIN BY DEFAULT!
HI, PROF.... ANY LUCK? HA! HA!
HI, SAPPO!
I CAME THROUGH THE KITCHEN... HA! HA! I DIDN'T SEE ANY FISH! HA!
LET'S GO IN THE LIVING ROOM!
?
?
?
?
?
I ONLY CAUGHT ONE TODAY AND THE KITCHEN WAS TOO SMALL FOR HIM!

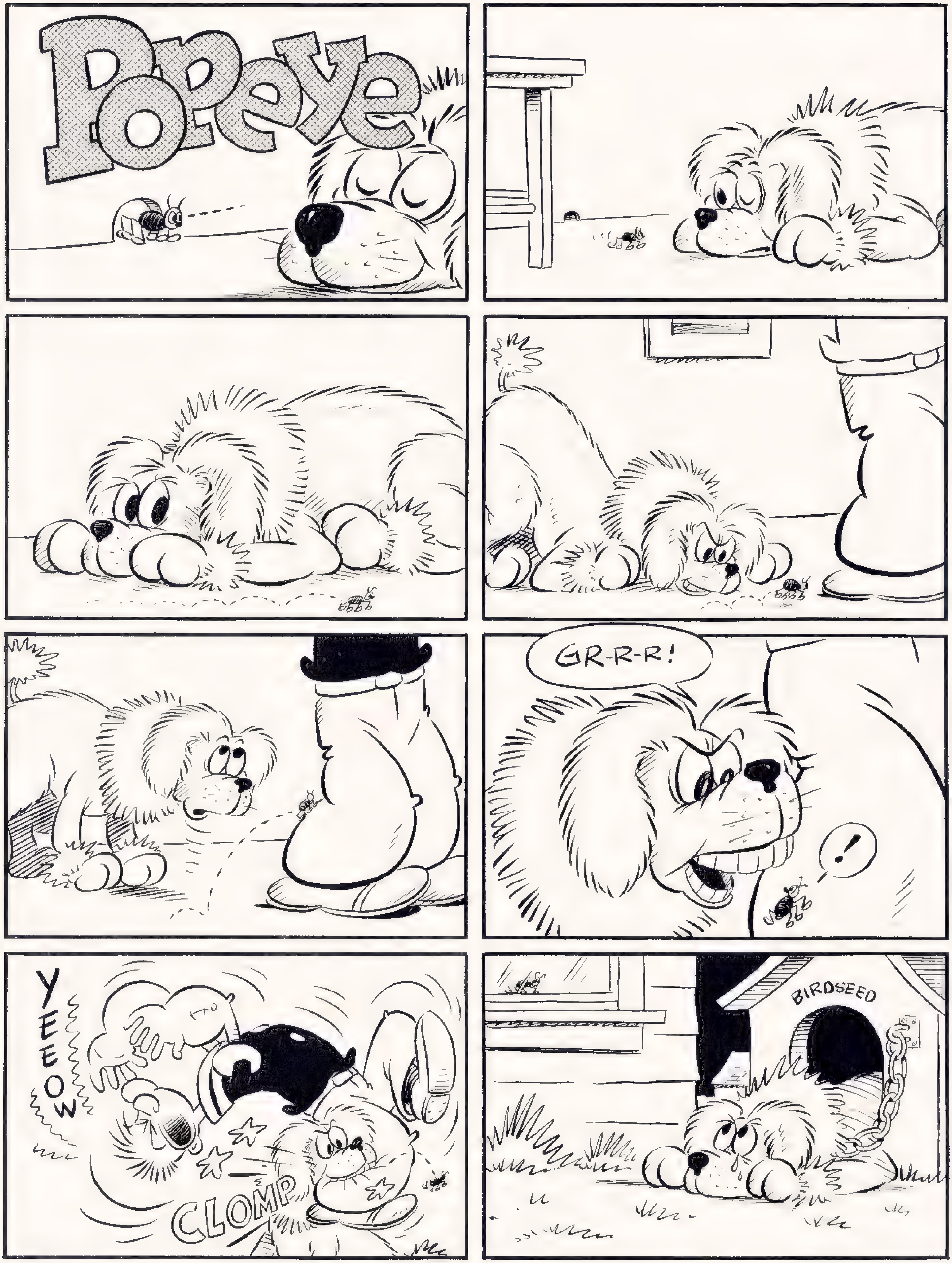

BUT-BUT-- IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU NEVER LEFT THE HOUSE!
DON'T BE SILLY! NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE!
FOLLOW ME... I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
?
?
THERE IT IS... WOTASNOZZE'S HOME FISH HOLE!
HUH?
I TURN IT ON AND STICK MY FISH LINE IN... I AM NOW FISHING IN A LAKE A THOUSAND MILES AWAY!
CLICK
COMPO LAKE
BIG LAKE
I DON'T LIKE TO CATCH THESE SMALL ONES!
ER.. IT'S WONDERFUL! BUT HOW DOES IT WORK?
?
IT IS ALL VERY SIMPLE... FIRST YOU DIAL THE PLACE YOU WANT TO FISH!
COMPO LAKE
BIG LAKE
PACIFIC
WHEN THE MACHINE IS TURNED ON, IT MAKES A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL HOLE THROUGH SPACE AND YOUR FISH LINE DROPS RIGHT INTO THE LAKE OR RIVER YOU DIALED!


LATER
THE PROF. HAS GONE OUT FOR A WHILE ... THIS IS MY CHANCE TO DO SOME HOME FISHING!
I HOPE SAPPO DOESN'T TRY USING MY HOME FISH HOLE .. IT COULD BE DANGEROUS!
THERE ARE A COUPLE OF THINGS I DIDN'T EXPLAIN TO HIM!
FOR SALE
BUT-BUT-WHAT DID YOU DO?
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO FISH THE NIAGARA RIVER BUT WHEN I DIALED I MADE A MISTAKE AND DIALED THE NIAGARA FALLS!


Popeye
OUT!
OUT!
GIT THAT DORG OUT!
I LIKES DORGS BUT AT NIGHT DORGS BELONG IN DORG HOUSES!
AW!
?
?
BIRDSEED
?
BIRDSEED

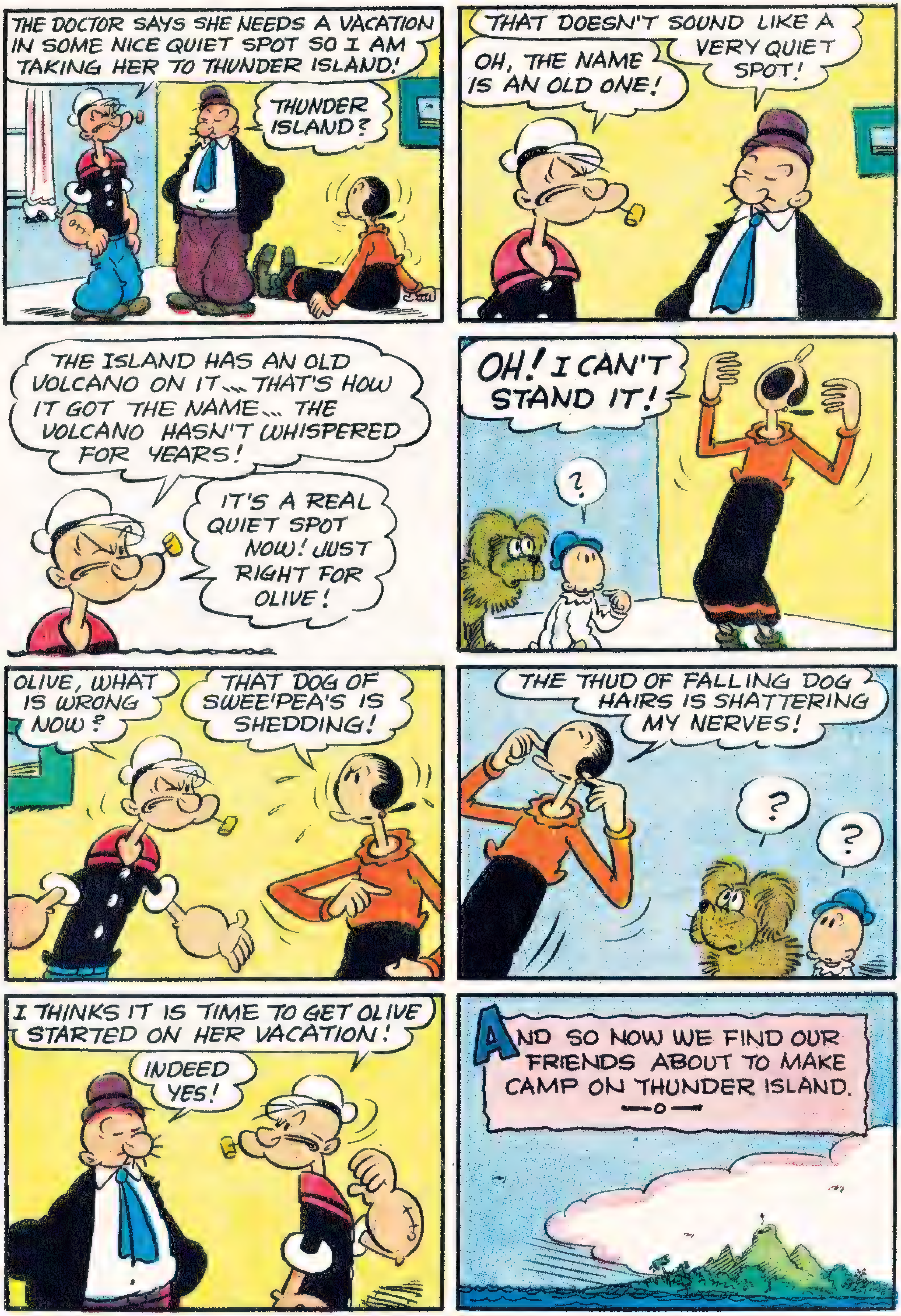


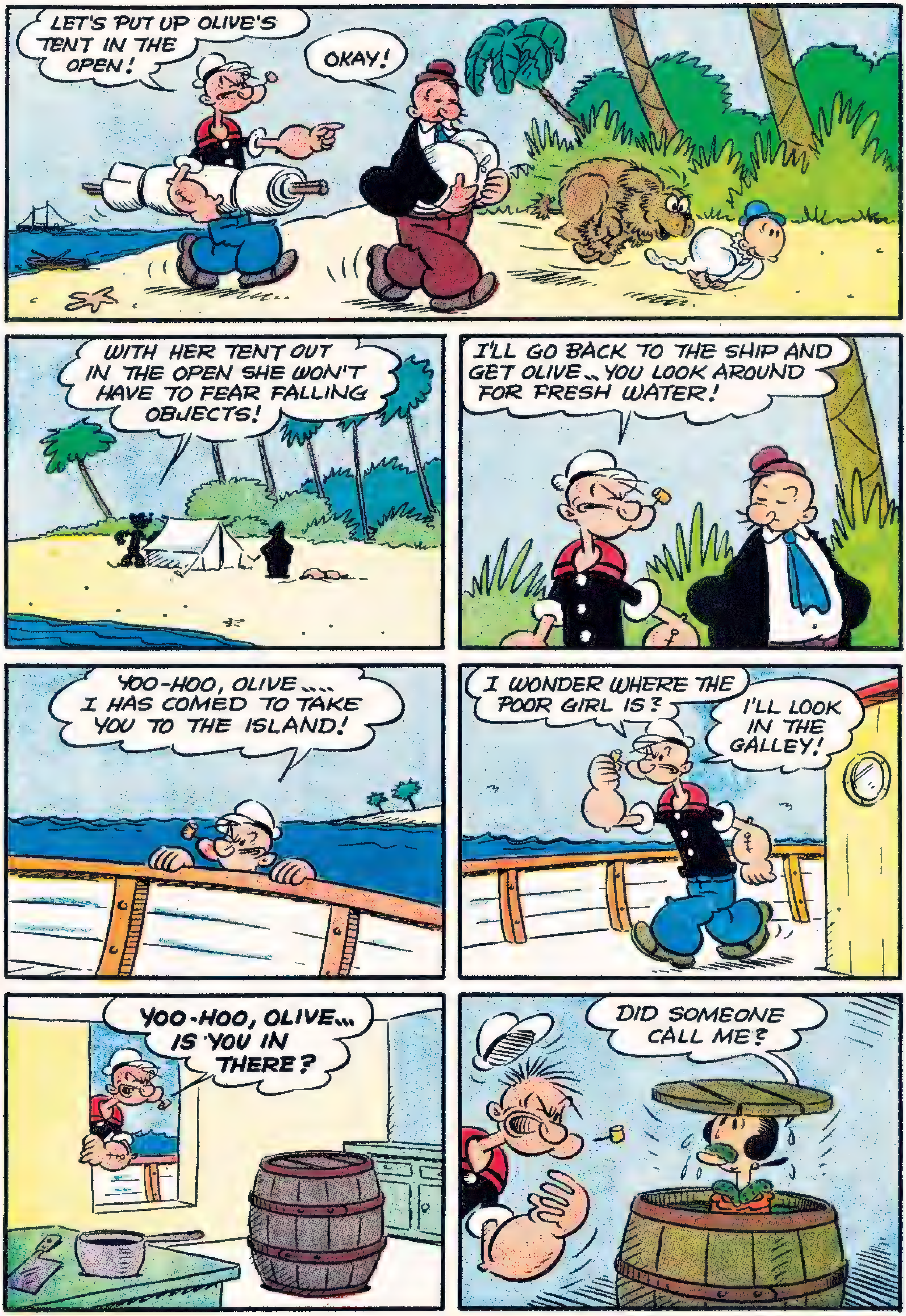
Popeye #39, January-March 1957


POPEYE
GR-R-R!
!
YEEOW
CLOMP
BIRDSEED

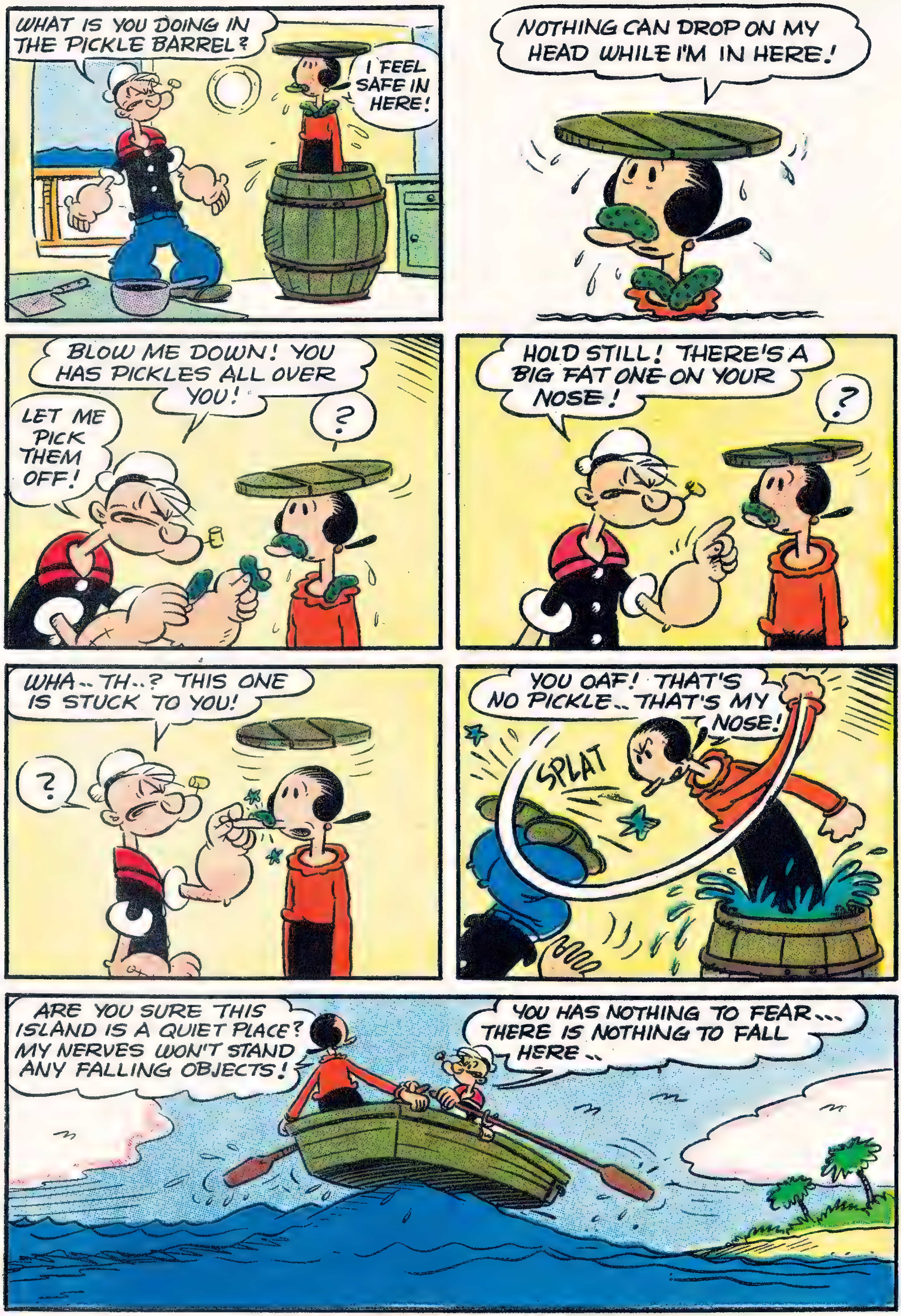
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
IN
" THE MOUNTAIN THAT TALKED BACK! "
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YA?
THE NOISE OF CIVILIZATION IS RIPPING MY NERVES APART.. I NEED QUIET!
TAKE IT EASY, OLIVE.. CALM DOWN!
I-I-I- CAN'T!
POPEYE® 39- 572
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MISS OYL?
SHE'S HAVIN' TROUBLE WITH HER NERVES... THEY IS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN!

TSK-TSK-SHE LOOKS TERRIBLE!
?
SHE HAS DEVELOPED A FEAR OF FALLING OBJECTS WHAT MAKES NOISE?
HM?
?
!
OOOOOOH!
SHE'S FAINTED!
PLOP
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE DROPPED SOME-THING!
I DIDN'T HEAR ANY-THING!
?
OLIVE'S NERVES ARE SO BAD SHE CAN HEAR THINGS THAT WE CAN'T!
BAH! THAT'S SILLY!
?
MRS. SMITH, NEXT DOOR, SENDS HER APOLOGIES... SHE DROPPED A PIN ON THE RUG!
SEE WHAT I MEAN... HER NERVES IS SUPER-SENSITIVE!
WOW!
WHAT WAS THAT HORRIBLE NOISE?

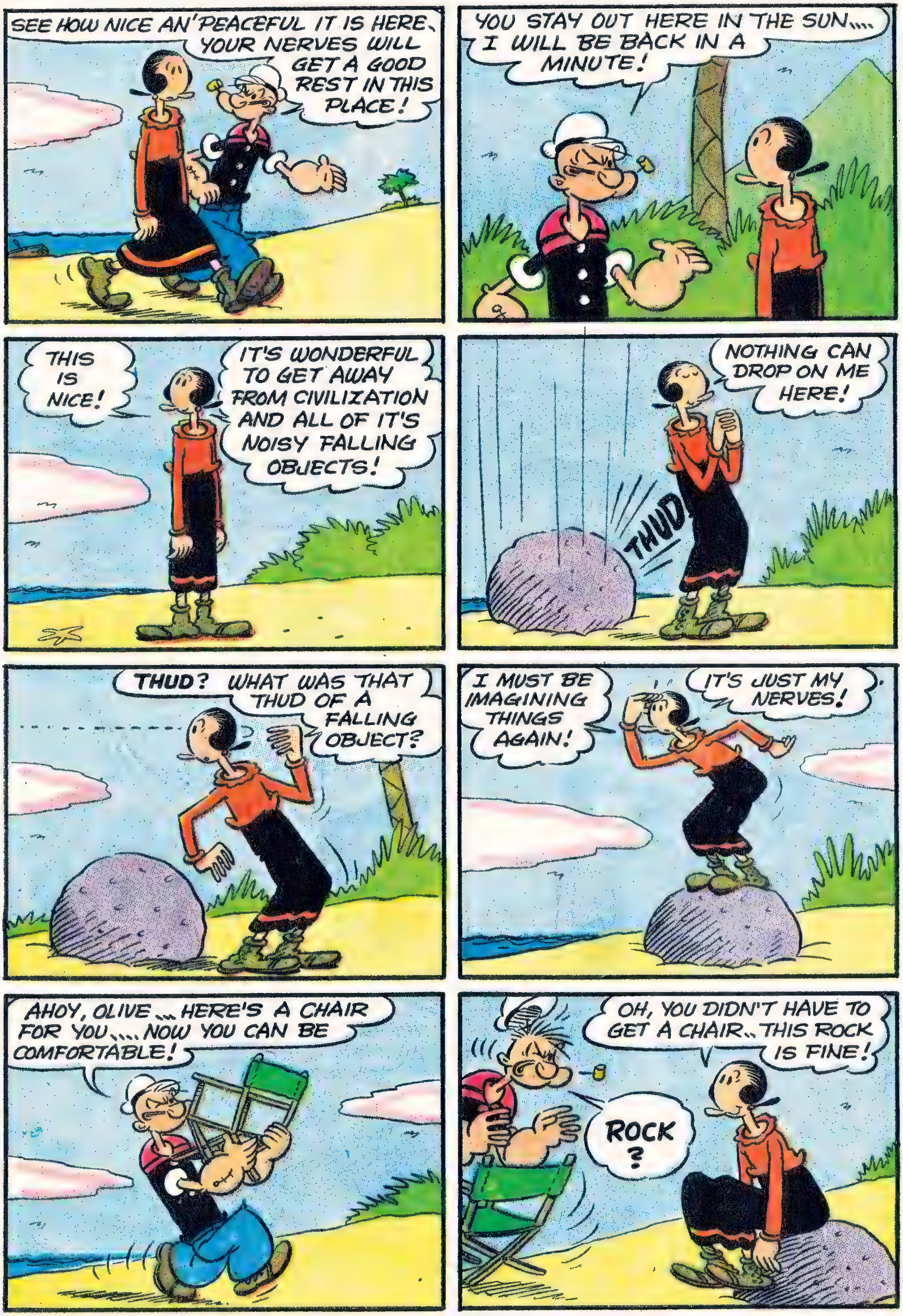

THE DOCTOR SAYS SHE NEEDS A VACATION IN SOME NICE QUIET SPOT SO I AM TAKING HER TO THUNDER ISLAND!
THUNDER ISLAND?
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A VERY QUIET SPOT!
OH, THE NAME IS AN OLD ONE!
THE ISLAND HAS AN OLD VOLCANO ON IT... THAT'S HOW IT GOT THE NAME... THE VOLCANO HASN'T WHISPERED FOR YEARS!
IT'S A REAL QUIET SPOT NOW! JUST RIGHT FOR OLIVE!
OH! I CAN'T STAND IT!
?
OLIVE, WHAT IS WRONG NOW?
THAT DOG OF SWEE'PEA'S IS SHEDDING!
THE THUD OF FALLING DOG HAIRS IS SHATTERING MY NERVES!
?
?
I THINKS IT IS TIME TO GET OLIVE STARTED ON HER VACATION!
INDEED YES!
AND SO NOW WE FIND OUR FRIENDS ABOUT TO MAKE CAMP ON THUNDER ISLAND.

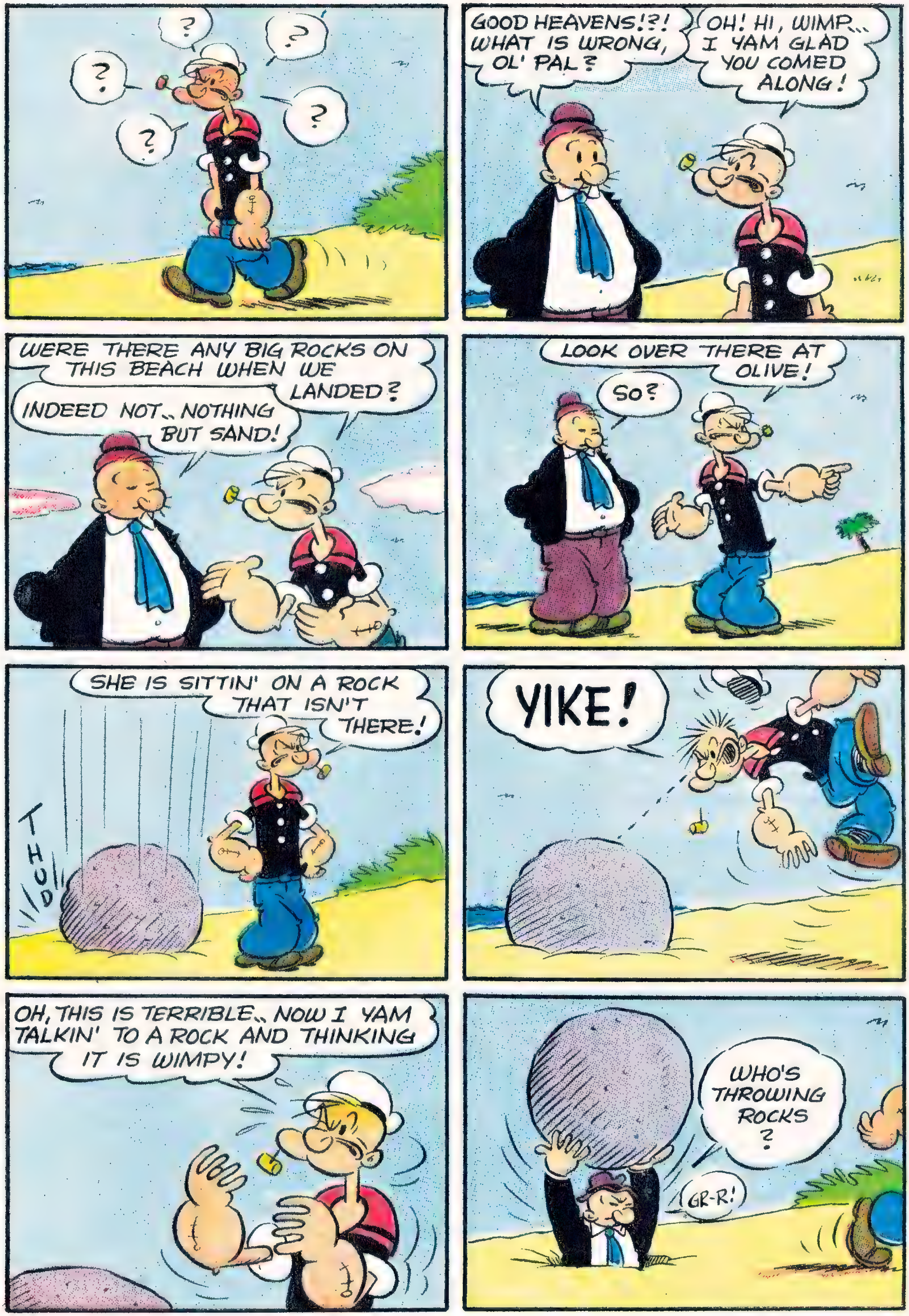


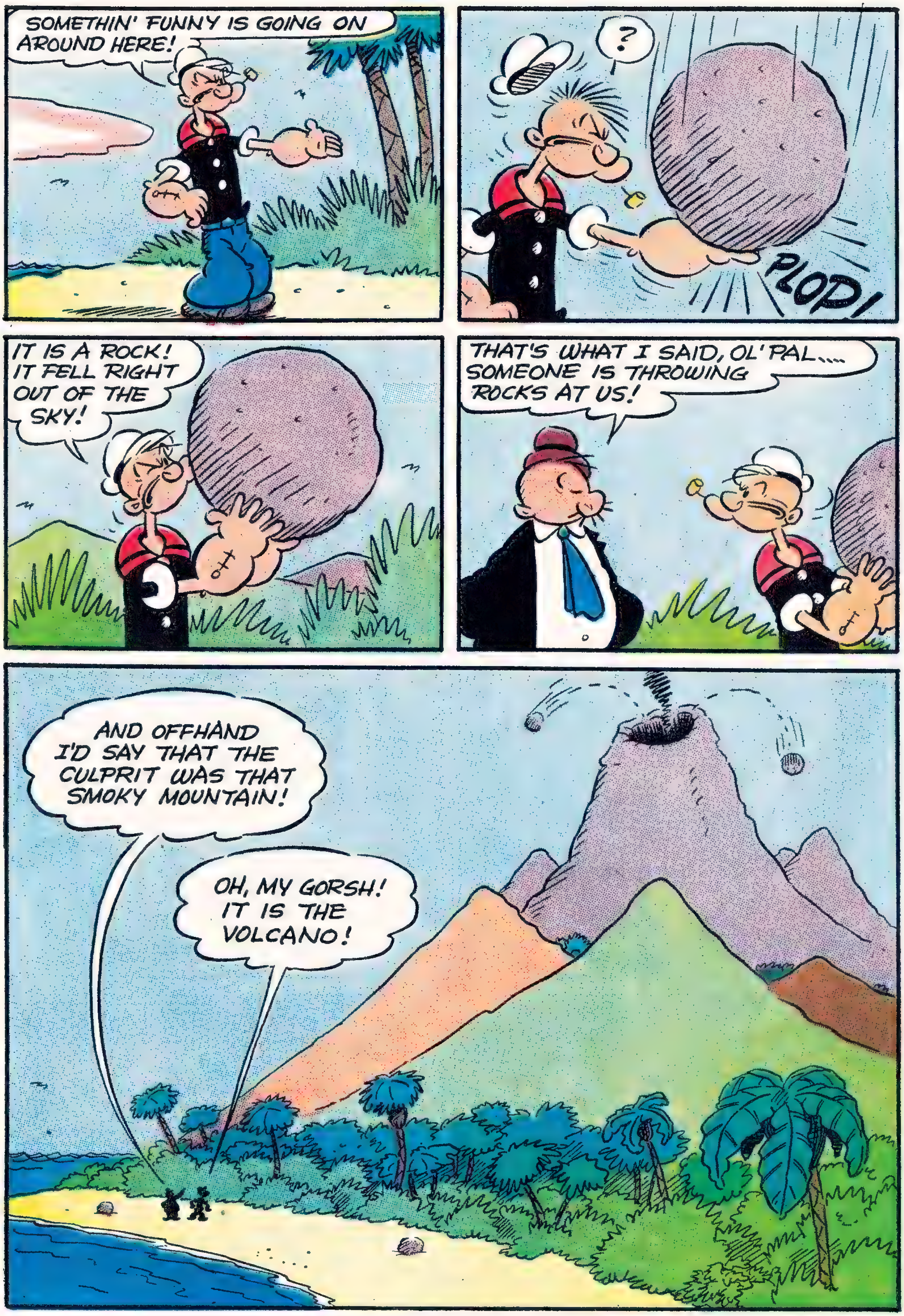
LET'S PUT UP OLIVE'S TENT IN THE OPEN!
OKAY!
WITH HER TENT OUT IN THE OPEN SHE WON'T HAVE TO FEAR FALLING OBJECTS!
I'LL GO BACK TO THE SHIP AND GET OLIVE.. YOU LOOK AROUND FOR FRESH WATER!
YOO-HOO, OLIVE.... I HAS COMED TO TAKE YOU TO THE ISLAND!
I WONDER WHERE THE POOR GIRL IS?
I'LL LOOK IN THE GALLEY!
YOO-HOO, OLIVE... IS YOU IN THERE?
DID SOMEONE CALL ME?

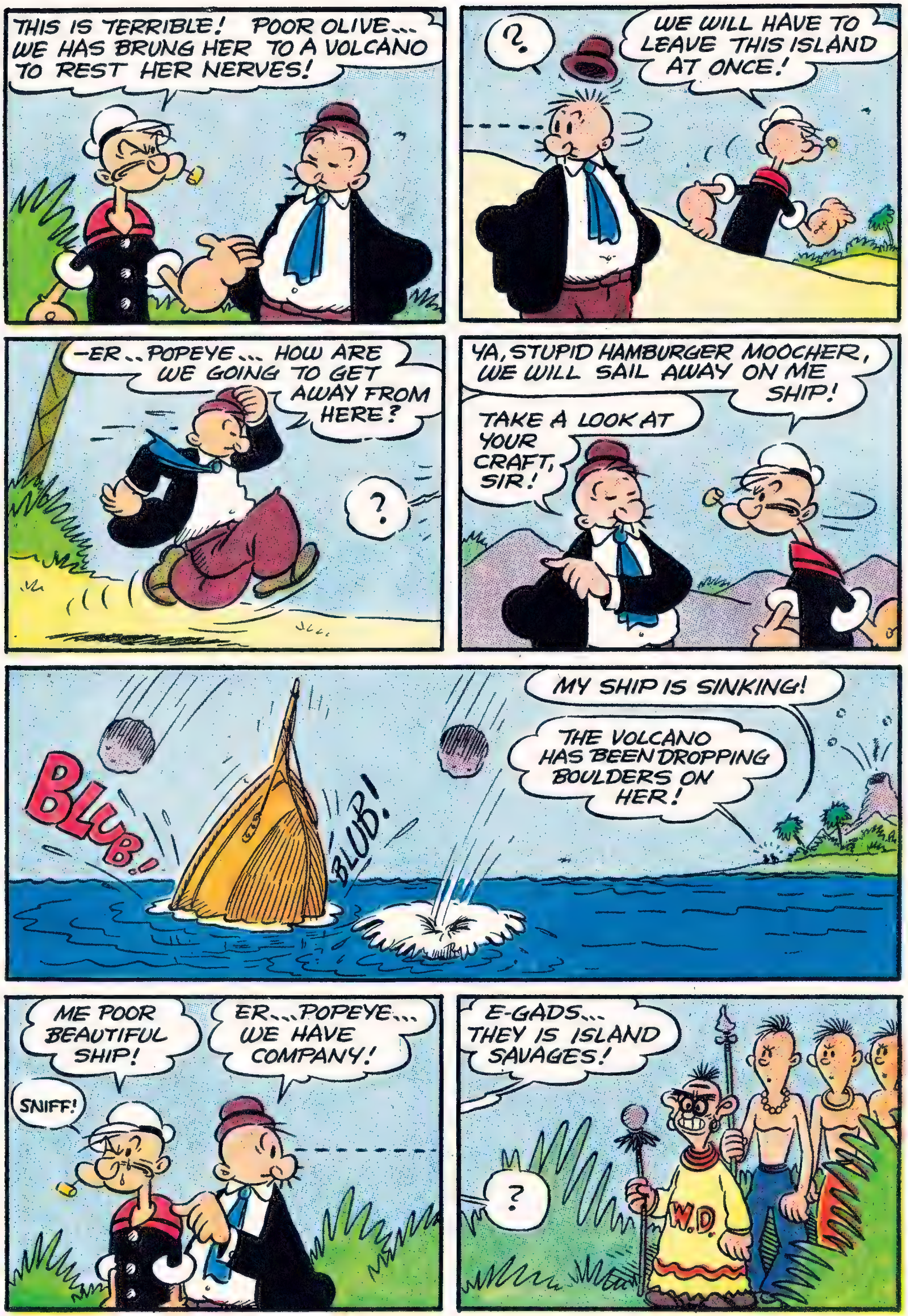


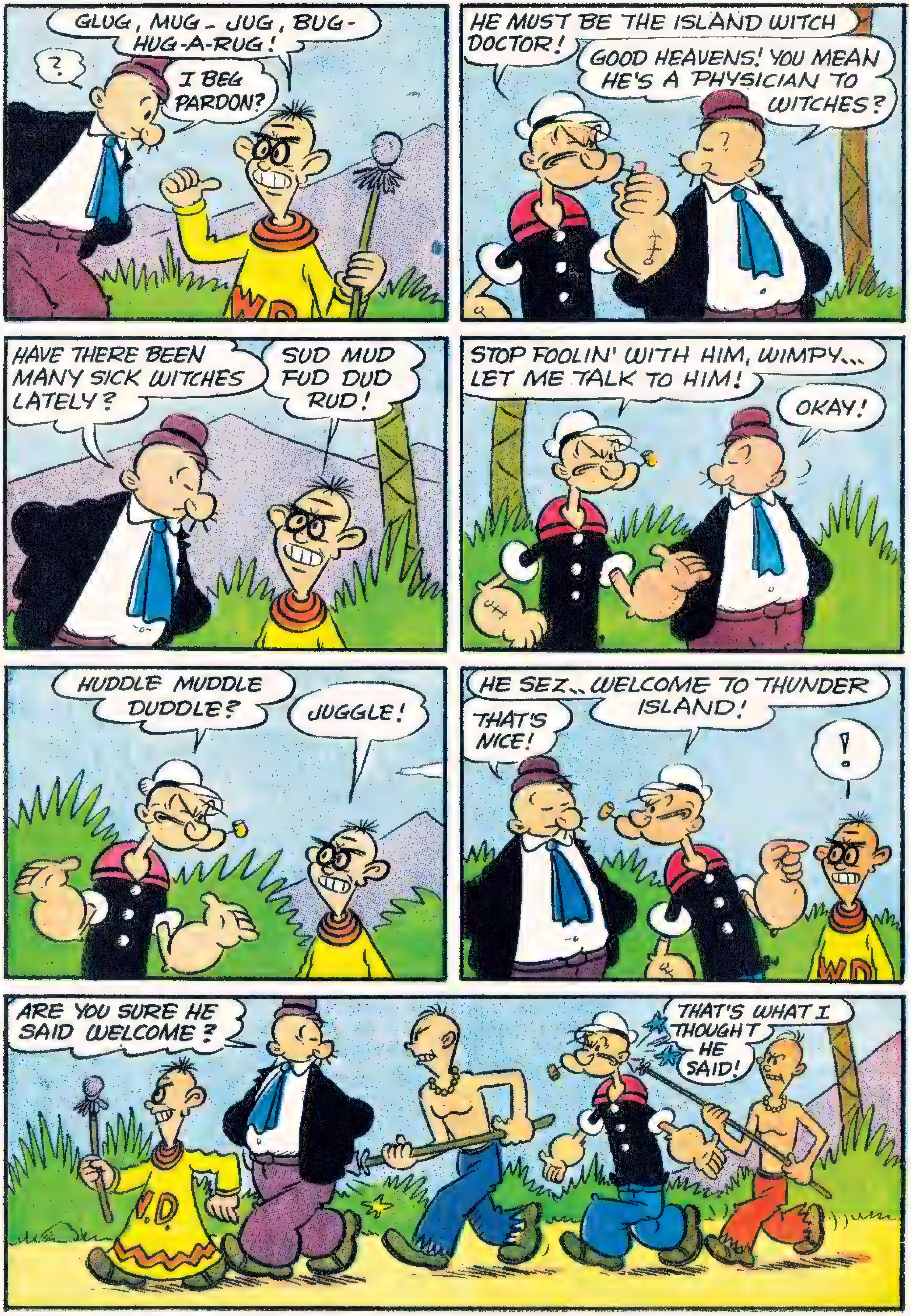
WHAT IS YOU DOING IN THE PICKLE BARREL?
I FEEL SAFE IN HERE!
NOTHING CAN DROP ON MY HEAD WHILE I'M IN HERE!
BLOW ME DOWN! YOU HAS PICKLES ALL OVER YOU!
LET ME PICK THEM OFF!
?
HOLD STILL! THERE'S A BIG FAT ONE ON YOUR NOSE!
?
WHA-- TH--? THIS ONE IS STUCK TO YOU!
?
YOU OAF! THAT'S NO PICKLE-- THAT'S MY NOSE!
SPLAT
ARE YOU SURE THIS ISLAND IS A QUIET PLACE? MY NERVES WON'T STAND ANY FALLING OBJECTS!
YOU HAS NOTHING TO FEAR... THERE IS NOTHING TO FALL HERE--


SEE HOW NICE AN' PEACEFUL IT IS HERE.. YOUR NERVES WILL GET A GOOD REST IN THIS PLACE!
YOU STAY OUT HERE IN THE SUN.... I WILL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!
THIS IS NICE!
IT'S WONDERFUL TO GET AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION AND ALL OF IT'S NOISY FALLING OBJECTS!
NOTHING CAN DROP ON ME HERE!
THUD
THUD? WHAT WAS THAT THUD OF A FALLING OBJECT?
I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS AGAIN!
IT'S JUST MY NERVES!
AHOY, OLIVE... HERE'S A CHAIR FOR YOU.... NOW YOU CAN BE COMFORTABLE!
OH, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GET A CHAIR.. THIS ROCK IS FINE!
ROCK ?

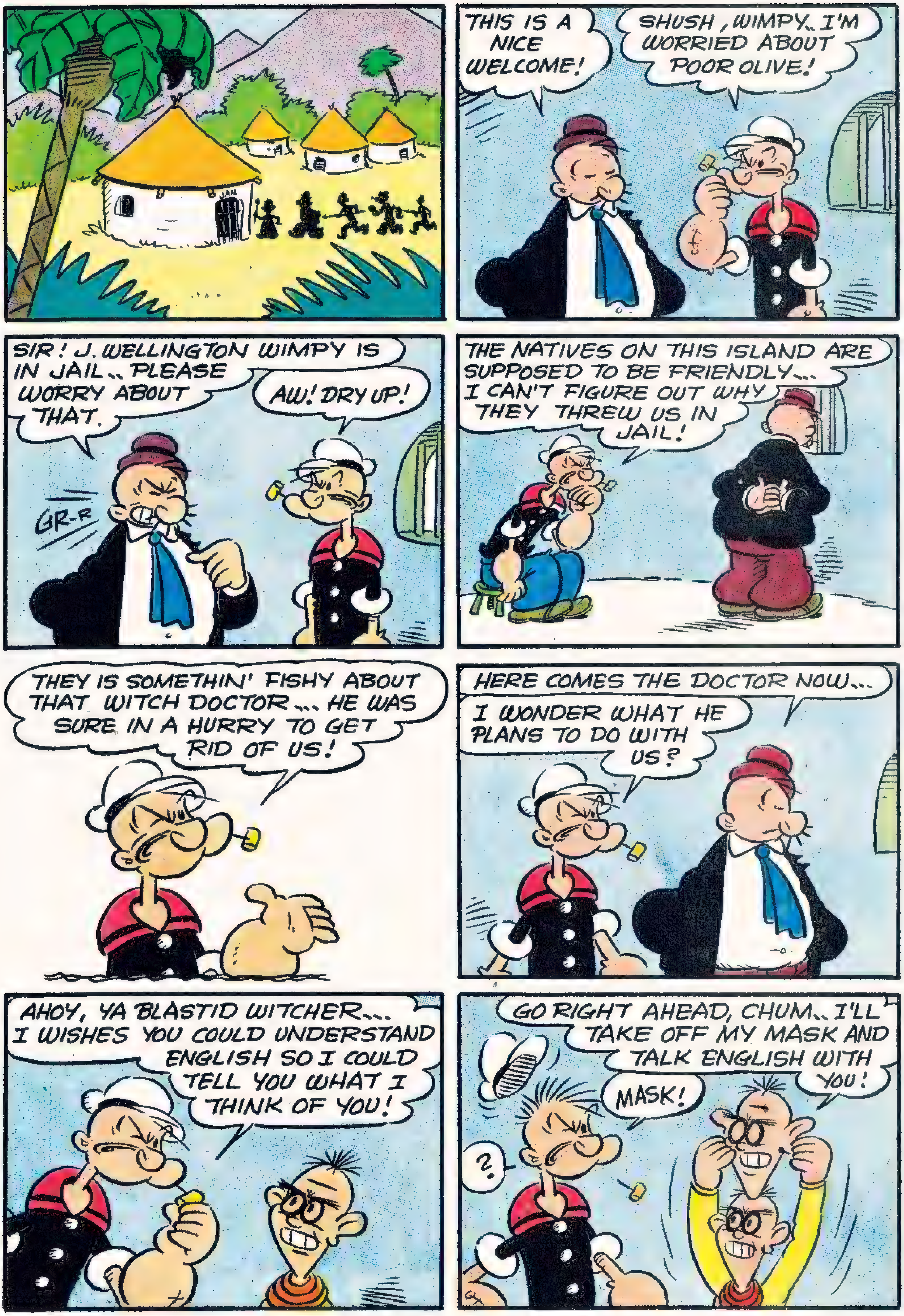

?
?
?
?
?
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT IS WRONG, OL' PAL?
OH! HI, WIMP... I YAM GLAD YOU COMED ALONG!
WERE THERE ANY BIG ROCKS ON THIS BEACH WHEN WE LANDED?
INDEED NOT... NOTHING BUT SAND!
LOOK OVER THERE AT OLIVE!
SO?
SHE IS SITTIN' ON A ROCK THAT ISN'T THERE!
THUD
YIKE!
OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE... NOW I YAM TALKIN' TO A ROCK AND THINKING IT IS WIMPY!
WHO'S THROWING ROCKS?
GR-R!

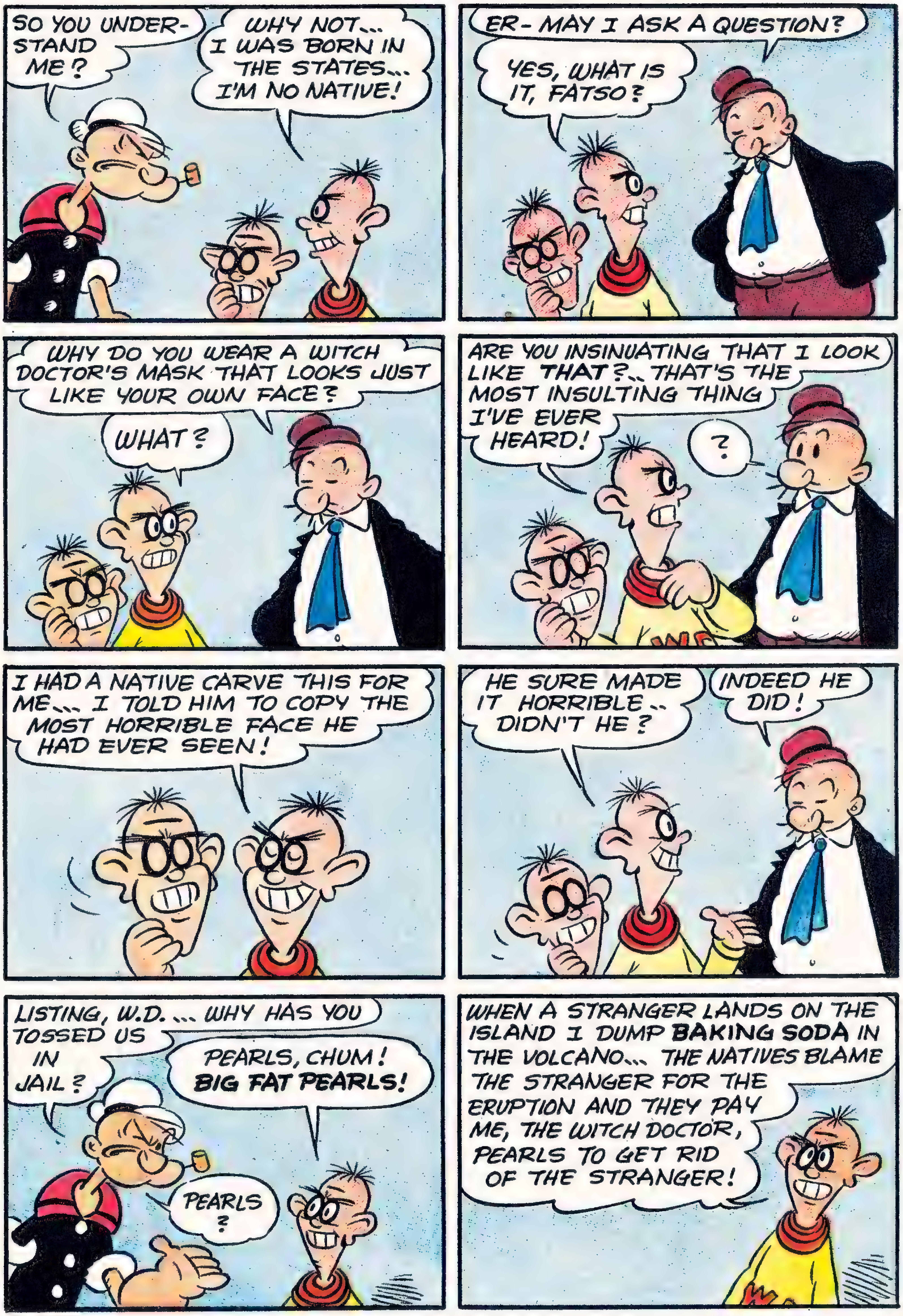

SOMETHIN' FUNNY IS GOING ON AROUND HERE!
?
PLOD!
IT IS A ROCK! IT FELL RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY!
THAT'S WHAT I SAID, OL' PAL.... SOMEONE IS THROWING ROCKS AT US!
AND OFFHAND I'D SAY THAT THE CULPRIT WAS THAT SMOKY MOUNTAIN!
OH, MY GORSH! IT IS THE VOLCANO!


THIS IS TERRIBLE! POOR OLIVE... WE HAS BRUNG HER TO A VOLCANO TO REST HER NERVES!
?
WE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND AT ONCE!
-ER.. POPEYE... HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET AWAY FROM HERE?
?
YA, STUPID HAMBURGER MOOCHER, WE WILL SAIL AWAY ON ME SHIP!
TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR CRAFT, SIR!
BLUB!
BLUB!
MY SHIP IS SINKING!
THE VOLCANO HAS BEEN DROPPING BOULDERS ON HER!
ME POOR BEAUTIFUL SHIP!
SNIFF!
ER...POPEYE... WE HAVE COMPANY!
E-GADS... THEY IS ISLAND SAVAGES!
?
W.D.

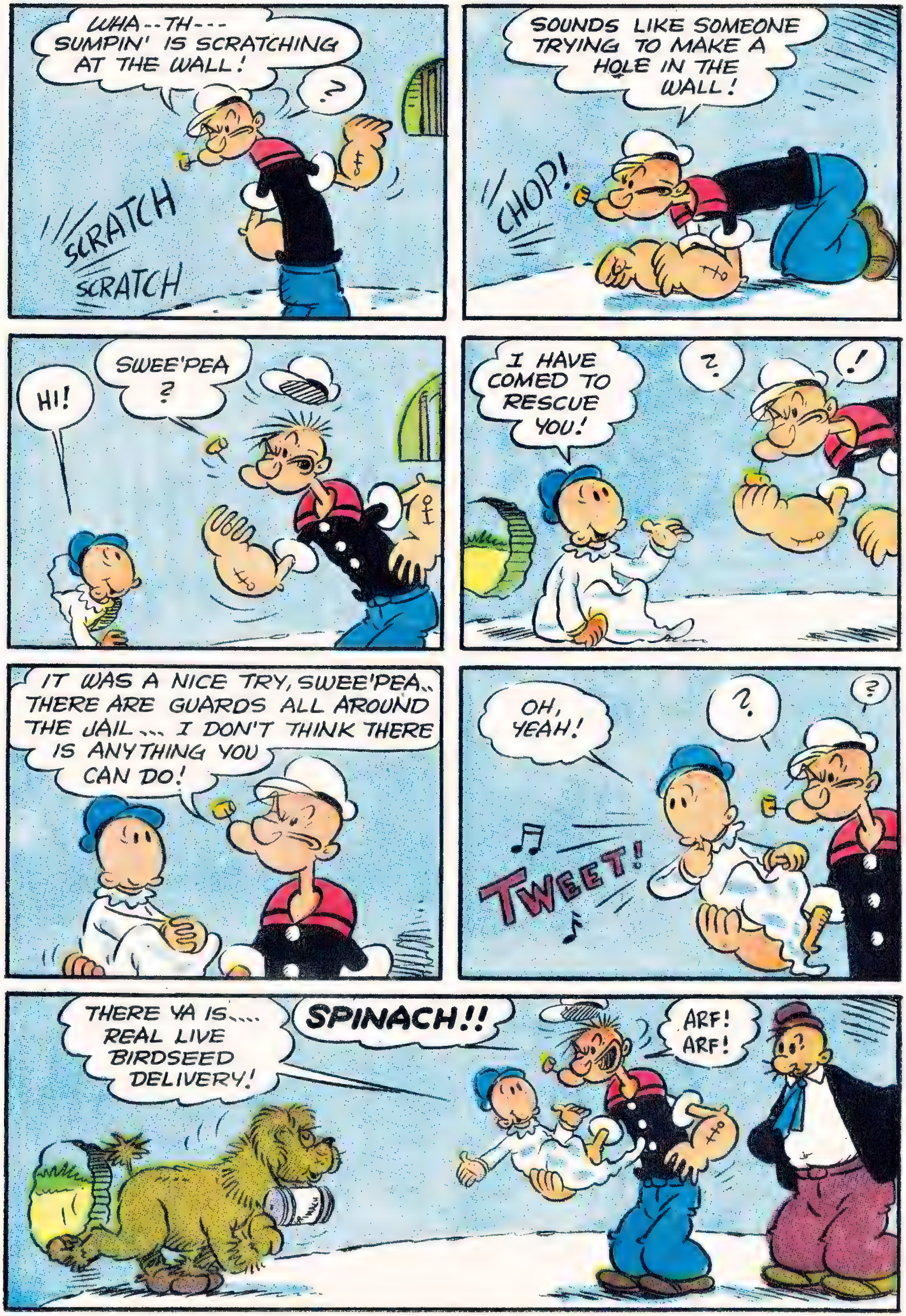

GLUG, MUG - JUG, BUG-HUG-A-RUG!
?
I BEG PARDON?
HE MUST BE THE ISLAND WITCH DOCTOR!
GOOD HEAVENS! YOU MEAN HE'S A PHYSICIAN TO WITCHES?
HAVE THERE BEEN MANY SICK WITCHES LATELY?
SUD MUD FUD DUD RUD!
STOP FOOLIN' WITH HIM, WIMPY... LET ME TALK TO HIM!
OKAY!
HUDDLE MUDDLE DUDDLE?
JUGGLE!
HE SEZ... WELCOME TO THUNDER ISLAND!
THAT'S NICE!
!
ARE YOU SURE HE SAID WELCOME?
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT HE SAID!

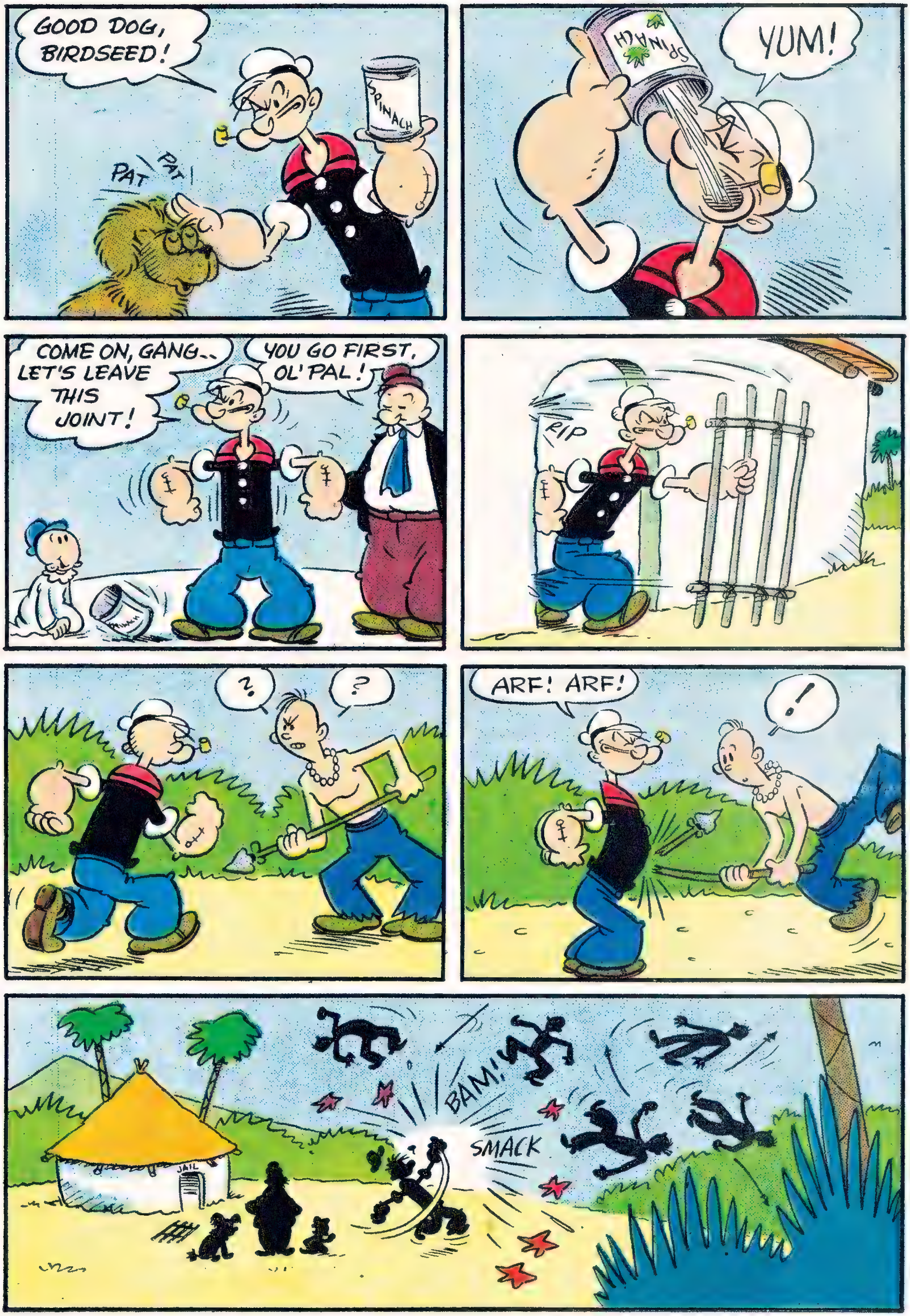
I WONDER WHERE POPEYE IS?
?
HE'S BEEN GONE FOR OVER AN HOUR!
I'M ALL ALONE WITH MY SHATTERED NERVES!
AHOY, OLIVE... POPEYE HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY SAVAGES!
?
?
SAVAGES?
SAVAGES!
GULP?
?
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
OLIVE, STOP PLAYIN' OSTRICH!! WE HASTA SAVE POPEYE AN' WIMPY!
IT IS UP TO US, BIRDSEED... WE WILL HAVE TO RESCUE THEM!
!
?
?
THERE! NOW YOU IS A REAL LIFE-SAVER DOG!
SPINACH

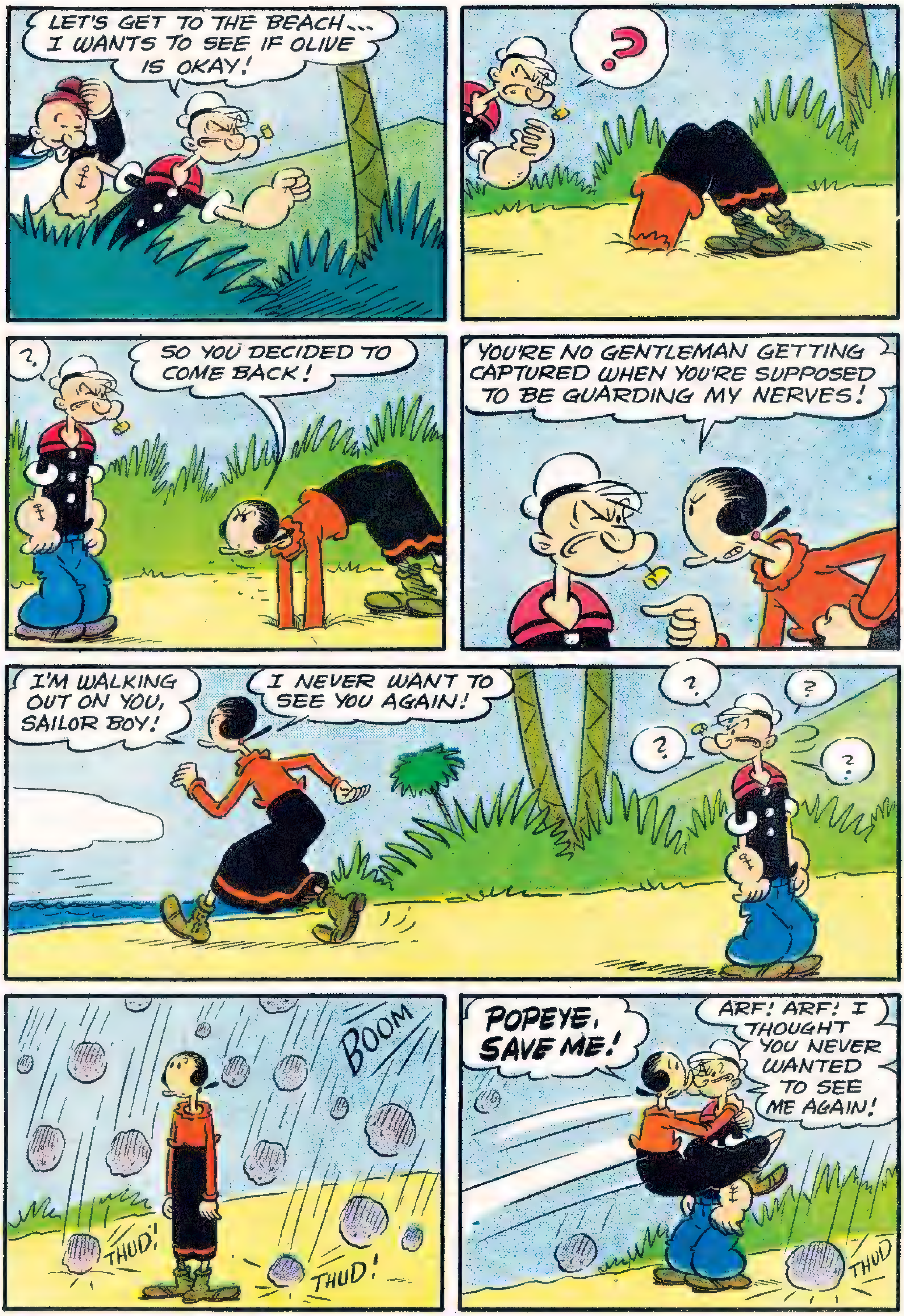

JAIL
THIS IS A NICE WELCOME!
SHUSH, WIMPY.. I'M WORRIED ABOUT POOR OLIVE!
SIR! J. WELLINGTON WIMPY IS IN JAIL.. PLEASE WORRY ABOUT THAT.
AW! DRY UP!
GR-R
THE NATIVES ON THIS ISLAND ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDLY... I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THEY THREW US IN JAIL!
THEY IS SOMETHIN' FISHY ABOUT THAT WITCH DOCTOR... HE WAS SURE IN A HURRY TO GET RID OF US!
HERE COMES THE DOCTOR NOW...
I WONDER WHAT HE PLANS TO DO WITH US?
AHOY, YA BLASTID WITCHER... I WISHES YOU COULD UNDERSTAND ENGLISH SO I COULD TELL YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOU!
GO RIGHT AHEAD, CHUM.. I'LL TAKE OFF MY MASK AND TALK ENGLISH WITH YOU!
MASK!
?

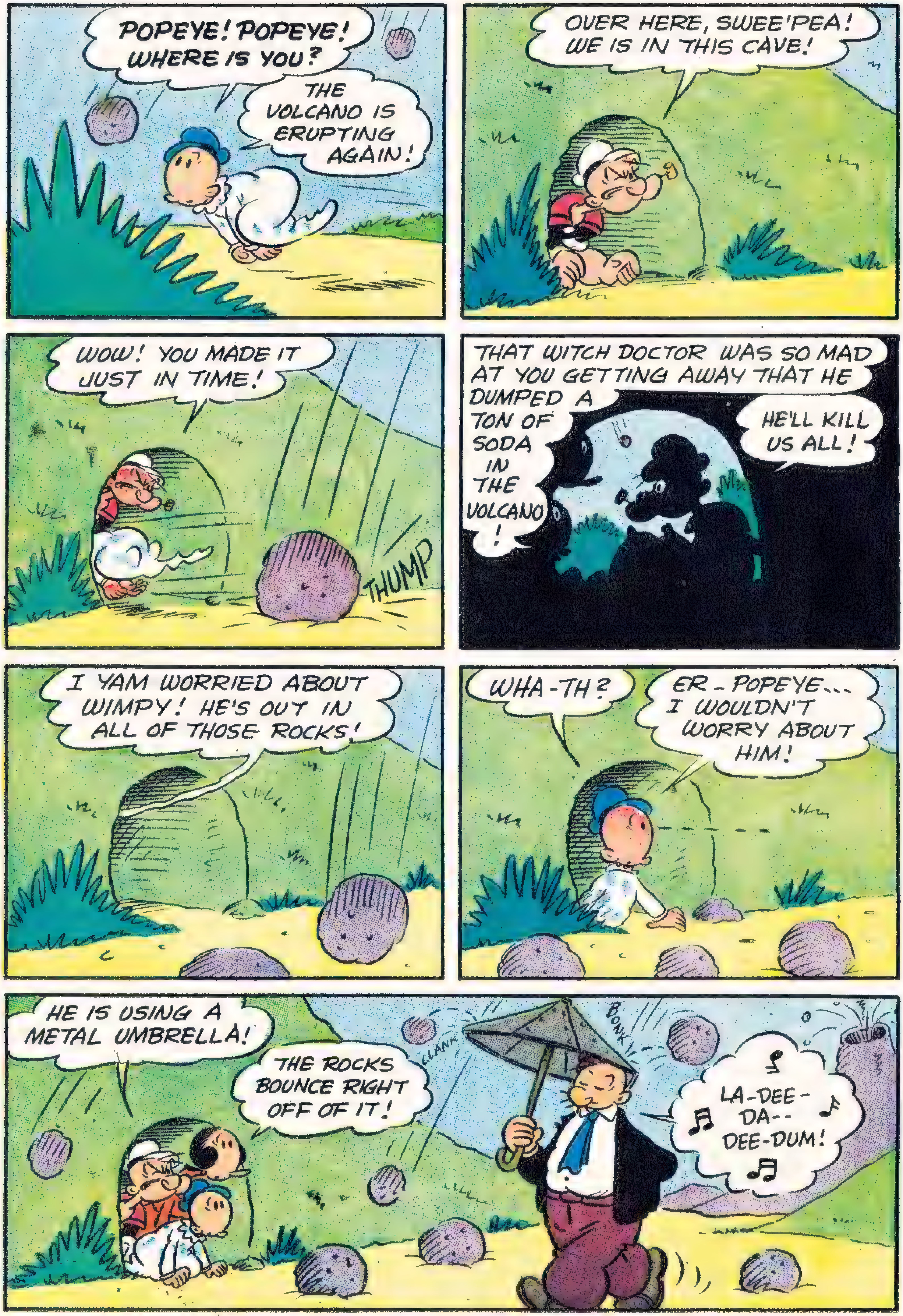

SO YOU UNDER-STAND ME?
WHY NOT... I WAS BORN IN THE STATES... I'M NO NATIVE!
ER- MAY I ASK A QUESTION?
YES, WHAT IS IT, FATSO?
WHY DO YOU WEAR A WITCH DOCTOR'S MASK THAT LOOKS JUST LIKE YOUR OWN FACE?
WHAT?
ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I LOOK LIKE **THAT**?.. THAT'S THE MOST INSULTING THING I'VE EVER HEARD!
?
I HAD A NATIVE CARVE THIS FOR ME... I TOLD HIM TO COPY THE MOST HORRIBLE FACE HE HAD EVER SEEN!
HE SURE MADE IT HORRIBLE.. DIDN'T HE?
INDEED HE DID!
LISTING, W.D. ... WHY HAS YOU TOSSED US IN JAIL?
PEARLS, CHUM! **BIG FAT PEARLS!**
PEARLS?
WHEN A STRANGER LANDS ON THE ISLAND I DUMP **BAKING SODA** IN THE VOLCANO... THE NATIVES BLAME THE STRANGER FOR THE ERUPTION AND THEY PAY ME, THE WITCH DOCTOR, PEARLS TO GET RID OF THE STRANGER!

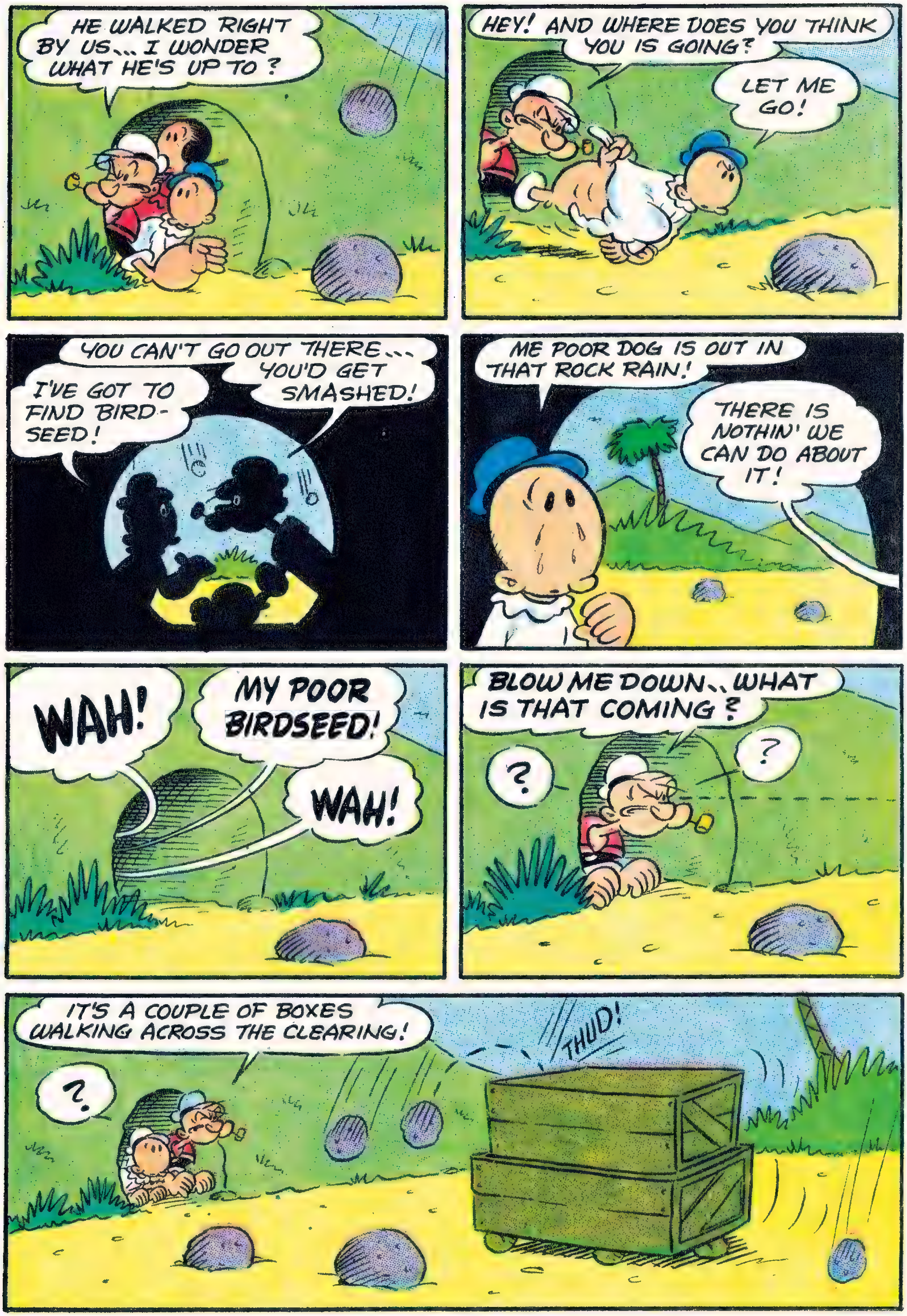
IT'S A REAL NICE RACKET! I'LL BET YOU WISH YOU'D THOUGHT OF IT FIRST!
BUT WHAT BECOMES OF US?
YOU GET TOSSED INTO THE VOLCANO... IT'S PART OF THE ACT!
TAKE IT EASY, BOYS.... YOU'VE GOT UNTIL NIGHT, BEFORE YOU DIE!
DO YOU THINK HE MEANS IT, POPEYE?
I YAM SURE HE DOES!
BUT THAT MEANS WE WILL DIE!
YEP... UNLESS WE GET HELP!
THEN WE'RE DONE FOR... THERE'S NOBODY TO HELP US!
NOBODY!
FIND POPEYE, BIRDSEED!
SNIFF

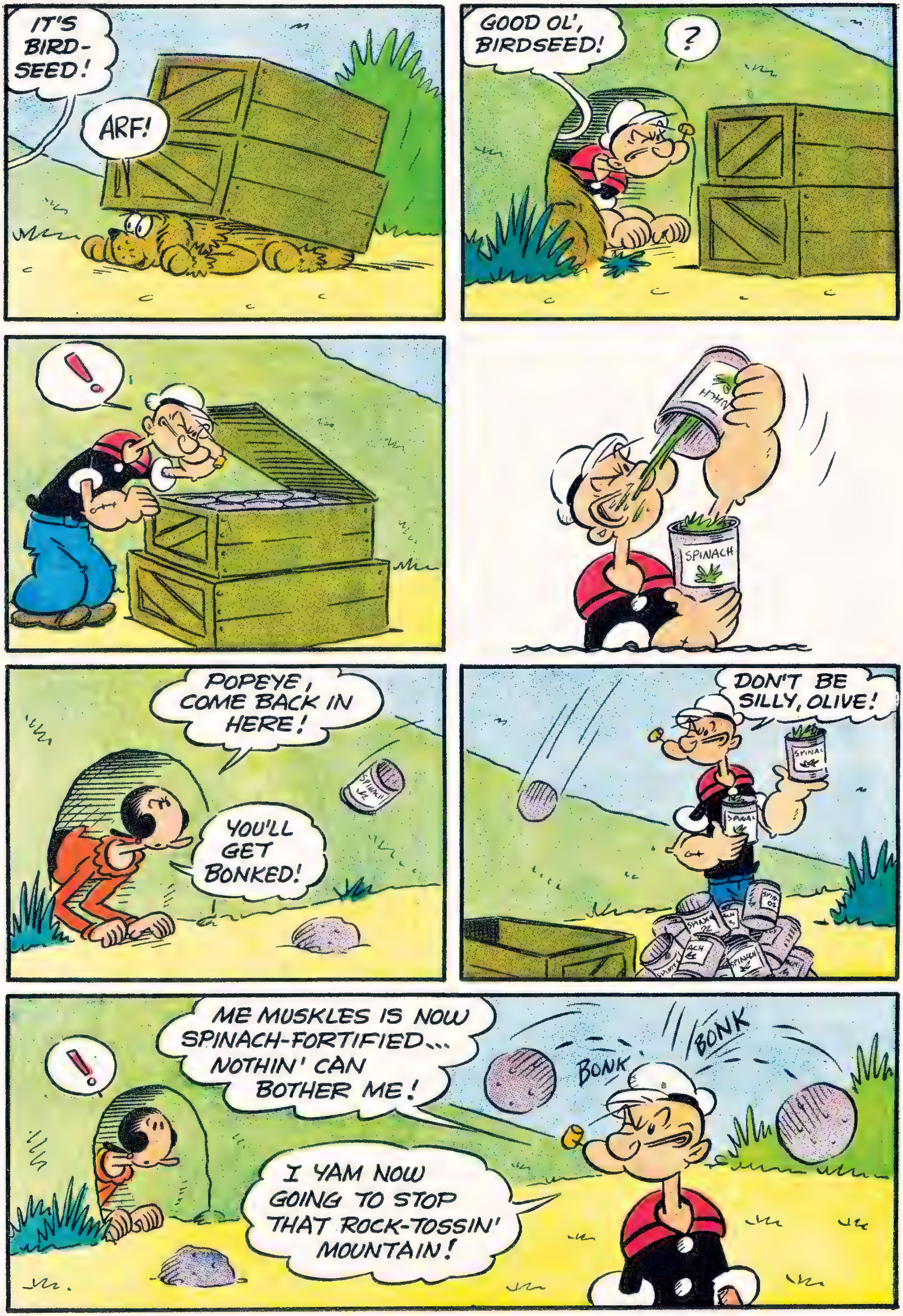

WHA--TH---
SUMPIN' IS SCRATCHING AT THE WALL!
?
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE TRYING TO MAKE A HOLE IN THE WALL!
CHOP!
HI!
SWEE'PEA ?
I HAVE COMED TO RESCUE YOU!
?
!
IT WAS A NICE TRY, SWEE'PEA.. THERE ARE GUARDS ALL AROUND THE JAIL ... I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANYTHING YOU CAN DO!
OH, YEAH!
?
?
TWEET!
THERE YA IS.... REAL LIVE BIRDSEED DELIVERY!
SPINACH!!
ARF! ARF!


GOOD DOG, BIRDSEED!
PAT PAT!
SPINACH
SPINACH
YUM!
COME ON, GANG.. LET'S LEAVE THIS JOINT!
YOU GO FIRST, OL' PAL!
RIP
?
?
ARF! ARF!
!
BAM!
SMACK
JAIL

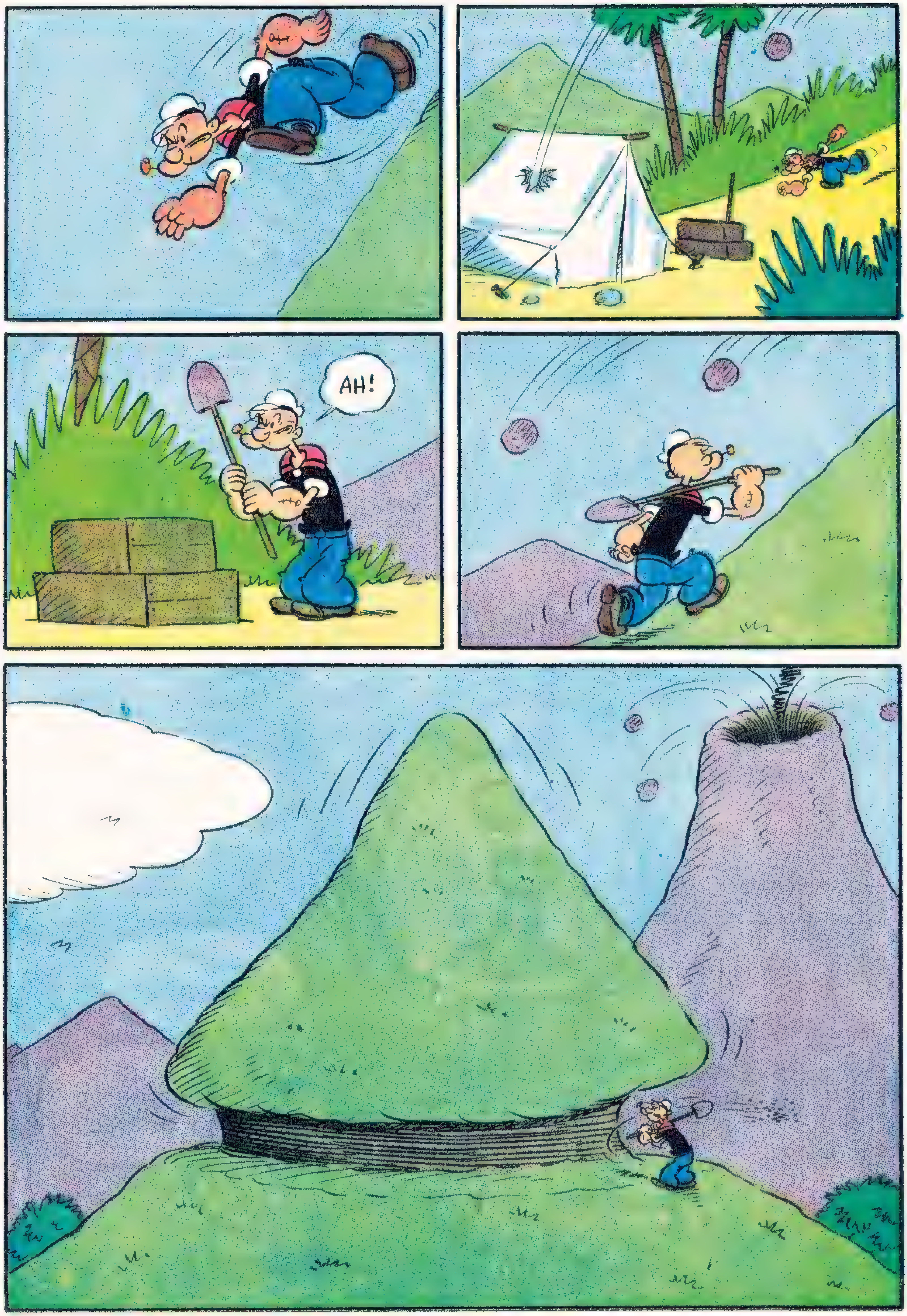

LET'S GET TO THE BEACH... I WANTS TO SEE IF OLIVE IS OKAY!
?
?
SO YOU DECIDED TO COME BACK!
YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN GETTING CAPTURED WHEN YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDING MY NERVES!
I'M WALKING OUT ON YOU, SAILOR BOY!
I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
?
?
?
?
BOOM
THUD!
THUD!
POPEYE, SAVE ME!
ARF! ARF! I THOUGHT YOU NEVER WANTED TO SEE ME AGAIN!
THUD

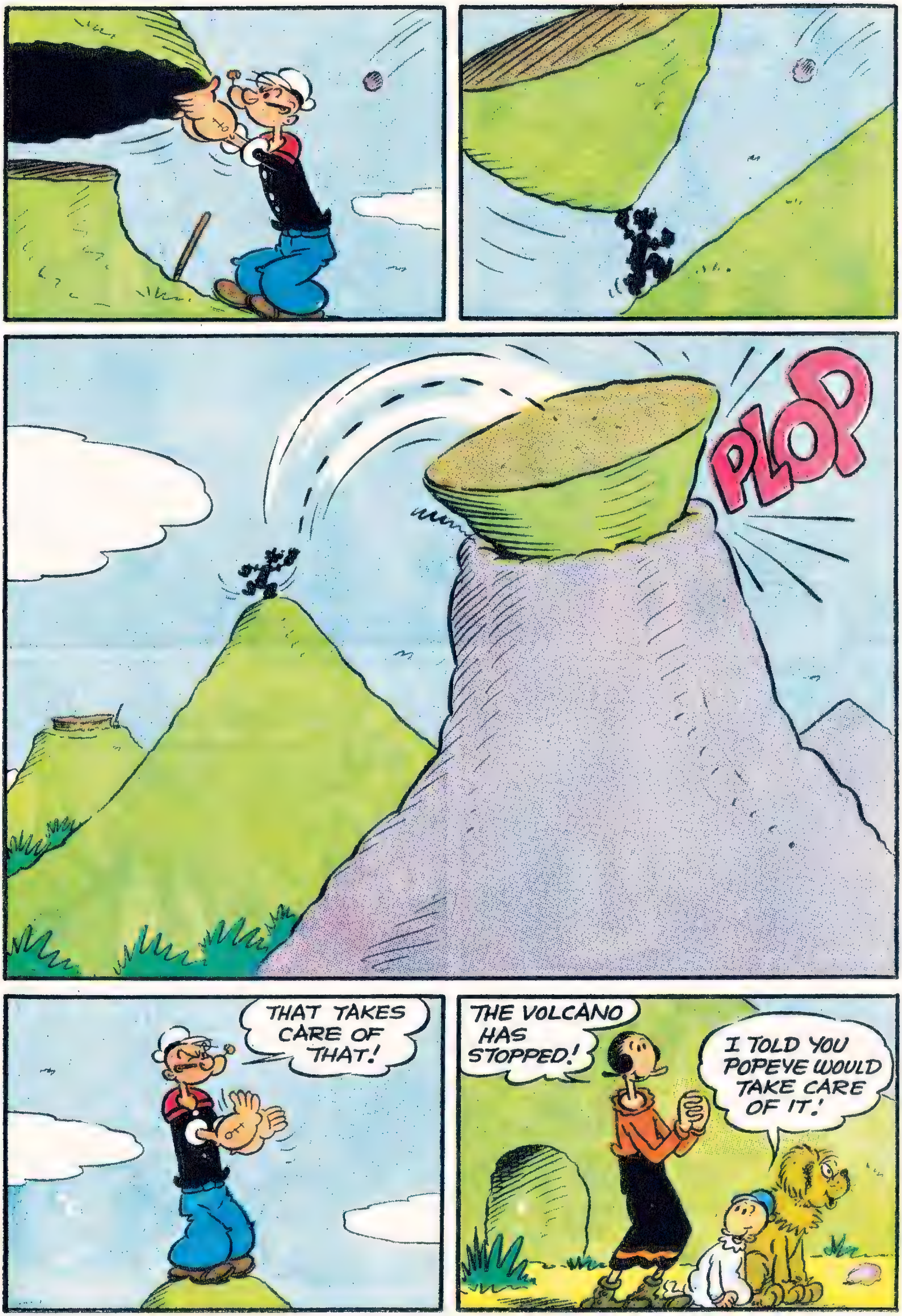

POPEYE! POPEYE! WHERE IS YOU?
THE VOLCANO IS ERUPTING AGAIN!
OVER HERE, SWEE'PEA! WE IS IN THIS CAVE!
WOW! YOU MADE IT JUST IN TIME!
THUMP
THAT WITCH DOCTOR WAS SO MAD AT YOU GETTING AWAY THAT HE DUMPED A TON OF SODA IN THE VOLCANO!
HE'LL KILL US ALL!
I YAM WORRIED ABOUT WIMPY! HE'S OUT IN ALL OF THOSE ROCKS!
WHA-TH?
ER - POPEYE... I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM!
HE IS USING A METAL UMBRELLA!
THE ROCKS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF OF IT!
CLANK
BONK
LA-DEE-DA--DEE-DUM!

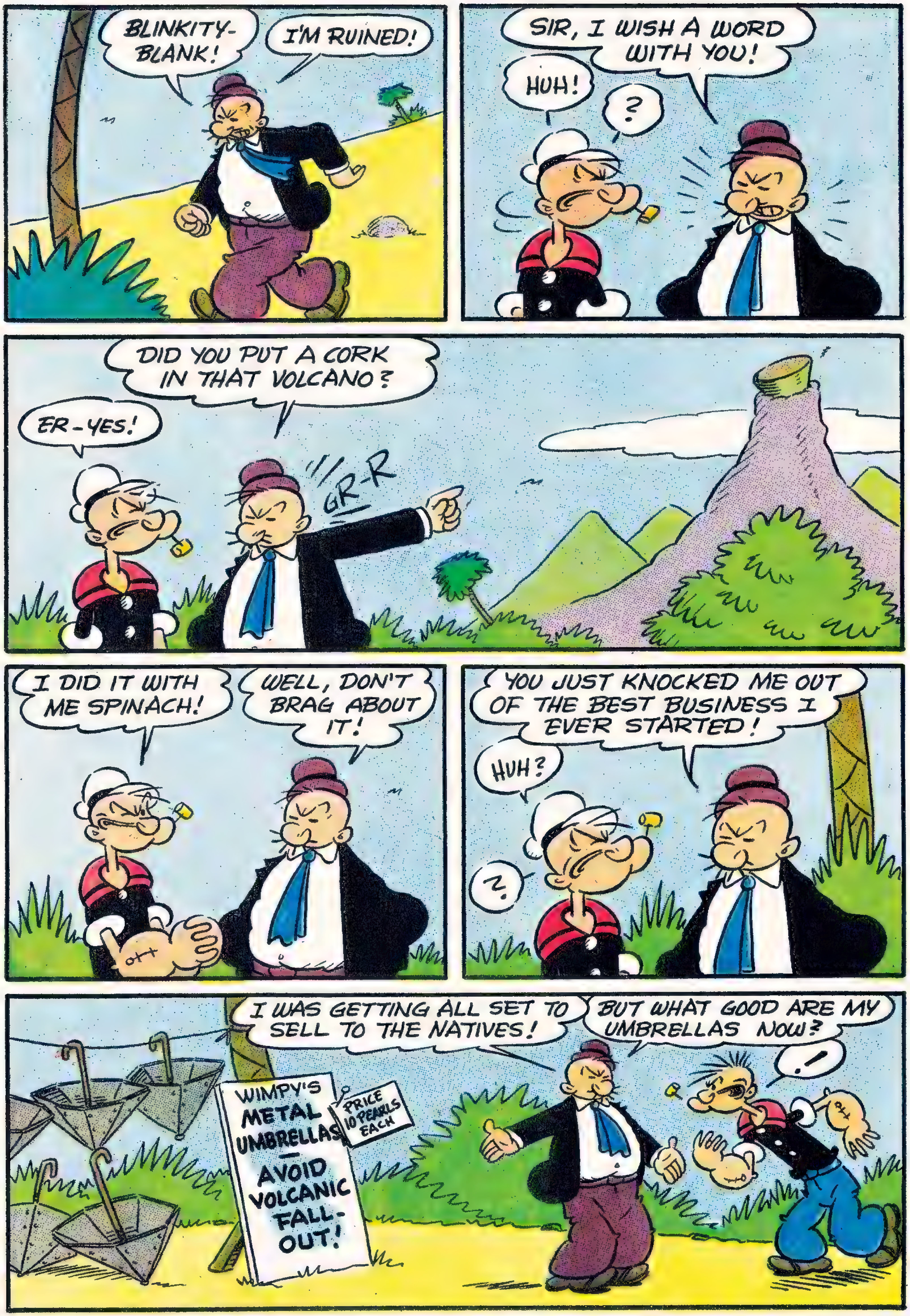

HE WALKED RIGHT BY US... I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO ?
HEY! AND WHERE DOES YOU THINK YOU IS GOING?
LET ME GO!
YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE... YOU'D GET SMASHED!
I'VE GOT TO FIND BIRD-SEED!
ME POOR DOG IS OUT IN THAT ROCK RAIN!
THERE IS NOTHIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!
WAH!
MY POOR BIRDSEED!
WAH!
BLOW ME DOWN.. WHAT IS THAT COMING ?
?
?
IT'S A COUPLE OF BOXES WALKING ACROSS THE CLEARING!
?
THUD!

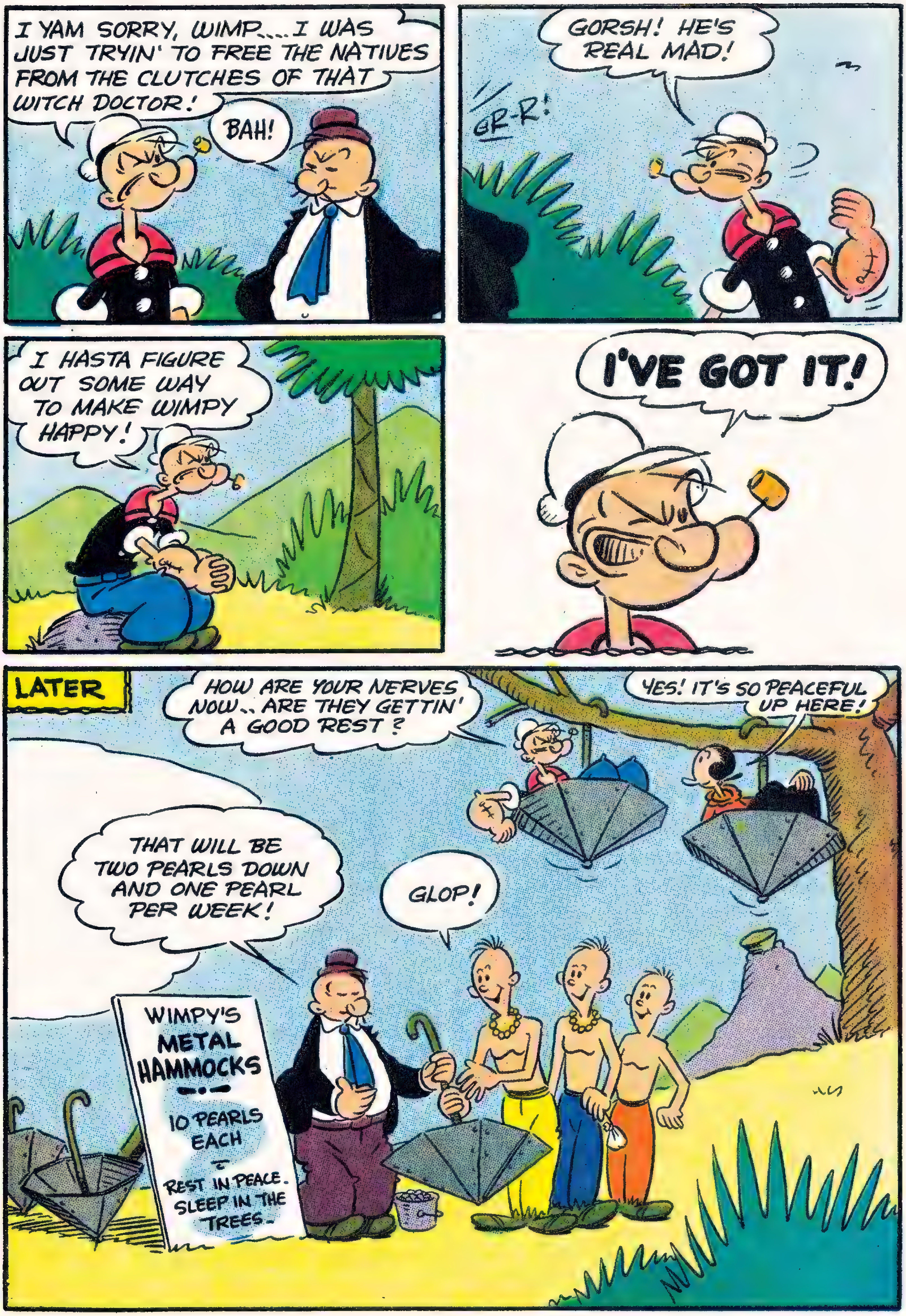

IT'S BIRD-SEED!
ARF!
GOOD OL', BIRDSEED!
?
!
SPINACH
POPEYE, COME BACK IN HERE!
YOU'LL GET BONKED!
DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE!
!
ME MUSKLES IS NOW SPINACH-FORTIFIED... NOTHIN' CAN BOTHER ME!
BONK
BONK
I YAM NOW GOING TO STOP THAT ROCK-TOSSIN' MOUNTAIN!

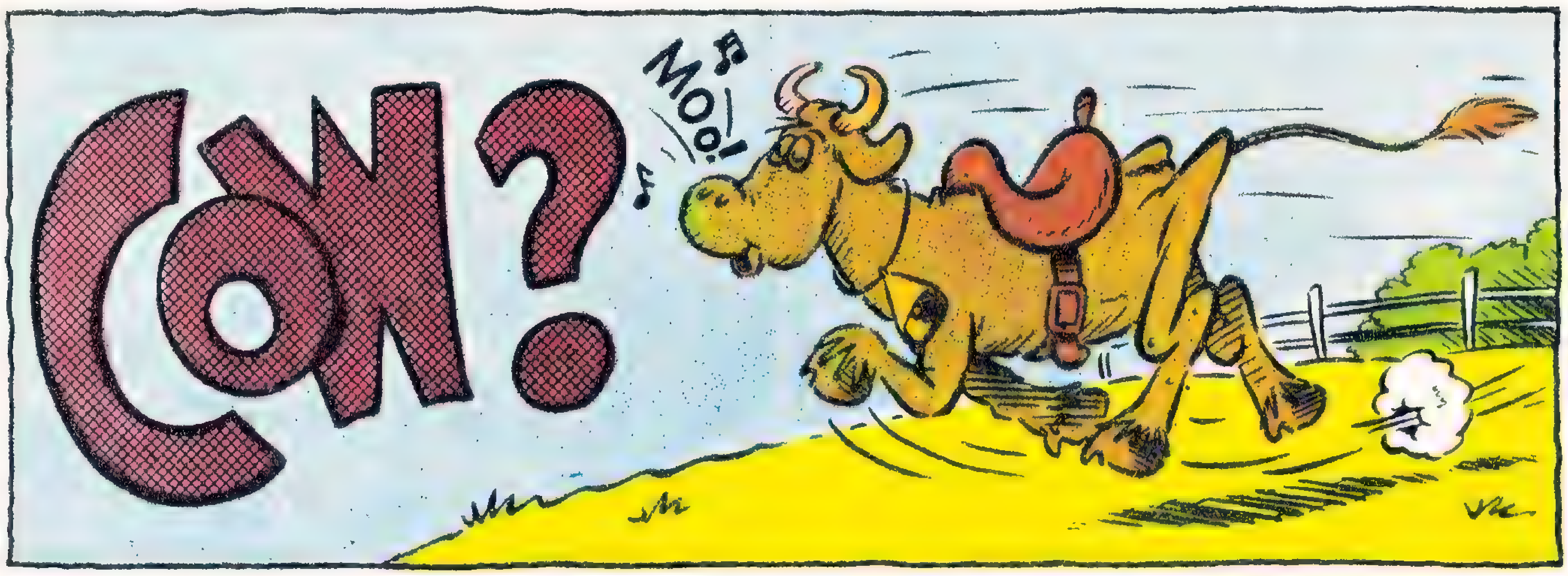
I'M GOING TO FIX THAT MOUNTAIN SO IT CAN NEVER TOSS ROCKS AGAIN!
BONK
THUD
BLOW ME DOWN? I WONDER HOW YOU TURNS OFF A VOLCANO?
HM? I WONDER?
YA CORKS A BOTTLE!


AH!


PLOP
THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!
THE VOLCANO HAS STOPPED!
I TOLD YOU POPEYE WOULD TAKE CARE OF IT!


BLINKITY-BLANK!
I'M RUINED!
SIR, I WISH A WORD WITH YOU!
HUH!
?
DID YOU PUT A CORK IN THAT VOLCANO?
ER-YES!
GR-R
I DID IT WITH ME SPINACH!
WELL, DON'T BRAG ABOUT IT!
YOU JUST KNOCKED ME OUT OF THE BEST BUSINESS I EVER STARTED!
HUH?
?
I WAS GETTING ALL SET TO SELL TO THE NATIVES!
BUT WHAT GOOD ARE MY UMBRELLAS NOW?
!
WIMPY'S METAL UMBRELLAS — AVOID VOLCANIC FALL-OUT!
PRICE 10 PEARLS EACH


I YAM SORRY, WIMP.....I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO FREE THE NATIVES FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THAT WITCH DOCTOR!
BAH!
GORSH! HE'S REAL MAD!
GR-R!
I HASTA FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO MAKE WIMPY HAPPY!
I'VE GOT IT!
LATER
HOW ARE YOUR NERVES NOW.. ARE THEY GETTIN' A GOOD REST?
YES! IT'S SO PEACEFUL UP HERE!
THAT WILL BE TWO PEARLS DOWN AND ONE PEARL PER WEEK!
GLOP!
WIMPY'S METAL HAMMOCKS
10 PEARLS EACH
REST IN PEACE. SLEEP IN THE TREES.



Mildred was unhappy with her lot in the world. To be an unhappy cow is bad enough, but to be a cow that is unhappy because she is a cow is a terrible thing indeed. The whole trouble with Mildred was that she lived next door to a field full of horses. Day after day she would watch the cowboys come out and cut out a horse to be saddled for the day's work on the open range.

"Oh, look at those lucky horses," she would sigh as she rested her head on the top rail. "How I wish that I could carry a man on my back and ride off into the prairie!"

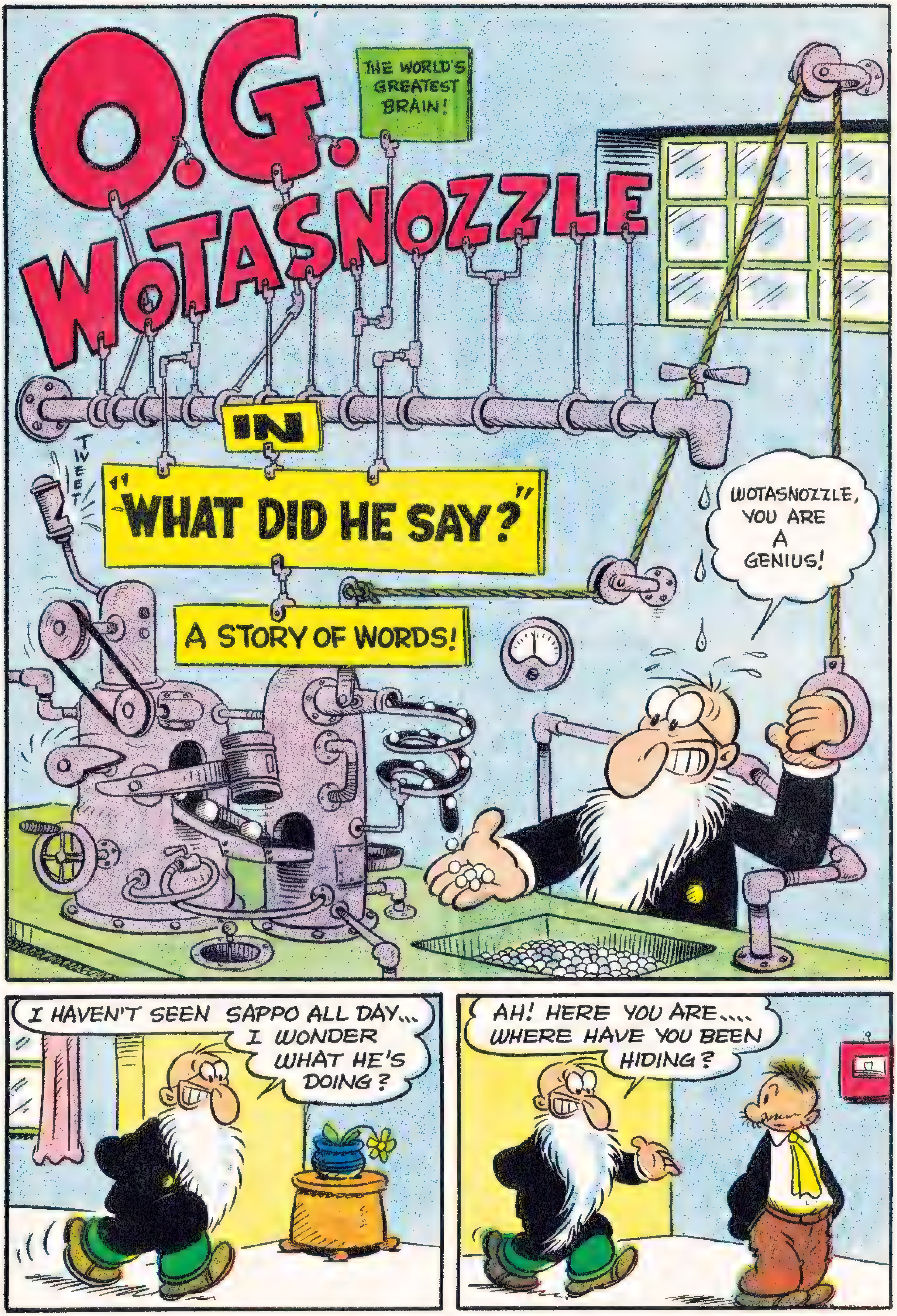
As the time drew near for the big roundup, Mildred's obsession grew worse. She just had to be a horse. She would stay awake all night trying to figure out a way to make her dream come true.

But where in the whole world would a milk cow ever get a saddle? But one night the miracle happened! One of the cowboys, after unsaddling his horse, was too tired to carry the saddle to the saddle house and he tossed it onto the fence that ran alongside of Mildred's field.

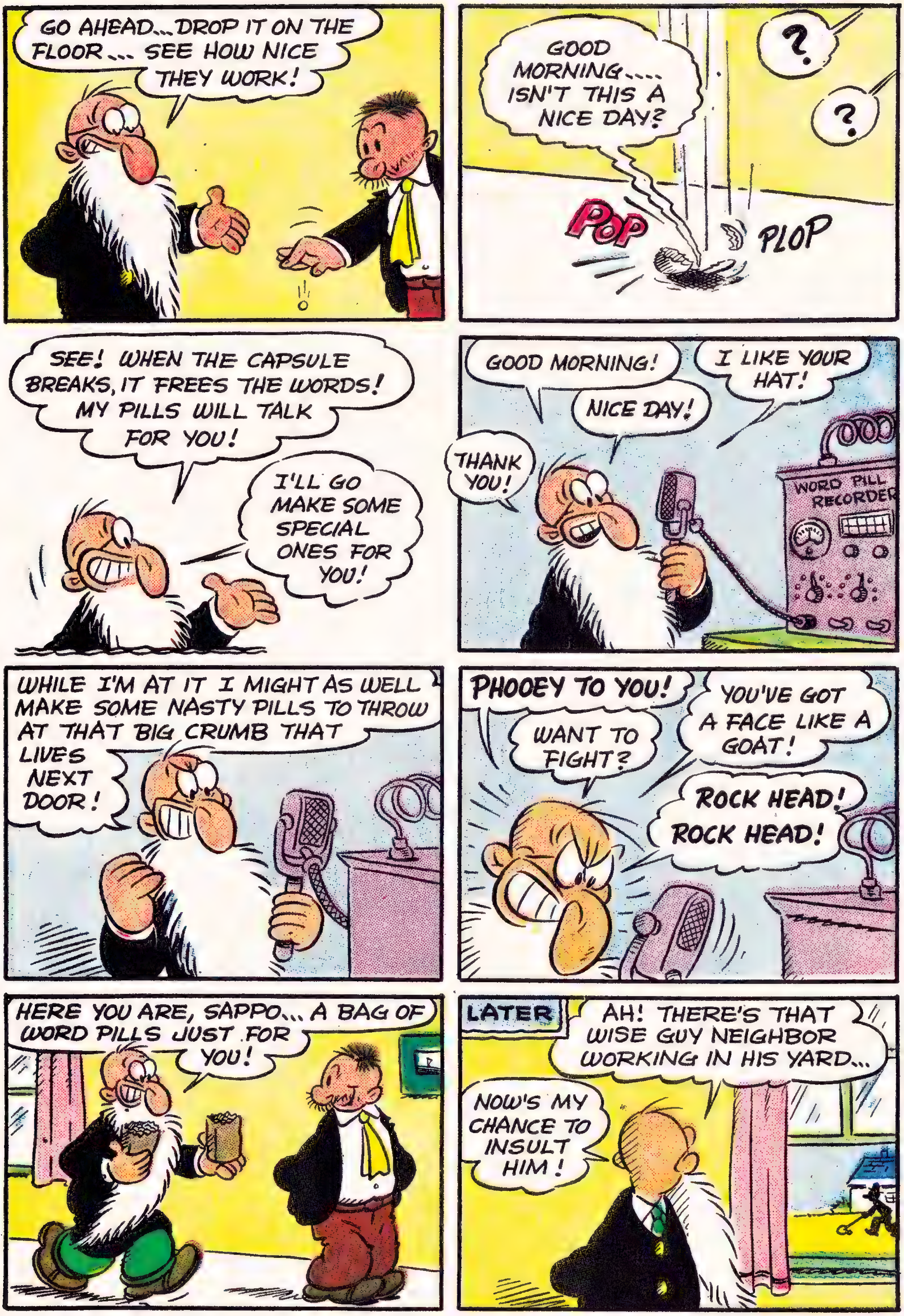
When Mildred saw the saddle on the fence she could hardly believe her eyes. "This is it! This is my lucky day! Hooray! Tonight I am going to become a horse!"

If anyone had been watching that night they would have seen a wondrous sight in the cow pasture. Naturally, Mildred had never had a saddle on and didn't have the vaguest idea of how to go about putting on horse clothes. But she was a determined cow! First she lifted the saddle off of the fence with her nose and started to lift her head so it would slide down onto her back. It was a very tricky maneuver because of her horns. She almost lost it when her left horn, which was her sharp one, got caught in one of the straps. With a very clever wiggle she freed it from the strap and PLOP, it dropped into place on her back. Of course, Mildred didn't know she had it on backwards. The fact that it was there was all that mattered! With the saddle in place, the job of fastening the big strap around her tummy came next. This was a real job but determination and a life's dream won out. Mildred got it fastened and began to walk around the field.

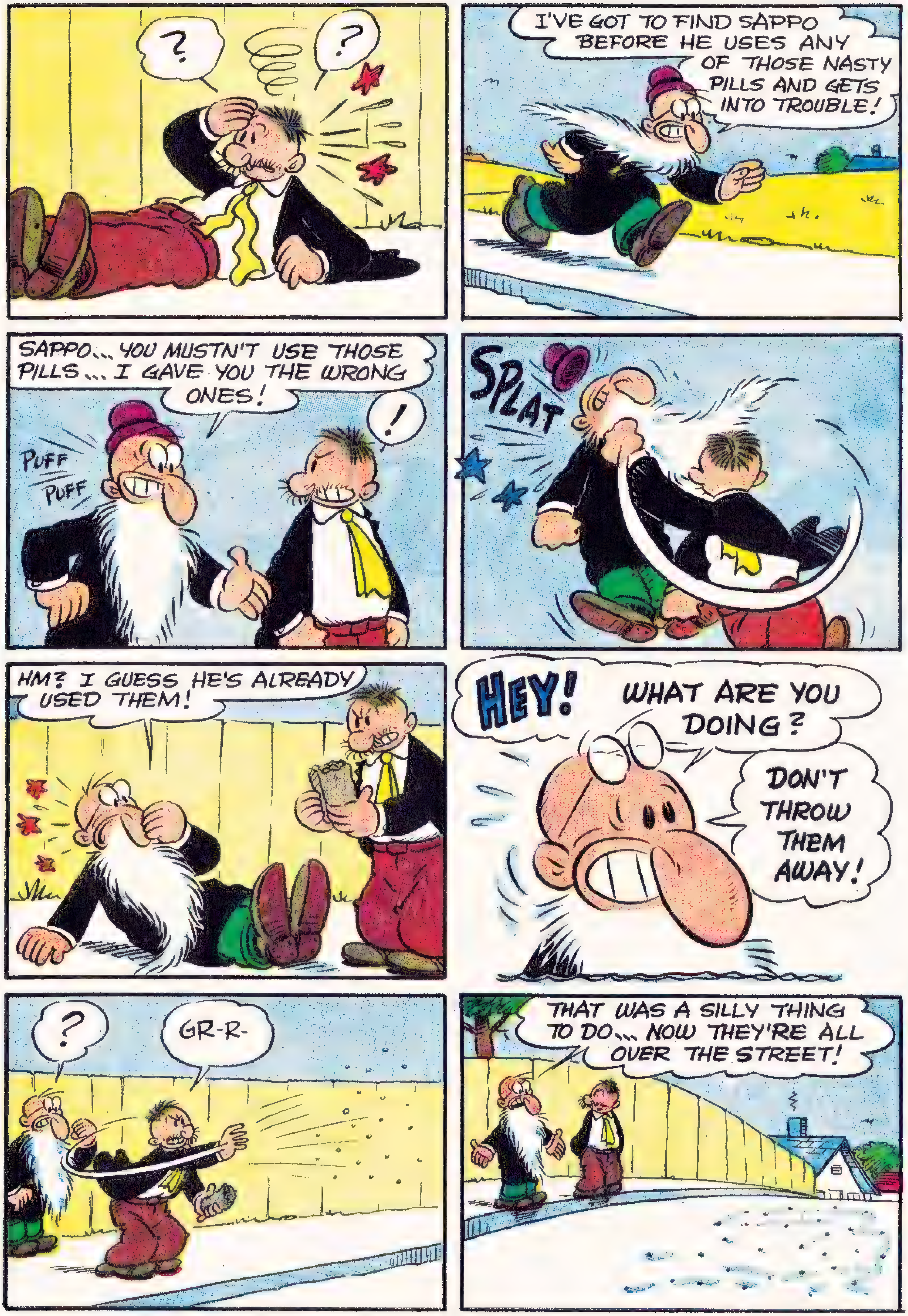
For hours the happy cow trotted around the field. She even tried a few wild gallops and a couple of carefree bucks. At first it was wonderful, this practicing to be a horse, but along about sun-up she began to get a funny feeling in her back. The saddle felt a lot heavier than it had when Mildred first put it on. It slipped from side to side as she walked and the slipping was starting to make sore spots on her hide. In fact, she was starting to realize that there was more to being a horse than one would think by just watching them. The thought that a cowboy might come along any minute and climb up into the saddle brought her up with a start. She hated to think of what the added weight would do to her back. It was then that a dream died. Mildred decided that the last thing in the world she wanted to be was a horse. She was going to take that saddle off and kick it as far as she could. And that is just what she did!

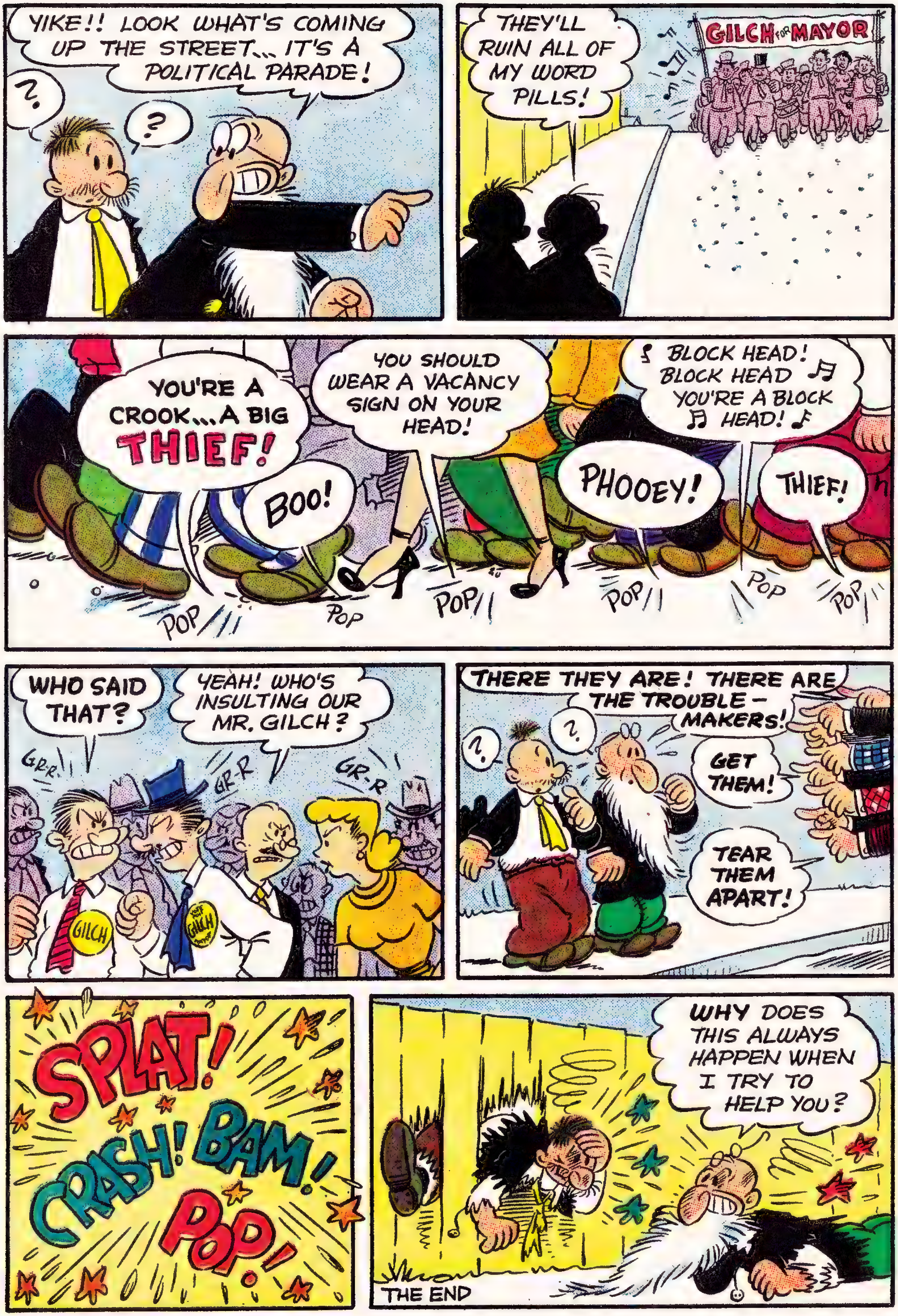

O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
THE WORLD'S GREATEST BRAIN!
IN
"WHAT DID HE SAY?"
A STORY OF WORDS!
TWEET
WOTASNOZZLE, YOU ARE A GENIUS!
I HAVEN'T SEEN SAPPO ALL DAY... I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING?
AH! HERE YOU ARE.... WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING?

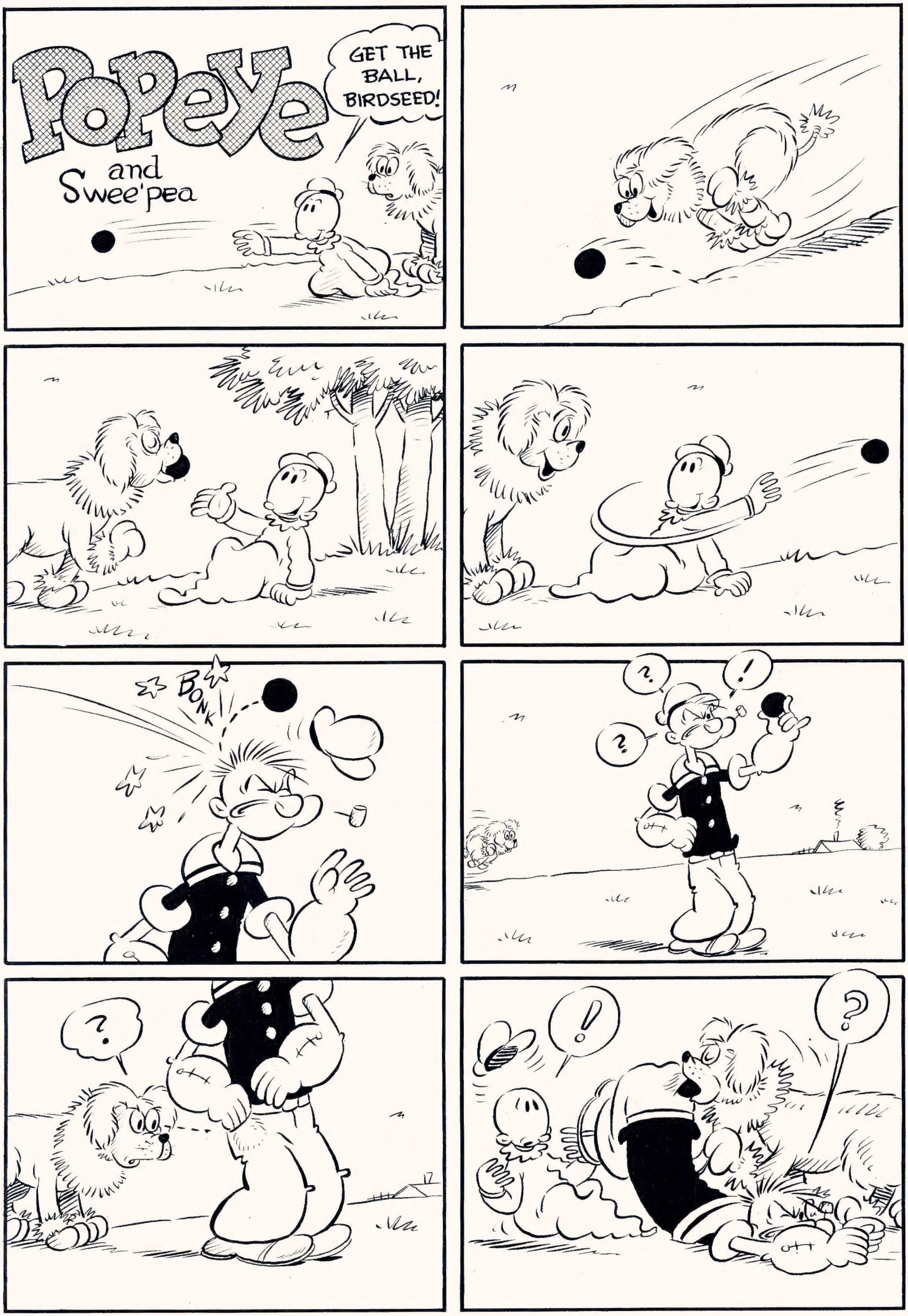
HEY! WHAT GIVES? I ASKED YOU A QUESTION... GET WITH IT, BOY... ANSWER ME!
?
WHAT'S WRONG? HAS THE CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
?
?
?
I CAN'T TALK... I'VE GOT LARYNGITIS.. I'VE LOST MY VOICE!
WHeee! THAT'S WONDERFUL!
?
?
WAIT RIGHT THERE... I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO ALL OF YOUR TROUBLES!
?
?
HERE IT IS! A BAG OF WOTASNOZZLE WORD PILLS!
?
YOU REMEMBER MY "WORD PILLS"... A GLASS CAPSULE WITH FROZEN WORDS INSIDE!
?

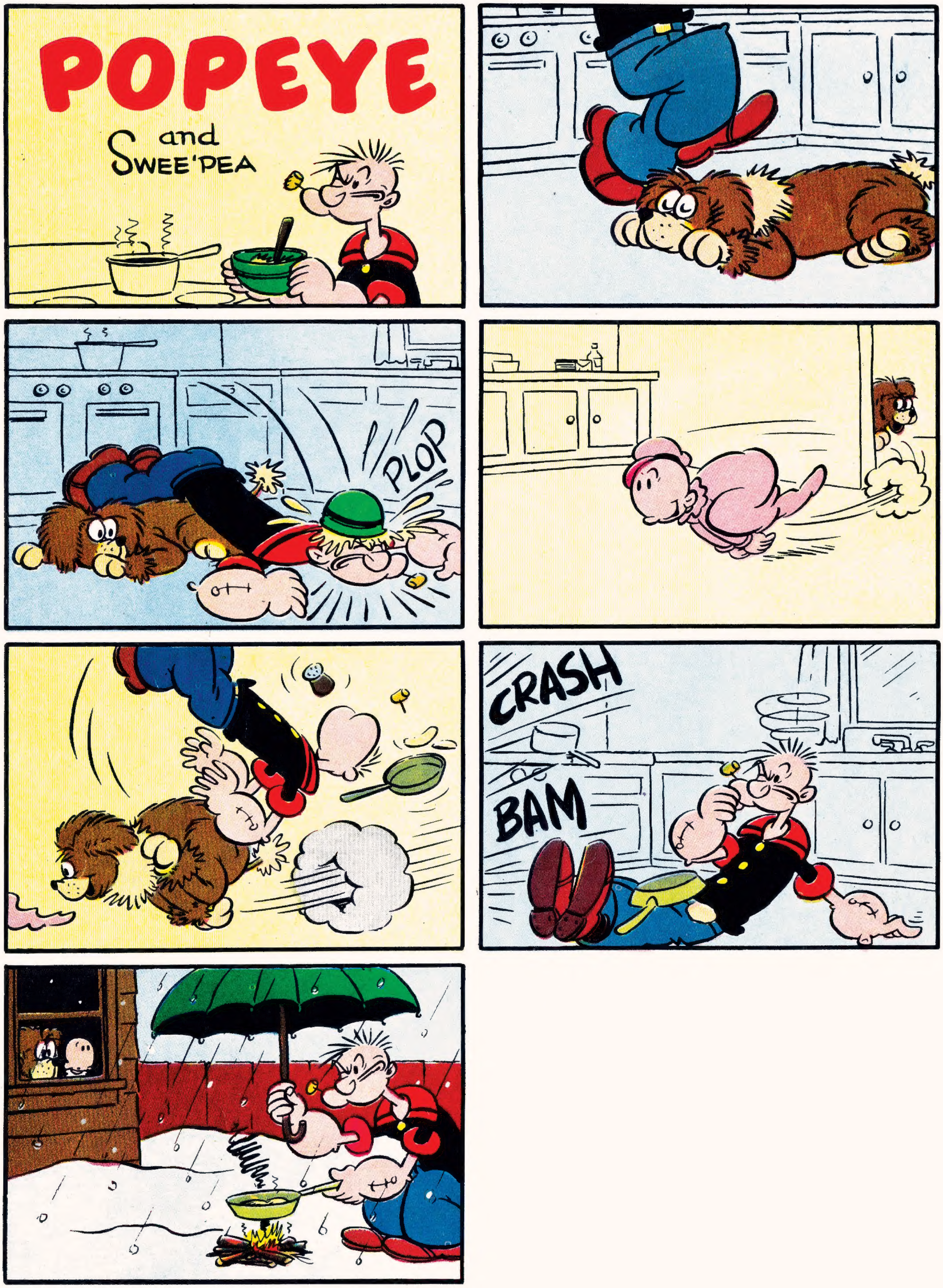

GO AHEAD... DROP IT ON THE FLOOR... SEE HOW NICE THEY WORK!
GOOD MORNING.... ISN'T THIS A NICE DAY?
?
?
POP
PLOP
SEE! WHEN THE CAPSULE BREAKS, IT FREES THE WORDS! MY PILLS WILL TALK FOR YOU!
I'LL GO MAKE SOME SPECIAL ONES FOR YOU!
GOOD MORNING!
I LIKE YOUR HAT!
NICE DAY!
THANK YOU!
WORD PILL RECORDER
WHILE I'M AT IT I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE SOME NASTY PILLS TO THROW AT THAT BIG CRUMB THAT LIVES NEXT DOOR!
PHOOEY TO YOU!
YOU'VE GOT A FACE LIKE A GOAT!
WANT TO FIGHT?
ROCK HEAD! ROCK HEAD!
HERE YOU ARE, SAPPO... A BAG OF WORD PILLS JUST FOR YOU!
LATER
AH! THERE'S THAT WISE GUY NEIGHBOR WORKING IN HIS YARD...
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO INSULT HIM!

I'LL SHOOT ONE OF MY INSULTING PILLS AT HIM!
GOOD MORNING.... LOVELY DAY.. ISN'T IT?
POP
?
?
WHA' THE --??
THAT WASN'T ONE OF MY NASTY PILLS!
?
?
OH, MY GOSH! THIS IS TERRIBLE!
I GAVE SAPPO THE WRONG WORD PILLS!
HERE COMES MRS. GLINK.... I'LL TRY ONE OF WOTASNOZZLE'S PILLS ON HER!
HELLO, MR. SAPPO....
I'LL POP IT NOW AND ANSWER HER!
SHUD UP! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! TAKE A POWDER, FATSO!
?
?
POP


?
?
I'VE GOT TO FIND SAPPO BEFORE HE USES ANY OF THOSE NASTY PILLS AND GETS INTO TROUBLE!
SAPPO... YOU MUSTN'T USE THOSE PILLS... I GAVE YOU THE WRONG ONES!
PUFF PUFF
!
SPLAT
HM? I GUESS HE'S ALREADY USED THEM!
HEY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DON'T THROW THEM AWAY!
?
GR-R-
THAT WAS A SILLY THING TO DO... NOW THEY'RE ALL OVER THE STREET!


YIKE!! LOOK WHAT'S COMING UP THE STREET... IT'S A POLITICAL PARADE!
?
?
THEY'LL RUIN ALL OF MY WORD PILLS!
GILCH FOR MAYOR
YOU'RE A CROOK... A BIG THIEF!
YOU SHOULD WEAR A VACANCY SIGN ON YOUR HEAD!
BLOCK HEAD! BLOCK HEAD YOU'RE A BLOCK HEAD!
BOO!
PHOOEY!
THIEF!
POP POP POP POP POP POP
WHO SAID THAT?
YEAH! WHO'S INSULTING OUR MR. GILCH?
GR-R GR-R GR-R
GILCH
GILCH
THERE THEY ARE! THERE ARE THE TROUBLE-MAKERS!
?
?
GET THEM!
TEAR THEM APART!
SPLAT! CRASH! BAM! POP!
WHY DOES THIS ALWAYS HAPPEN WHEN I TRY TO HELP YOU?
THE END


Popeye
and Swee'pea
GET THE BALL, BIRDSEED!
BONK
?
!
?
?
!
?


POPEYE
and
SWEE'PEA
PLOP
CRASH
BAM

PRAISE FOR BUD SAGENDORF POPEYE PROJECTS BY YOE BOOKS.

"Gloriously funny writing and drawing style! Sagendorf comics are great comics!"
—*MTV Geek* (Eddie Wright)

"Sagendorf was the long-time assistant to the creator of Popeye, Elzie Segar, and his comics are just as classic!"
—*Cartoon Brew* (Jerry Beck)

"Hijinks one expects from *Popeye*—and even a little of the heart to boot."
—*Pendragon's Post*

"There are no other comics with as much pure undiluted comic bookiness, stream-of-conciousness, and outlandish stories. They're super-fun!"
—*Gutter & Panels* (John Gholson)

"Sagendorf's cartooning is timeless in its bigfootededly bizarre brilliance. Bud Sagendorf is all kinds of awesome!"
—*The Savage Critics* (John Kane)

"Bud Sagendorf's *Popeye* was brilliant. The stories were as compelling and entertaining as anything on the stands at the time—and we're talking about a period that encompassed Carl Barks' *Uncle Scrooge*, John Stanley's *Little Lulu*, and Shelly Mayer's *Sugar and Spike*."
—*Comic Mix* (Mike Gold)

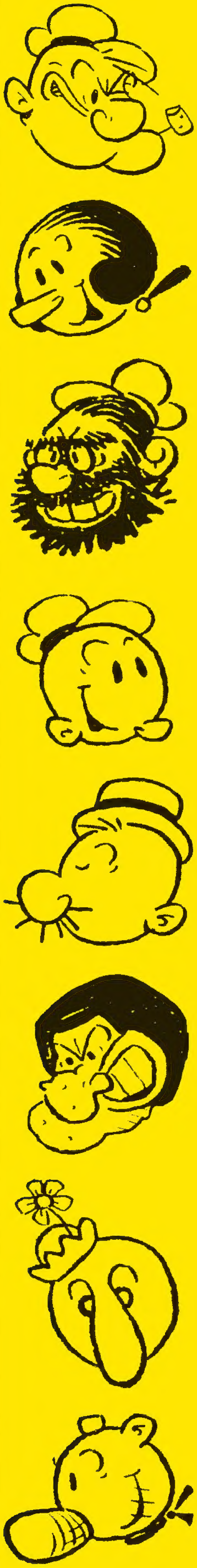
"What a genius! Sagendorf's comic books were classics, completely his own… brilliant stream-of-consciousness tales, with plenty of action and suspense, and clever, silly cartooning that carried it all beautifully."
—*Potrezebie* (Bill Pearson)

"For any age group, in much the same way as is *The Simpsons*."
—*The Lottery Party*

"Brilliantly lively storytelling. Absolutely, positively recommended!"
—*The Big Blog of Kids' Comics* (Mykal Banta)

"Arf-filled!"
—*Graphic Policy* (Brett Schenker)

This book includes Popeye Classics issues #35-39.



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